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A FRENCH-AMERICAN SEA-PORT.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."—V.

BORNE by the Newfoundland breeze which roused us from apathy the second morning after leaving the Bay of Islands, we cherished hopes of seeing St. Pierre by night of the morrow. (See Map, page 169.)

Cape Anguille appeared in sight about noon, and we were abreast of Codroy at sunset, with the lights of St. Paul's Island bearing about west on the starboard beam. This island lies in the strait between Cape North and Cape Ray, and, were it not for the powerful twin light-houses which warn away the mariner, would be a most dangerous foe to ships, owing to its precipitous cliffs. The current of the St. Lawrence runs on the west side with great velocity, and, in fact, is a serious obstacle to vessels coming on this coast from the south and east. I remember once being in a bark which attempted to make Sydney in a gale of wind. Before we could get into port the violence of the north-wester forced us to heave the ship to on the port tack. This was toward night, and by daybreak she had drifted with the current out of sight of land, eighty miles to leeward. We thought of touching at Codroy, where the scenery is said to rival that of the Bay of Islands, although on a less extensive scale; but the heavy sea, together with the fair wind bearing us toward St. Pierre, led us to keep on our course. Cape Ray was passed in the first watch. It is a bold headland, many hundred feet high, like all this remarkable coast. A pyramid island projects beyond it, crested by the star-like gleam of a friendly light-house. All the following day we carried the wind with us until night, and to stimulate the wakefulness of the crew we offered a prize to the one who first sighted the light of St. Pierre.

The dangers attending approach to these islands, especially the fog liable to appear there at any moment, made it exceedingly desirable to get into port before a change of wind. But no one was destined to win the prize; for when morning dawned, the islands were discerned still so distant that the light-house could not be seen. The fact was that the wind failed us just when we most needed it. But, although it was calm, an enormous swell from the south-west set in, indicating a storm blowing in that quarter and liable to reach us, bringing with it the dreaded fog that would oblige us to put out to sea again. To make matters worse, a light wind carried us actually within two miles of the passage between Miquelon and St. Pierre. At night-fall we were becalmed, unable to get in or make an offing. The glass was falling, and the little vessel was rolling her scuppers under, entirely helpless. A sublime thunder-squall struck the schooner in the first watch. The lightning resembled rockets shooting from the horizon to the zenith, and the thunder rolled over the surface of the sea like the balls that Rip Van Winkle heard in the Catskill Mountains. A sharp wind out of the south-east and a fog of the most opaque character followed; and we were, therefore, in a condition to consider any change as preferable to the existing order of things. We lay off and on all night, entertained by the roar of the surf on the ledges which skirt the islands. We tacked at daylight with an ugly reef just under the bow, and the steam fog-horns of the two islands moaning through the dripping mist. The light-house and fog-horn of Miquelon have been long an absolute necessity; for on the long low bar between Great and Little Miquelon

many a good ship has laid her bones. Two steamers were wrecked there last year.

"It's no use talking," said our old skipper; "we can't dodge around here among them ledges. I've got to look out for the ship and the lives on board. You may want to risk trying the passage; but if this fog don't lift soon, we'll have to stick the schooner out to sea. This aint no place to be fooling with fogs and reefs." He said this in a tone and with an energy of manner which indicated that the lion in him was aroused, and would not be trifled with. We, on the other hand, were as strongly determined on keeping close in, feeling our way by the lead and the sound of the fog-whistles, and watching for the first break in the fog to work the ship to an anchorage.

At this critical moment, when a conflict of authority seemed imminent, we were all standing on the bow peering into the fog, and trying to discover something. The roar of the surf was near at hand, and the skipper was about to give the word to put up the helm, when the fog suddenly parted. Directly over our heads loomed the red cliffs of Miquelon, glowing with the morning sunshine.

"Down with your helm, hard down!" cried Captain Welsh; and the little schooner shot up into the wind, with a foam-whitened reef close alongside, and fell off on the other tack. The wind now shifted several points, and the fog reluctantly "scoffed" away, giving us a clear passage with a strong north-

east breeze, which enabled us to work up the channel, past the grand rock called Colombier, which lies off the northern end of St. Pierre. On the opposite side, on Miquelon, is a remarkable natural arch bathed by the sea, which merits more reputation than it enjoys.

On passing Colombier we discovered a scene of maritime activity scarcely equaled on this side of the Atlantic. The transition was somewhat sudden, because St. Pierre is a sterile rock, three to four miles long and six hundred feet high, with ragged outline, and offering scarce a sign of life on its sea-side, which bristles with picturesque but inhospitable crags. But the port and roads present altogether a different appearance, and, in fact, an animation scarce equaled by any other sea-port in the world. We gained a hint of what we were to see when a pilot lugger darted around Colombier and glided close to us, showing a crew in blouses and tufted French sea-caps. She was exactly like the pilot luggers of Bordeaux, and nowhere else in America is such a craft to be found. And yet when we at last opened the roads of St. Pierre, we were completely surprised by the scene which lay before us. I had but to close my eyes and open them, and I seemed to be once more in Europe, entering some busy port on the coast of the Mediterranean. The illusion was complete. On our right towered some tremendous cliffs, and a picturesque columnar beacon arose in the foreground. On the opposite



A STREET IN ST. PIERRE.

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A FISHING GANG AT ST. PIERRE.

side lay a group of rocky islets, crested by forts bristling with useless cannon, and succeeded by the fishing village of Isle aux Chiens, in the center of which stood a great church and the customary cross. At the lower

end of the roads toward which we were heading, the roofs of St. Pierre clambered in a dense cluster up the steep hill-side, smitten by the splendor of the sun's departing glory. Across the water stole the sweet music of the

cathedral bell calling to vespers. But still more surprising was the activity and bustle apparent all over the port. Only at the wharves of Liverpool or New York can crowds of shipping be seen gathered in such dense masses of masts interlocked by ropes and yards. Although it was Sunday evening, this hardly seemed to make the slightest difference at St. Pierre; ships were loading and unloading, and the musical singing of sailors at their work could be heard far and near softening the creaking of blocks. Schooners and luggers were creeping lazily into port, with the measured stroke of sweeps as in olden time, and women could be seen fishing or rowing, their babies clustered in the stern of the boat, with their fists in their mouths, just as in Brittany. The only sign to show that it was Sunday evening was the measured toll of the bells from the churches, and the melody of accordions or flutes from boats filled with laughing girls and their lovers gliding away into the shades of twilight, which gradually drew its veil over the scene as our cable rattled in the port of St. Pierre.

As soon as our sails were furled and the schooner made snug for the night, the crew demanded leave to go on shore. But previous experience with them had warned us to keep a strict watch on their movements; and much to their irritation, therefore, we gave decisive orders that the boat should not be lowered into the water that night. We also forbade any one coming on board. The latter order remained in force during our whole stay at St. Pierre; otherwise we should have been overrun with *canaille*, who would have demoralized the crew, and perhaps have run them off to other vessels.

Ships for the most part anchor in what is called the roads, between St. Pierre and Isle aux Chiens, which is as snug a harbor as could be desired in most winds. But in north-east storms the roads are greatly exposed, and then the inner harbor is completely packed with vessels. This little port is entirely landlocked, and is provided with docks and wharves. But the low depth of water excludes vessels drawing more than thirteen feet.

On the following morning the officer of the port came on board in French uniform, and, after extracting a fee, gave us a permit to land or sail free from further charges. We then ordered our boat alongside and went on shore. A nearer approach to the town, instead of dispelling, rather heightened, the impression that we must be in some sea-port of the old world, which had been drifted across the Atlantic, away from its moorings, and planted here.

St. Pierre and its adjacent islands of Miquelon, or Langlade, and Isle aux Chiens, form

the last bit of territory in North America on which France has retained her grasp. Tradition states that these islands were known early in the thirteenth century to the Basques, who frequented the Newfoundland Banks, engaged, it is said, at that early period in pursuit of cod-fish. We do not see how such a tradition could have arisen unless founded on fact; and yet historians do not seem to have given it much attention. It was not until 1604 that a fishing settlement was begun at St. Pierre. In 1713 the colony numbered three thousand souls, and had become a very important fishing port. In that very year St. Pierre was ceded to Great Britain, together with Newfoundland, the French being merely allowed permission to dry their fish on the adjacent shores. But when the victory of Wolfe resulted in the loss of Canada to France, she was once more awarded this little group of isles lying off Fortune Bay, to serve as a depot for her fishermen. The French now gave themselves in earnest to developing the cod-fisheries, determined, apparently, that what they had lost in land should be made up by the sea. In twelve years the average exportation of fish amounted to six thousand quintals, giving employment to over two hundred smacks, sailed by eight thousand seamen. The English recaptured the isles in 1778, destroyed all the stages and store-houses, and forced the inhabitants to go into exile. The peace of Versailles restored St. Pierre to France in 1783, and the fugitives returned to the island at the royal expense. The fisheries now became more prosperous than ever, when the war of '93 once more brought the English fleets to St. Pierre. Again the inhabitants were forced to fly. By the peace of Amiens, in 1802, France regained possession of this singularly evanescent possession, and lost it the following year, when the town was destroyed. In 1816 St. Pierre and Miquelon were finally re-ceded to France, in whose power they have ever since remained.

Moved by a wise policy, the Government aided the unfortunate merchants and fishermen, and offered a subsidy on the vessels employed in the fisheries. The results have amply justified the outlay. St. Pierre is now in all probability the most important fishing port in the world. The population, it is true, is comparatively insignificant, numbering 5,440 for the three islands, of which 4,804 are resident at the port of St. Pierre. But of these, only 783 are foreigners, and all are more or less dependent on the fisheries, while the number of sailors sometimes congregated at St. Pierre raises the population for the time to over ten thousand. But it is in the

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GOVERNMENT HOUSES AND TOWN PUMPS AT ST. PIERRE.

shipping that we learn of the importance of St. Pierre. In 1881 the number of entries at the port reached 2,615, while the clearances were 2,590, representing a total of 254,190 tons. Even taking into consideration the fact that many of these vessels entered more than once, yet it indicates great bustle and activity for so small a place, more especially as the season lasts only for six months.

There is another feature attending this movement in shipping which it would also be difficult to parallel in any other important port at the present time. There is a small tug owned at St. Pierre; two steamers also touch there bi-monthly from Halifax and St. Johns. But, with these exceptions, it is exceedingly rare to see anything but sailing-ships at St. Pierre. The appearance of the port conveys almost the illusion that one has returned to the age before steam, while the

wholly foreign and old-time aspect is strengthened by the curious and picturesque yawls, luggers, top-sail schooners and full-rigged brigs which swarm in the harbor. The tri-color and gay burgees are also seen on all sides, giving color to the scene. This is indeed a place for the marine artist to visit. By far the greater part of these vessels are French. Many of them are employed, of course, in catching the fish. But the remarkable fact remains that the greater part of the fishermen come from Normandy and the south of France in spring, and return thither for the winter. The values represented by the exports of St. Pierre in 1882 reached the large figure of 20,883,624 francs. The total commerce was nearly 40,000,000 francs (eight millions of dollars). These data relate chiefly to cod-fish and the salt imported for preserving it. All the salt used by the

French fish-stations elsewhere on the coast of Newfoundland is first brought to St. Pierre, and thence re-shipped. Ample, massive quays of masonry have been constructed, and everything about the harbor indicates that paternal policy which in France supervises the commercial interests of the country.

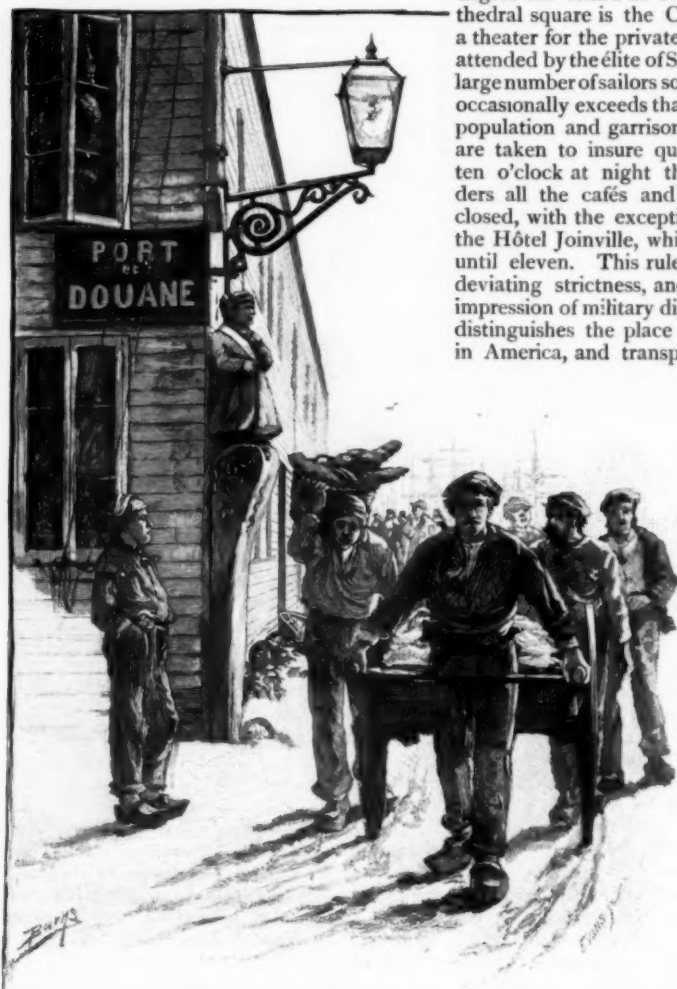
Perceiving that we could best see the various aspects of life at St. Pierre by spending a few days on shore, we decided to take rooms at the Pension Hacala. As only one room could be obtained there, one of our party lodged at the Hôtel Joinville. These establishments are exactly the counterparts of such houses in France. The former furnished an

excellent *table d'hôte* with wines; the latter afforded meals on reasonable terms *à la carte*. The beds were precisely the beds of Havre or Bordeaux, with red canopies and dense coverlets of down. We were lighted to bed with the brass candlestick familiar to all who have been in France. Always during the day the café of the hotel was noisy with the talk of ruddy Gascons or pale, blue-eyed Normans, playing checkers and quaffing absinthe, cognac, or *café noir*, or chaffing with Jeanne, the piquante waiter-girl. Every type of the French race was to be seen in this thriving little town.

The cafés and cabarets of high and low degree are found at every turn. On the Cathedral square is the Casino, which includes a theater for the private theatricals acted and attended by the élite of St. Pierre. Owing to the large number of sailors sometimes in port, which occasionally exceeds that of the entire resident population and garrison, unusual precautions are taken to insure quiet and security. At ten o'clock at night the roll of a drum orders all the cafés and public houses to be closed, with the exception of the Casino and the Hôtel Joinville, which may be kept open until eleven. This rule is enforced with undeviating strictness, and helps to convey an impression of military discipline, which at once distinguishes the place from any other town in America, and transports the imagination

back to Europe. A small garrison occupies barracks at the terminus of the principal street.

This little colony of scarce five thousand souls has all the machinery of a large government, and seems as if it were made to put under a glass case, as a complete and portable epitome of civil and military organization. With the exception of the governor, who is appointed by the home government, the colony of St. Pierre is left to take care of itself. The governor, who is the Count of St. Phalle, occupies a commodious and



A STREET CORNER.

picturesque residence facing a terrace, and approached from the place by a double stair-way, flanked by the lodges of the porter and the guard. The Count is assisted by an elective council. The judiciary is elaborately arranged and conveniently lodged in an elegant stone court-house. It includes a chief-justice and all the various grades common in French administration of justice. There is also an insular department

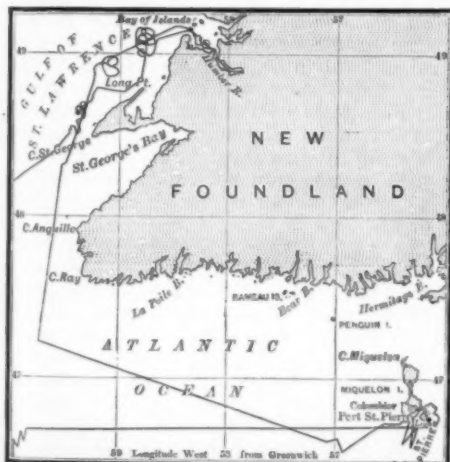
of marine affairs, a marine court, departments of war and finance with separate buildings, a board of health, a department of religion and one of public instruction, a chamber of commerce, besides, of course, a careful system of pilotage, a bureau of charities, a superintendent of roads, and the like. The fact is, that the system of government is so complete, while the population is so small, that every prominent citizen has an office, and some actually serve in several official capacities. This is, indeed, the paradise of office-seekers. Furthermore, not to be behind the mother country, this tight little isle actually boasts of owning as citizens not less than eight chevaliers of the Legion of Honor.



A SKETCH OFF ST. PIERRE.



A ST. PIERRE FISHING BOAT.



MAP OF THE CRUISE FROM THE BAY OF ISLANDS TO ST. PIERRE.

The day after our arrival we found out that St. Pierre may be considered famous for something besides its fisheries, that is, its fog. I am inclined to think that this is the central depot where this article is stored for the rest of the world. We remained at St. Pierre eight days, and during seven days a fog as opaque as the walls of Babylon enveloped the harbor and the hills. At rare intervals it would roll off the hills and give a view of the town; but for seven unbroken days the light-house and the harbor were concealed, and it required great care to row about the port and discover one's own ship. For seven long days the steam fog-horn never ceased blowing its shrill warning once a minute. While that horn blew we knew, whatever the time of day or night, that St. Pierre was an isolated islet shut out from approach, and the sensation produced by the thought was peculiar, and different from anything I had previously experienced. The town, strange to say, seemed to be quite free from fog during all this interval. In thick weather the approach to the islands is hazardous,

and three vessels went ashore during that week; one of them, a large English bark, proved a total wreck. Many is the noble ship that has gone to pieces on these inhospitable reefs. But during all this time we found no lack of entertainment. There was a zest, a piquancy, to every scene and object about us, which gave the place a human interest I have rarely enjoyed to such a degree on this side of the Atlantic. The natural vivacity of the French seems to have lost nothing by being transplanted to these bleak isles. The superstition and the intense worldliness of the Latin, tempered by streaks of religion, were evident, one might literally say, at every corner; for images of the Virgin, or of saints, more or less quaint, are common on the street corners, sometimes protected by a roof and lit by a dip light, or candle. Indeed, among the first objects to confront the eye as one enters the port are an immense crucifix crowning the hill on which the town is built, and an image of the Virgin in a natural niche in the cliff overlooking the port, two hundred feet above the water. Pretty maidens, reminding one of Languedoc, trip to the street-fountain with their water-jars, and cross themselves one moment as they pass the image of a saint, and the next instant exchange merry glances with a passing lover. Perhaps that interested person is clad like a peasant in the south of France. Every other man one meets in the streets wears the French blouse, heavy sabots, and a blue beretta. The latter is a felt cap peculiar to the peasants of Béarn. Perhaps, too, this blouse-wearing lout is driving a cart drawn by oxen yoked with the immense carved and tasseled yoke employed in the south of Europe. When you see this creaking wain laden with barrels of wine approaching, drawn in this wise and guided by the aforesaid slouching figure past the image of a saint, you say involuntarily to yourself: "Is there not some mistake about this? I thought I was in America, but surely I must be in Biscay." The Gallic love of dogs is also prominent at St. Pierre. The number of dogs actually licensed is out of all proportion to the population. They appear at every corner, and even the peddler's cart is drawn by dogs. Many of them are of the Newfoundland breed—large, handsome, and dignified, as who should say, "Before the French came we were lords of this island." A fight of Newfoundland dogs is of daily occurrence on the quay, and is characterized by a massiveness truly colossal. I saw nine of these noble fellows engaged one day in a general battle. A crowd collected at once; but no one seemed inclined to interfere, for

the very good reason that there is scarcely a man who does not confess to himself a certain zest in watching a dog-fight, a feeling society sometimes obliges us to conceal.

One of the most common street sights of St. Pierre is the town-crier. Does a merchant receive a fresh invoice of goods, he advertises them by this means. Is there to be a fête, or a rifle-match, the place and date are proclaimed by the same personage. He wears a uniform, and calls attention to his proclamation by a preliminary, soul-stirring fanfare of a bugle. As he marches from street to street he is followed by a crowd of boys filing behind him, and keeping step like soldiers, while they sing "*Enfants de la Patrie!*" or the *Marseillaise*. When he reaches the bronze fountain in the great square facing the harbor, the interest aroused by the approaching bugle reaches its climax; every one stops in his work, and all gather in a crowd to learn the news. This is indeed a lively spot, where merchants with wise heads discuss trade; where the idlers about town stroll with their dogs; where the ships unload their cargoes; and where the ladies promenade at evening. One of the most characteristic features of St. Pierre well illustrates the French love for the beautiful. There is scarcely a tree on the island, and but little grass, the vegetation being confined to moss on the hills, and minute vegetable gardens in the city. But as one walks through the little town he hardly feels the barrenness of nature, for every window glows with the splendor of house plants in full bloom, generally geraniums of vivid hues. It matters not how humble the dwelling, its windows are radiant with scarlet, and orange, and emerald.

Society at St. Pierre is by no means dull; on the contrary, it is eminently French. One of the wealthiest citizens is an aged widow, who in her own right carries on fishing, builds ships, and conducts the largest trading-house on the island. One finds the same restraint regarding the women obtaining here which is so common in all Latin countries. A lady must not walk abroad without a companion. She would be liable to insult, or suspicion at least, if she were to do so. The English ladies, of course, do as they please about this as in other matters, while the French shrug their shoulders and spread out the palms of their hands with a grimace, as if to say, "What more could you expect from them, for they are English? Peste!" At the same time there is a license in conversation permitted, which would be considered singular in English or American society. Considering that it is a French sea-port town, St. Pierre seems, however, to be unusually correct in its morals.

These peculiar ideas regarding the conduct of women were strikingly illustrated by a trifling incident at the Hôtel Joinville. The maid of the inn was a charming young girl, who attracted much attention and flattery by her piquant manner. It was considered

shown much jealousy regarding the intrusion of foreigners into the business of St. Pierre; but this prejudice is less strong than it was. There is, however, little social intercourse between the French residents and the English, who now form a colony of several hundred,



THE CATHEDRAL.

almost a matter of course that the men who frequented the café would chaff her with questionable jokes, and put their arms around her waist. But when the landlady heard that my companion was taking a sketch of her, she hustled the girl out of the room in high dudgeon.

"Oh, but, madame, why not let me finish the sketch, now it is begun?"

"No, never, monsieur. What would become of her if it were known that a gentleman had taken her likeness away with him to New York? It would never do; *je vous assure qu'il est impossible!*"

The people are mostly devoted to business, which they follow with that extreme thrift peculiar to the French. But there is much intelligence among them. The education of the girls is quite satisfactorily promoted by a nuns' school, which has considerable repute in the maritime provinces. I was surprised to find it resorted to by English girls from Nova Scotia. Until recently, the French have

with a chapel of their own. They preserve all their national traits with emphasis. With true British fervor they engage in athletic sports, such as rowing and swimming,—in which the French take not the slightest interest,—and have festivals, picnics, balls, and a rink by themselves. Many of the English at St. Pierre are connected with the management of this, and of the French Atlantic cable which lands at that island. It is a little singular that, although the cable is owned chiefly by French capitalists, it is operated entirely by English electricians. The director at St. Pierre is Mr. Walter Betts, a man of fine scientific attainments. We were indebted to him and the other gentlemen of the telegraph commission for many kind courtesies. Our party was also very kindly entertained by another prominent English citizen, Mr. Wecker, the United States consular agent. Never did we find the time hanging heavily on our hands. There is a charm in the isolation of a small island which

is most delightful, at least for a while. One of the most interesting spots at St. Pierre is the place on the quay, already alluded to, and the center of which is adorned by a *jet d'eau* issuing from a bronze fountain. The handsomest fountain in the city is, however, the square bronze structure in front of the cathe-

the fish trade, the squid very accommodatingly consent to make the waters of St. Pierre their resort, and the number caught in the harbor during the season is enormous. They are all taken by hand, and they collect in such dense masses that if one but drop a jig surrounded with sharp points, it is sure to



FISHING FOR SQUID.

dral. This structure, by the way, although one of the few buildings of St. Pierre constructed of wood, is possessed of some architectural merit.

The establishments for the drying and preservation of fish, which are of such importance here, are fortunately on the outskirts of the town, and in no wise obtrusive. It cannot be by any possibility affirmed that there is anything æsthetic about the drying of fish; but as offering a study of human nature, it is not without its advantages.

One of the sights of St. Pierre is the fishing for squid. These fish, it may not be generally known, belong to the species called the cuttle-fish, or octopus, although, of course, very much smaller. During the latter part of the season, the cod-fish can be caught only with squid. He is an aristocratic fish, is the cod; for he has decided tastes of his own, and lives up to them. He knows his ultimate destiny, but proposes that it shall be accomplished in his own way. He is resigned to being caught; but it must be with squid at one time, and with hake at another. Now, there is a fish with a character to him! For the convenience of

catch something, as long as there are any squid there. Men, women, and children collect in boats wherever a school of squid has settled. The scene is of the liveliest. Sometimes fifty boats, large and small, may be seen in a solid cluster, with several hundred persons flinging the squid into the boats as fast as they can lower the jig, and vociferating at the top of their lungs. This will continue for several hours, till a moment comes when every one becomes aware that the squid are satisfied with their share of the sport, and have taken French leave. One by one the boats detach themselves from the group, and wander aimlessly about the harbor, searching for the lost squid. Finally, a solitary boat is discovered attached by a line to a vessel and slyly drawing up squid. Immediately the word goes around the harbor, and from all quarters the boats are seen shooting with the utmost earnestness toward this quarter, and in a moment, as it were, a crowd has again collected. The squid bring half a cent apiece, and form one of the most important sources of revenue at St. Pierre.

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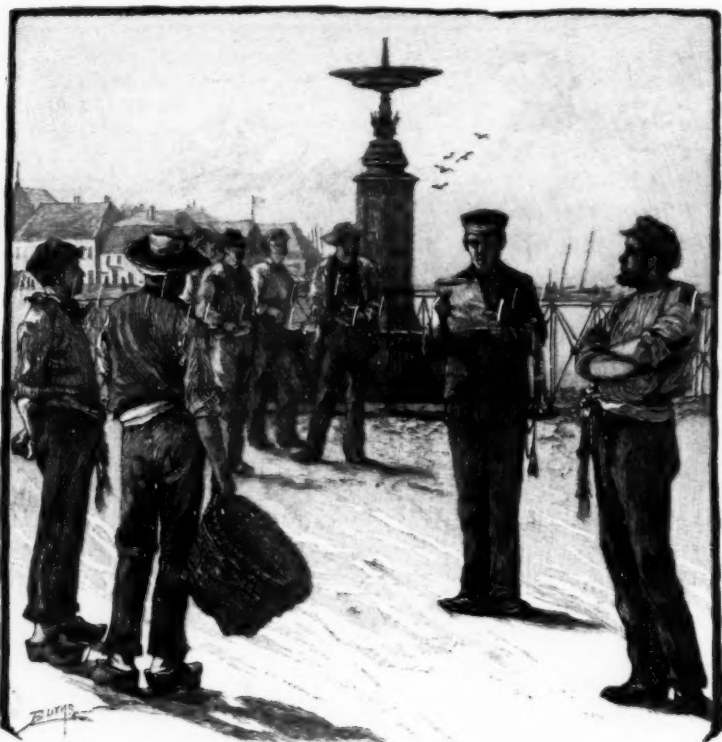


CURING FISH AT ST. PIERRE.

The Sunday before we sailed a great annual shooting-match was held on the hills above the town. Owing to the density of the fog, the sport was somewhat impaired; but the occasion brought together a good crowd after the morning mass. The following day the fog cleared away, and we seized the opportunity to slip out of the port before it should close in thick again. Our crew were getting restless, also, and needed some occupation to keep them out of mischief.

Two of them had already succeeded in getting themselves drunk on bad wine, and, after trying their best to stab the by-standers, were compelled to pass the night in the guard-house.

But before taking our leave of St. Pierre we were treated to an amusing incident. There was staying at the Pension Hacala a Canadian of unlimited loquacity and assurance, who made the landlady believe that while ostensibly we were pleasure-seekers, newspaper



THE TOWN CRIER.

men, and artists we were really Americans of leisure and money, who thought no more of five-dollar gold pieces than a Frenchman does of a *sou*.

"Now, if you follow my advice," he said, "you'll make a round penny out of them, and you'll see they won't even notice it!"

The advice fell into willing ears. We said nothing, but waited to see the result when the time for settling arrived. Madame was an absurdly long while figuring on the bill. Besides swelling the usual items far in excess of the customary charges, Madame Hacala actually had the assurance to charge full board and lodging for the member of our party who had lodged at the *Hôtel Joinville*.

"How's this, madame? I haven't stayed at your house; I've only dined here two or three times. What's the meaning of this item?"

"It is true you did not stay here; but you engaged a room, and you must therefore pay for it."

"But I did not occupy the room, as it was

already occupied. I only engaged it in case it should be vacant on a certain day; but it has not been vacated. No; we shall not pay that charge, madame. Permit me to say it is an outrage and a swindle."

"Then monsieur does not intend to pay his hotel bill?" she said, shrugging her shoulders and making a sickly grimace in reply.

After some palaver the widow was forced to recede from some of her charges, which would not bear scrutiny.

The sun shone out brightly over the crags of St. Pierre as our little schooner drifted out to sea through the northern entrance. It had been blowing a gale of wind for two or three days, and we encountered a high swell. Captain Welsh had been very reluctant to leave, and was full of forebodings when a dark night inclosed us in with a light head wind. With his usual caution, he steered for a good offing; and at daybreak we were well to the southward of our course, but heading for Sydney with a heavy wind.

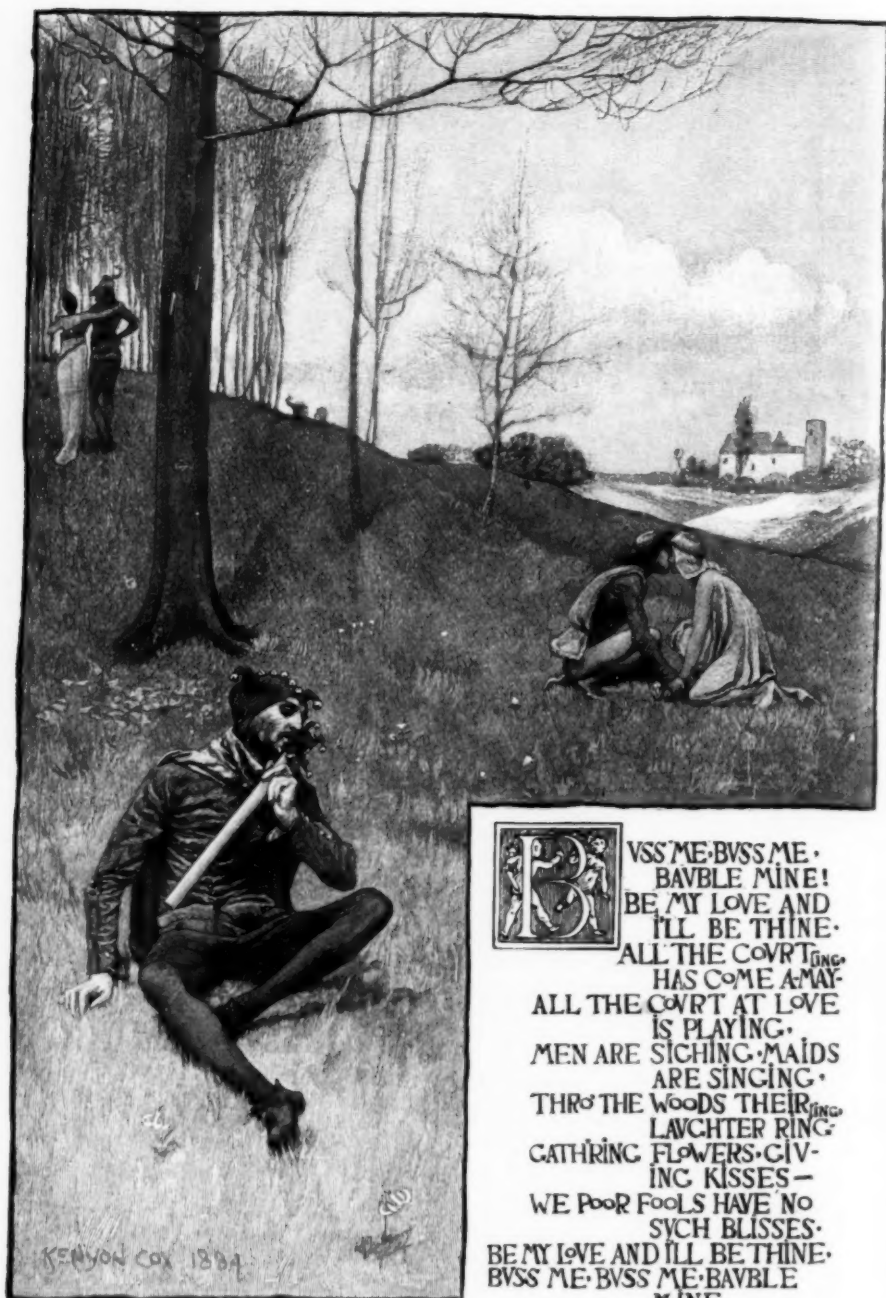
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AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

XIII.

WOODBURY STOUGHTON sat in his office,—or rather offices, as he had exchanged the humble quarters he used to occupy for a set of rooms in a fine new building belonging to his father-in-law. He was now extremely well-to-do on his own account. His relationship to the magnate had been naturally the means of connecting him with various profitable enterprises,—to say nothing of the law business of half a dozen large corporations, obtained through the same influence. He was, for instance, a director in the Selma & Peatville Air-line Railway,—a Southern road, generally supposed, until recently, to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Its stock had been kicking about on the market for about fourteen dollars a share, and at this figure a controlling interest in the property had been acquired by a syndicate, of which Peter Idlewild was the "king-pin." The financial world awoke one morning to the discovery that the so-called worthless road had become an indispensable feeder to a high-priced trunk-line, and that its stock was valued at somewhere in the eighties. Stoughton's individual profit in the transaction was two hundred thousand dollars, plus a fee of five thousand for legal services.

His air of well-fed prosperity had grown upon him. He was not too portly to appear spruce, and yet his figure had acquired much of the solid proportions of middle age. Around the ears his dark brown hair was very slightly streaked with silver-gray, a circumstance that was the occasion of amusement to himself and his friends.

It was early in October, and he had just returned from Newport, where his establishment had been one of the glories of the season. His career of two years in the Legislature had been a conspicuous one; though there was some diversity of opinion as to the sincerity of his attitude in regard to the question of political reform, of which, prior to election, he had announced himself the champion. There were reports current that he had secretly worked against certain bills calculated to upset the evil practices in vogue, alleging, when

questioned regarding his indifference to the cause, that it would be quite impossible to carry out such measures in practice. They were admirable in theory, he said; but examination had convinced him of their lack of feasibility. He had, however, on several occasions, put himself on record as a supporter of the best legislation, being, in fact, the originator of a bill aimed at the directors of an institution notorious for its ill-treatment of the paupers there installed; and he was one of the most earnest advocates of the impeachment of Surrogate Baldwin, an official of the opposite party, who had been detected in peculations of the public funds. A leading Republican newspaper spoke of him as "a rising young man, well fitted to take a prominent place in the councils of the nation." "Mr. Woodbury Stoughton," wrote an evening contemporary, "whose philippic against laxity of morals in public life appears elsewhere in our columns, is the son-in-law of Honorable Peter Idlewild, the well-known Wall street banker and millionaire. Mr. Stoughton is a fine-appearing man, in the neighborhood of thirty, with a commanding presence and impressive fluency of speech. He was educated at Harvard, and, after enjoying the advantages of foreign travel, apprenticed himself to the law. There is much consolation for those apprehensive concerning the future of American politics to note the accession to the ranks of our legislators of one so well qualified for the duties of office. The voters of the district could scarcely do a wiser thing than send Mr. Stoughton as their representative to Congress a year hence. His speech in the Assembly yesterday was straight from the shoulder." Such eulogy, relieved by the abuse of certain party organs on the Democratic side, had given Stoughton considerable prestige among his social acquaintances. It was common to hear him spoken of as "that young Stoughton who is behaving so well at Albany." Young ladies who affected politics would ask their admirers if Mr. Woodbury Stoughton had not been doing splendidly. There were those, to be sure, as has been said, who were by no means so enthusiastic on his account. In fact, it was an open

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secret that Ramsay Whiting and the Civil Service Association regarded him askance.

Stoughton's lukewarm attitude in the matter of the reform measures previously alluded to had done much to antagonize this element; but he had damaged himself still further in their eyes by the course he pursued, in the latter part of the session, in regard to the Leadbitter Water-meter Company Bill. The affair in question was a job that certain persons were trying to engineer through the Assembly, of which the purpose was to give an iniquitous charter to a corporation controlling the patents of one Charles Leadbitter. The bulk of the stock of this concern was held by some of the leading Republican politicians, who announced their intention to ruin the future of such representatives of the party as should oppose the passage of the bill; which, though harmless enough on its face, had been discovered by the Democratic lawyers to conceal the germ of several large fortunes, to be realized at the expense of the community. The latent possibilities of the scheme, as laid bare by this minority report of the committee, were taken up by the hostile press throughout the State. Public sentiment became aroused, and petitions were circulated urging the Assembly members of both parties to vote against the granting of the charter. A committee of the Civil Service Reform Association waited upon Stoughton, and represented to him the dangerous character of the proposed legislation. He promised that he would do what he could. He agreed with the remonstrants, of course, as to the importance of defeating the bill; but he said that, what with bribes offered for Democratic votes, and the powerful personal influence of the politicians interested, the chances of success seemed slight to him. Nevertheless it was noised abroad that Mr. Woodbury Stoughton would speak against the bill. So great was the opposition developed that the friends of the measure found it advisable to call in the aid of the party managers. One morning, a few days before the debate, the Honorable Cornelius French made his appearance at Albany; and thereafter a remarkable change came over the temper of the lobby. There was much talk to be heard about the importance of harmony, and the need of keeping a solid front against the enemy. Certain men were reported to have been whipped into line. It began to be whispered that neutrality was all that was required of those unwilling to cast their votes in favor of the bill. When the appointed day arrived, the obnoxious charter passed the House by a good majority. The speeches made against it seemed to hang fire for the most part,—the only really effective

bit of oratory coming from Eugene Finchley, who saw fit to draw upon his head the maledictions of his party by denouncing the bill, in a carefully prepared argument, as "one of the most gigantic frauds ever brought before the Legislature of this State." As for Stoughton, he was not present. A sudden telegram had demanded his attendance in New York upon important business, an incident upon which the Democratic press did not fail to advert with abundant satire. It was not many weeks later that an item appeared in the leading newspapers to the effect that Mr. Woodbury Stoughton was certain to receive the party nomination for Congress in the autumn, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Honorable Hugh Collamore, "who finds his duties as the treasurer of the Leadbitter Water-meter Company inconsistent with the demands of public life."

The result had justified the prophecy. It was now some ten days since Stoughton had been nominated. The convention for the purpose had been harmonious and enthusiastic. It was considered a shrewd choice on the part of the managers, for the reason that, while the record of the young man would attract the disaffected, he was sufficiently in sympathy with the party to bring out the popular vote. This, at least, had been the logic of that political sphinx Corny French, and others who did not disguise their anxiety concerning the issue of this year's fight throughout the State and country. They were quite aware that their party had indisputably failed to keep the pledges made a year ago, and the rumblings audible in the political atmosphere were ominous of disaster. The well-known faculty which the Democratic party possessed of upsetting its own cart, just when victory seemed assured, was, however, to be borne in mind. The Honorable Hugh Collamore announced to a select audience of chiefs, in a summing up of the situation, that he had "seen sicker children live." If all the nominations to be made were as unexceptionable as that of his successor, defeat might still be averted. It was considered that this district was assured, at any rate.

The wisest plans of politicians, as well as those of other people, are liable to disappointment. Within the last forty-eight hours a bomb-shell had been cast into the party fold, by the nomination, at a large gathering of Independent voters, of Eugene Finchley as the standard-bearer of the reform element in the Congressional contest, and his subsequent indorsement by the Democrats. The movement was entirely unsuspected by Stoughton, who had been confident of the support of the Independent following. He

had been aware of the hostility of Ramsay Whiting and a few others, but had supposed himself "solid" with the faction as a whole. The news caused him much annoyance, for it put a new face on the situation. It would require desperate efforts to overcome the combination arrayed against him, especially as he had taken the stand that he would not use money in improper ways during the canvass. He could not see what he had done to merit the distrust of the Whiting party, which had been openly expressed at the meeting. His name had been mentioned with eulogy by several speakers, and his friends—for he had his partisans there, and even now need not despair of obtaining a portion of the Independent vote upon election-day—had worked strenuously in his behalf; but a caustic, clear exposition of his course in the Assembly, presented by Ramsay Whiting and confirmed by others of equal weight, had resulted in his rejection by the convention of Independents. Finchley, too, of all men! He had supposed that the broker's previous fondness for manipulation at caucuses would stand in his way; but, then, there was no denying that his colleague had been winning golden opinions of late, from the soundness of his views on important questions. Finchley had grown rich also, and promised to become a power down town. It was clear to him now that he had acted with vast indiscretion regarding the Water-meter Bill; it was the resolute position taken by Finchley in that affair which had obtained the latter the nomination. Whether Finchley's conduct had been sincere or not, there was no doubt that as a political move it was clever. He had wondered at his colleague's change of base, and had even flattered himself that the other was overdoing the reform business; but the result showed the inaccuracy of his own calculation.

As he sat in his private office this morning, reflecting on the complications caused by this move of the enemy, the door opened, and a clerk inquired if he would see Mr. Dunn.

"Certainly! Show him in."

It was now some days since the action of the Reform Convention, but the Democrats had made their nomination only the evening before. Mr. Dunn was in charge of the Stoughton "boom." The young man had decided to rely upon the long experience of this politician in the management of his canvass.

"Good-morning, Mr. Alderman."

The visitor advanced with outstretched hand, his head on one side, and much of the solemn condolence of manner that one adopts toward a friend who has suffered bereavement.

"Well, Dunn, they rather went for me last night," continued Stoughton, with a laugh. "That makes a strong combination."

The fogleman assented by a nod of his head. He took a chair, and passed his hand thoughtfully over his seamy chin. "It's a bad business," he said, with a caressing whisper that suggested the vicinity of the corpse. "I didn't suppose those chaps would be shrewd enough to take up Finchley. There's one thing about it, though,—the old-line Democrats are madder than blazes. I was talking with Clint Pilcher this morning, and he says that he'd rather vote the Republican ticket out-and-out, than a bastard one like this."

"We must try to work that up."

"Sh! 'We're not dead yet,' as the fox said when he left his tail in the trap. But it's got to be business this time. We can't afford to fool round any." There was a stealthy gleam in Mr. Dunn's eyes.

"No, of course not. I was thinking it wouldn't be a bad plan to send out a circular, calling the attention of the Democratic voters of the district to Finchley's early record. A pretty Democrat he is!"

The alderman edged his chair a little closer to the young man's desk. "This isn't going to be a fight where circulars'll do any good. I wouldn't give two cents for all the votes you will gain in that way. Look at here. I've had some experience in this sort of thing. I'm no chicken, Mr. Stoughton, as you'll perhaps allow. We've got to have votes to win; and if we don't get them, the other side will."

Mr. Dunn paused, and looked at the other inquiringly. He was evidently satisfied that he had made his meaning sufficiently clear.

But Stoughton did not rise to the occasion. He replied that they must put in solid work, of course,—that it would be necessary to have some enthusiastic rallies, with speeches and music.

"Rallies be blowed! We'll leave those to the Reformers," said Mr. Dunn; and he gave a hoarse laugh. "What's got to elect you is money; and the sooner we recognize that, the better. I tell you," said he, and he lowered his voice and looked around as if to make sure there was no one in the room but themselves, "there's no use in mincing matters; the fellow that's got the longest purse is bound to win. I've only to give the word that the cash will be forthcoming, to secure a thousand votes which will otherwise go against us. We've got the cards in our hand, if we play them right; but there's no time to be wasted."

"You know I do not believe in buying

votes, Dunn," said Stoughton, drumming nervously with his fingers on the desk. "It's against my principles."

The other coughed slightly behind his hand, and was silent.

"Of course I'm ready — and expect — to pay the legitimate expenses of the canvass; but it wouldn't do for me to go beyond that."

"There's no need of your being known in the matter in any way. All you have to do is to hand me over a check, and that's the end of it so far as you're concerned. If anything is said, it's simple enough to put the blame off on your friends. You're in the hands of your friends, and are not responsible for what they may have done." The speaker grinned with a sense of relish. "I saw Tim Leahy this noon," continued the politician, "and he says Finchley has taken head-quarters at the Mohawk House, and is ready to do the square thing by the boys. I tell you, Mr. Stoughton, when it comes to politics, sentimental notions aren't good for much. As the youngster said when he picked up the five-dollar bill in church, 'Profits for this world, and prayers for the next.'"

Stoughton smiled. "Finchley'll have to be mighty careful how he pays out money. If the Reformers get wind of it, he's beaten."

Mr. Dunn wagged his head sagely. "Trust him for that. It's no fool you've got to buck against in Finchley. What Steve Doran, who's running that fight, doesn't know about the business aint worth knowing. But we've got them this time," he whispered, hoarsely, "if we set about it in the right way. You see, as I was saying, the leaders are mad, and wont support Finchley with any enthusiasm. What we want is to get those fellows to promise not to work against us. We're all right, if we can make the 'machine' stand still, as Joshua did the moon,— if you believe it, which I don't;" and the speaker, pleased by his facetiousness, nudged Stoughton.

The young man rose and paced the room for some minutes. "How much do you need?" he asked, suddenly turning toward his henchman.

The other rubbed his chin, which was a favorite gesture with him, by way of assisting reflection.

"Thirty thousand will see you through, I guess."

Stoughton whistled. "That's a big sum," he said.

"Yes, for some folks, maybe," replied Mr. Dunn, with a philosophical air. "It isn't every man that can afford to go to Congress. Things in this world cost money, and people wont work for nothing. But what do you care for thirty thousand?" he added, with his caress-

ing smile. "You could stand a hundred without feeling it, Mr. Stoughton."

The aspirant for Congressional honors continued to walk the office in silence. He frowned and pursed his lips. At last he sat down at his desk again.

"Look a' here, Dunn," he said, with a nervous decision of tone, and gazing directly at the other; "I've gone into this fight to win, and do not intend to let a few thousand dollars stand in the way of success. I'll be responsible for all the money you have to spend; but mind, I don't care to know any of the particulars. What I want is to come out ahead on election-day; it is for you to decide how that result is to be accomplished."

"Precisely," said the alderman; and then, by way of lubricating the situation, he observed, apologetically, that the only possible chance of a happy result lay in such a course. "It's depressing that things should be as they are, Mr. Stoughton, but 'human nature is human nature,' as my old grandmother Dunn used to say; and the man who acts on the belief that it's something different will get left, every time. That's frozen truth."

Shortly after this pleasantry Mr. Dunn took his departure. Stoughton sat for some time lost in thought. He had impressed upon his henchman, at parting, the desirability of making things sure. Money was no object. If it was necessary to spend more, why spend it, and he would foot the bill. Now that he had decided to take the step, he was anxious that affairs should be managed thoroughly.

He was conscious of a certain loss of self-respect in what he had just done which affected him unpleasantly; but experience had taught him that this would wear off. He was, after all, only doing what was done every day by candidates for office. With the existing tone of society, as Dunn said, it was not possible to win an election without using money. It was necessary for him to choose whether he preferred defeat or to pay out thirty or forty thousand dollars. There probably had not been a man sent to Congress for the past ten years who had not been forced to spend more or less to get there.

He felt, too, a sense of bitterness at the action of the Reform Association. Since they had seen fit to call in question his political integrity, he would show them what slight influence they had in the community. He would beat them out of their boots; and, as they accused him of improper practices already, he might as well get the benefit as well as the ill-repute of such charges.

What annoyed him as much as anything was that Arthur Remington had come in, early this morning, to say he should not be

able to work for him. His friend had said he was sorry to have come to this conclusion; but he could not, in face of the facts concerning the Leadbitter Bill and several other matters, feel that Stoughton sympathized with reform in politics. To be sure, Remington had gone on to observe, his own position was a delicate one, for he was a member of the State Central Committee; still he felt, all the same, at liberty to scratch any names on the ticket which he could not conscientiously support. Their interview had been friendly enough: that is to say, Stoughton had answered that the other must be his own judge of the merits of the candidates. If his conduct had not pleased the Reform party, he must try to do the best he could without their votes. There were still a few, he thought, who had faith in him,—he had continued, with a grin. Of course he could not help feeling badly at his old friend's desertion; but it would not in any way interrupt their relations, so far as he was concerned.

Nevertheless Stoughton was both angered and disturbed thereby. He had not seen nearly as much of Remington during the present year as in times past. They both had been very busy, and their ruts ran wider apart than formerly. Remington had been married several weeks. His friend seemed very happy. There was no question but that Miss Crosby was a charming girl. It was a love-match, and Remington's interest in her dated from his first winter in New York. He had always suspected how it would end, although Arthur was secretive about that sort of thing. They were likely to be comfortably off, for the latter had apparently got into a good practice. That fellow Ramsay Whiting had let Arthur into a lot of railroad business. Why, he wondered, had Whiting turned against him? It was Whiting who had been most prominent in opposing his nomination. Well, since that was the way the cat jumped, he would see if he couldn't make it warm for these fellows. He had never, as yet, failed in anything he undertook, and he did not propose to do so now. As for Arthur, he was sorry. He was fond of his friend; but the latter's ideas, from away back in college days, had always been queer,—had never been practical.

Stoughton looked at his watch. It was three o'clock. He closed his desk, and put on his overcoat. He should not be back again that day, he told his clerks. As he threaded his way along the crowded streets, toward the nearest elevated railway station, he was still thoughtful. With all his prosperity, and shrewd, comfortable philosophy, he was not quite contented nowadays. Not that he was unhappy, precisely; he had too much

vitality, too many means of diversion for that. Nor did his conscience trouble him, for the most part. He had settled for himself, long ago, the perplexing questions that harassed his earlier manhood,—or, rather, had dismissed them as insolvable. He sought to get as much pleasure out of life as was possible. His house was exquisitely arranged for comfort. He had beautiful pictures on his walls; his cook was a *chef* who left little to be imagined in the way of appetizing dinners, and his stables were among the best equipped in town. He followed sedulously the literature and drama of the day, in his own and foreign tongues, ambitious to maintain his prestige as one well versed in *belles lettres*. He went much into society, where he was courted for the graceful quality of his bearing and conversation. He was considered delightful—by women, especially.

And yet there were times when the hours palled,—when, in fact, life seemed stale and insipid. He found himself less easily amused than formerly. His zest for things had diminished. He had become more and more incapable of enthusiasm. He had read everything. Even the processes of money-making did not forcibly appeal to him. His relations with his wife had scarcely altered since a year ago. He was kind to her, and anxious to surround her with every luxury. It pleased him to have her cultivate society, and figure among the charming women of the day. But between them there was no sympathy. Isabel bored him. It was impossible for him to share his thoughts with her. She seemed to have recognized this of late, for she had ceased to agitate him with appealing glances and timid complaints. Her baby absorbed much of her time; and, while harmonious, husband and wife went their respective ways.

There was, however, one interest that continued to engross his time more prominently than ever. His attentions to Mrs. Tom Fielding had blossomed into an intimacy which had not failed to cause comment in society circles. They had been seen much together at parties the previous winter, and latterly at Newport.

He sat this afternoon in the train, whirling along up town, leaning forward on his cane held between his knees. His fashionable dress, with all its refinements of close-fitting gloves and dove-colored gaiters, doubtless stirred the discontent of a dirty, rough-looking fellow opposite, for the latter scowled at him vindictively. Stoughton, scarcely conscious of being the object of the other's frown, reflected in turn that if *he* were so miserable a wretch he would blow his brains out. What was there in existence worth clinging to, for

a poor devil like that? His old habit of speculation and theorizing was still sometimes active, and had acquired a deeper tinge of cynicism. He did not wonder that there were Socialists. Would he not be one himself if he were in the condition of his neighbor? But it was the very ignorance of the miserable classes, and their lack of insight into reality, that were the protection of society. Like huge beasts of burden, they were too stupid to appreciate their own strength. What a gigantic mockery, to think of the masses cajoled into submission by the specious superstition of duty and a divine command! Let these creatures but learn the truth,—let them perceive, as he perceived, the irony of existence,—and chaos would come again.

Upon alighting from the train he went into the club for a few minutes, and then walked up Fifth Avenue. He rang at Mrs. Fielding's door. She was at home, the servant said; and as he entered the parlor she rose to receive him.

"How do you do to-day?" said he. He held her hand for an instant, and gazed into her face.

Mrs. Fielding resumed her seat on the sofa, and he took the vacant place beside her. She was dressed to go out. The room was curtained, so as to intercept the fullness of the daylight, and sweet with the fragrance of flowers. On a little table near by was a basket of exquisite hybrids, toward which she turned her eyes as an expression of thanks to him for having sent them.

She had been sorry to read in the papers this morning that the Democrats had nominated Mr. Finchley. "Would that injure your chances very much? But then, you know," she continued with a smile, "your gain will be my loss; for if you go to Washington, I shall never see you."

She stood up as she spoke, and led the way to the door; for they had agreed to take a stroll this afternoon.

They directed their steps toward the Park, which was not far distant. There were as yet comparatively few of their acquaintances in town, and it was not difficult to lose themselves among the by-paths of that large pleasure-garden. It was one of those lovely days in early October, when Summer seems to cast a parting glance over her shoulder. The foliage, already touched by the brush of the sterner season, barely stirred in the balmy stillness. Birds hopped about the grass. The ponds glistened cool and tranquil, alluring loiterers to their granite margins.

They walked slowly, and with that sympathy of manner which is apt to be part of the bearing of those not averse to giving the

impression of intimacy. Stoughton, in speaking, bent a little toward his companion, who, with eyes which followed the windings of the path, listened pensively. Her closed sunshade dangled from her small, neat hands, and undulated with the movement of her skirt.

Theirs was a friendship that had been gathering force from day to day through many months. In Mrs. Fielding the young man had found one who was able to understand and criticise the lines of thought most interesting to him. She had read much in a superficial way, and her native feminine cleverness made her seem to know more than she really did. Under the guise of literary comment the most interesting problems of humanity present themselves with facility for discussion. A common ground of books forms an attractive basis for the introduction of the philosophic and the subjective.

Of what was she thinking, this young and graceful woman, as she sauntered in the autumn sunshine by the side of him who was not her husband, within earshot of the stir of that society whose laws she was disregarding? She was pondering, as so many have done before her, upon the nature of the barrier that forbade her to give her heart to this man, for whose companionship she thirsted as the parched soil for the rain-cloud. She had plighted her word to be the pure and faithful wife of one whom she no longer loved, whose very presence was a source of tedium to her. What did this mean? What was this tie that bound her to a being with whom she could not sympathize, —this so-called law of marriage, which prescribes that a man and woman, united by mutual vows, shall be true to each other until death? A cruel, unrelenting law, forsooth, that weighed upon her spirit as a yoke! Whence was its origin? It was the law of God, so men said. Had she not herself knelt at the altar and invoked the blessing of the Almighty on her troth? Yes; and it had not prospered. She had come to feel aversion for the husband she had sworn to love and honor and obey. Did God indeed command her to endure this misery for the rest of her life? What was there, after all, to keep her from the arms of her lover, but a convention framed by men for the convenience of society?

To renounce the darling desire of her heart meant to live on in the bondage under which she writhed to-day. She could see the years of her future stretching out, a dry and dusty road, which ended with the grave. She knew that they would have in store for her the hueless monotony of a loveless existence, relieved alone by the consolations of religion. Their joys would be patience and hope. If she chose this second path, it must be for the

sake of resistance, and because she believed that in so doing she fulfilled the will of God, and that He required it of her. She would suffer in this world in the faith of a future happiness.

She saw, too, in the pathway of her desire the disapproval and ban of society, the disgrace which the world casts upon those who disobey its laws. But why should she care for the world's verdict? Would that be able to rob her of her happiness? Would she not, upon the bosom of him she adored, be able to mock its cry of censure? The world! What was the world? If, indeed, it was true, as she had learned sometimes to suspect,—as she had heard her lover whisper,—that this life was all, that the veiled goal which bounded those two paths was the darkness of annihilation, why should she hesitate? If death was the cessation of conscious being, wherefore should she not pursue her happiness? Society was nought to her. It might crack and splinter into chaotic fragments, and she would not care. If the laws of right and wrong were merely a code to save the world from anarchy, let anarchy come.

She knew herself to be one endowed with the choicest human blessings. Those things which mankind prized and strove for most were hers in profusion. She possessed wealth and position. Her face and form were very beautiful. She could perceive the wide gulf that separated the intelligence of her thoughts from the struggling masses of humanity. From their superstitions and vulgarities she was far removed. The best that existence could afford to woman in the way of ambition and pleasure had been hers. Her life seemed to lack but one essential of happiness, and that lay within her grasp if she but willed. Without it, existence was a curse. What was this tyrant whose mandate, "Thou shalt not do this thing," stood between her and the realization of bliss?

Few would have guessed that the downcast eyes and coy smile of Ethel Fielding, as she strolled under the tree-shade, were the cloak of reflections which shook her spirit to its center. These were questionings which had been her companions for many days,—no new problem evolved by the charm of the hour. But even as the bud which is ripe to unfold awaits the breath of a perfect day to burst into beauty, so the moment had come for the solution of that unrest with which her bosom was freighted. Even Fate stays for opportunity.

Stoughton had been rambling on in a vein of philosophical cynicism, called forth by the incidents of the morning; but now he, too, had grown silent, and walked thoughtfully, twist-

ing the ends of his mustache. He glanced furtively at his companion, and his shoulder touched hers with sympathetic pressure.

They had reached a point where a grassy embrasure, in the form of a crescent, bordered the path. The space had been cleared to accommodate a stone statue of a sylvan divinity which adorned its center, and at one side, adjacent to the shrubbery, there was a rustic bench. Mrs. Fielding turned her steps in the direction of the latter.

"Let us sit down," she said.

From their point of view they could see the western horizon, glowing through a tracery of leaves and boughs. It was a sunset in keeping with the mellowness of the day that was dying, for the dun of the autumn cloud-banks was suffused with the silver and sapphire of summer skies. The shadow of the goddess trailed across the grass.

She leaned back in the corner of the bench, while Stoughton, bending forward, pierced with the point of his cane the fallen leaves at his feet.

"We see that sunset," she said softly, "as we see happiness in this world—through prison-bars."

The young man turned at the sound of her voice. The yellow light fell on her face and glorified its intensity. She sought to elude his gaze.

"Ethel," he whispered hoarsely, and he seized her hand with a passionate grasp, "what is there to prevent us from loving each other?"

The words that he spoke were as the echo of the thoughts with which her brain was throbbing.

She looked up, and their glances met in a blaze of mutual transport. He bent forward and kissed her. Even at the moment Woodbury Stoughton was conscious that the feeling he entertained for this woman was a passion which would pall, and that the capability of deep, entrancing love was no longer his.

But she, unmindful of the cold light in his eye, grasped his hand with both of hers. "My God!" she murmured ecstatically; and then, as the import of her phrase forced itself upon her, "No, no; *thou* art my god for ever and ever."

This same afternoon Isabel Stoughton had ordered her victoria. She felt the need of a little fresh air, for the illness of baby had confined her to the house the last few days. She had not, in fact, driven out before since returning to town, and it exhilarated her to be once more in the midst of the city's bustle. Leaning back against the cushions, she took in with enjoyment the familiar sights of the

streets, and observed the changes that had occurred during her absence. Now and then the lifted hat of some acquaintance, whom she had not seen all summer, would bring a smile to her face.

Her months at Newport had not been especially happy. The cares of her household and the whirl of gayety in which she was immersed had not left her much leisure for scrutinizing her emotions; but she had ever been conscious of a certain wound about the heart, which was none the less real because she did not pause to poultice it. The glamour of wealth, and the knowledge that she was admired and courted, were paltry compensation in her eyes for the indifference of her husband. She had come by degrees to perceive the futility of her efforts to win him back to her by appealing to his sensibility. Pride, too, stepped in to fortify her conclusions in this regard, and she had ceased to intrude herself upon him. She no longer questioned him concerning his plans and ambitions, nor allowed solicitude for the success of his undertakings to betray itself in her behavior.

And yet she had not brought herself to admit that Woodbury no longer loved her. She found excuses and explanations for his neglect in the multitude of the demands upon his time, and in her own deficiencies. She realized more vividly every day how lacking she was in those qualities which fit one to be an agreeable companion to a man of his ability. She was proud of him, too. His success was balm to her wounded feelings. He was, at least, her husband; he belonged to her; and his triumphs were in a certain sense hers. If she only persevered and showed him how deeply she loved him, the time would come when he would recognize this, and all would be happy in her life once more.

To humor him, she had gone much into society, and tried to find pleasure and distraction in the amusements of the gay watering-place. There were moments even when she felt the thrill of pleasure at the manifest admiration which she inspired. She was conscious of progress as regards the graces of fashionable life. Her lapses in conventionalities were no longer conspicuous. She had begun to suspect that perhaps, after all, she was able to compete in intelligence with the contemporaries of her own sex. Had not her father often told her that, she ought to have been born a boy, she had such a good head for figures? Patience, patience! All would yet be well, and *he* would love her.

Such was the burden of her thoughts as she rolled over the pavements in her comfortable victoria up Fifth Avenue, and to the

gates of the Park. It would be lovely in the Park this afternoon!

"Drive on," she said to the servant, who turned to inquire if she wished to enter.

As she drove through the gateway, a stylish dog-cart passed in the opposite direction, and its occupant raised his hat pleasantly. It was Mr. Tom Fielding.

The incident clouded for a little the current of her hopefulness, for the stories of her husband's attentions to the wife of this man came to mind. She had always striven, when her stepmother made insinuations of the kind, to banish the tales as unworthy of credence. There could be no foundation for them. Of course Woodbury was a friend of Mrs. Fielding, and enjoyed her society. Their intimacy was a pleasant diversion,—that was all. Did she herself not see them together, and understand their relation to each other?

These were the replies with which Isabel was wont to allay the suspicions of Mrs. Idlewild; but the pain in her own heart, it is needless to say, found little solace therefrom. But still she would not believe that he was false to her. It could not be. He was too honest, too good, too kind for that. She did him wrong to suspect him even; she was unreasonable. He was simply amusing himself. Mrs. Fielding was charming and clever. A great many people in society carried on little flirtations of this sort, which were completely harmless. She would put the idea of anything else out of her mind. Still, the circumstance that Mr. Fielding and she should each be alone threw a shade of melancholy over her previously buoyant mood, that she could not wholly dispel. Was he unhappy, too? she wondered. People said he was very fond of his wife, but that she did not care for him. He had a pleasant face,—a little grave and heavy-looking, though. He was not nearly so handsome as Woodbury. Where was Woodbury this afternoon? Probably worrying over his canvass. How base of those Reformers to treat him so, after all his brave conduct!

She was winding along the smooth Park roads, bounded on either side by a stretch of close-clipped green. The populace were enjoying the charming weather, loitering about the grass and watching the demeanor of the bears and other zoological specimens collected by the City Fathers for their amusement. Her carriage skirted the margins of ponds dotted with the tiny white-winged ships of children whose merry laughter formed a complement to the golden sunshine. Now leaving behind the more frequented portions of the garden, she found herself passing through gentle undulations of knoll and dale. A brace

of tame deer stared out at her unconcernedly from an adjacent thicket, wrinkling their noses superciliously. The sward here and there was gay with dandelions, the final largess of the departed season.

"Thomas, you may stop. Wait for me here, please."

The fancy had seized her that she would stroll a little. She alighted from the victoria, and followed the bendings of a footpath which led under the trees. The woods and fields of her New England home had nurtured in her a keen love of nature, and made her alive to beauties that escape the uncultivated eye.

Suddenly she gave a gesture of delight, and stooping on one knee, plunged her fingers among the herbage that bordered the path. She plucked therefrom a sprig of green, which she turned about as if to make sure of its character. It was a four-leaved clover, a badge of sentiment dear to rustic imaginations. As she gazed on the prize her eyes became soft with reverie, and a smile of content parted the ruddy lips. It seemed to her an augury of hope for the future, suggesting an end to all her difficulties.

She was on the point of rising from her kneeling posture, when her lifted glance became suddenly riveted by a sight discerned through the shrubbery. She gave a start: and a look of mingled horror and anguish, succeeded by the flush of rage, came over her face. She had seen, across the screen of foliage, her husband's lips touch those of Mrs. Fielding.

Isabel started to her feet, and stood with wild, dazed eyes, her hand pressed against her heart as if to stay its fierce beating. Once she turned, designing to burst through the leafy barrier and confound their sin with her presence; but, realizing the paltry satisfaction to be won from such a scene, she left the spot, and retraced her steps to the carriage.

She managed to control herself sufficiently to tell the man to drive straight home. She lay back with shut eyes, powerless to think. The shades of twilight were already deepening, the throng of loiterers had vanished, and a gray mist which hugged the earth was creeping over the Park. The air was full of the shrill whistles of the city's workshops marking the close of toil. But all she was conscious of was that ghastly picture of the lovers sitting side by side, under the shadow of the sylvan goddess.

The carriage jolted over the pavements, and through the glare of the streets already flickering with artificial light. As she reached the house a servant, who had been on the lookout, came running down the steps as if to intercept her.

"Excuse me, ma'am; but they've just sent word from the other house that Mr. Idlewild is ill."

"What, my father?—ill?"

"Yes, ma'am," gasped the man, who was trembling at the effect of his words; "the messenger said he had been took with a fit, and that you were to go there the moment you got back."

"Very well. Tell Thomas to drive as fast as possible."

Her brain swam with the terror that had seized upon her. Up to this moment bewilderment and rage had blinded her to the hopelessness of her misery; but this new blow was easier to realize. There was no room for uncertainty as to its character. Her father, her dear father, sick,—perhaps dead,—and she not with him.

Mrs. Idlewild met her at the door.

"What is it? What is the matter with pa?"

"Your father has had an attack, dear. He fell in the hall just as he was going out, two hours ago," said the elder woman, gravely.

"The doctor says it is apoplexy."

"Is it serious? Is he alive?" Isabel faltered.

"Yes, dear, he is alive. You may go to him if you like."

As she entered the sick-chamber she would fain have fallen upon her knees and covered the beloved face with kisses, but an instant's glance deterred her from impetuosity. The room was only dimly lighted. A man, whom she recognized to be a physician, was standing over the bed, and turned with a serious bow at her approach. Her father lay unconscious, and convulsed with stertorous breathing, his countenance of a livid purple hue. She stooped and touched her lips to his forehead. It was plain he could recognize no one.

"Will he get well?" she asked.

"I hope so," said the doctor; but his tone was simply neutral. She sat down and held in hers the hand resting upon the counterpane. A muffled cough directed her eyes to the recesses of the chamber, where the outline of a woman's figure was visible. It must be the nurse. The idea of any one but herself watching beside her father filled her with repugnance.

Her step-mother entered the room and advanced to where she sat.

"I will take care of pa. He would not like to have a stranger near him," the girl whispered, almost defiantly.

"Certainly, dear. You shall stay if you wish."

The physician turned to Mrs. Idlewild. "There is nothing more to be done to-night. I have given Mrs. Barker the necessary in-

structions. I trust he may be better in the morning." He bowed and withdrew.

Who does not know the weariness of watching? Through that long night, and for many days and nights, Isabel sat by her father's bedside. The morning brought but little change. The symptoms were grave—so the doctors said who met in consultation; but then, too, the patient had an iron grasp on life. No one could foretell the result.

Upon that first evening the young wife had sent word that she should not return home. Her father, she said, was too ill for her to leave. Woodbury came in to inquire as to his condition, but she let her mother see him. The next day she took up her quarters here completely, never going from the house except for a little while in the morning to visit her baby when her husband was down town. She was satisfied that he would not complain of her desertion.

She was undergoing the terrible ordeal of facing the inevitable. During the silent watches of the night there was time, and to spare, for reflection. As the bewilderment and stunned sensation of the first days wore off, she realized the misery of her situation. The future seemed to promise nothing but unhappiness.

She reviewed in her mind the entire course of her life. She could see that all her being had been centered in two persons. Upon her father first, and then upon her husband, the wealth of her nature had been poured out. She had loved them with her whole heart; that had been life to her; and now at one stroke both had been taken away!

Why should this be? What had she done to deserve this? She experienced now, for the first time, an awful sense of wonderment as to the signification of life. It had seemed before so natural to live. The mere delight of having these two to twine her heart about had sufficed to make her glory in existence, just as a flower without reason lifts its head toward the sun. But now the barrenness of the years to come stretched out before her like a waste of arid sand.

She, as all children in Christian countries, had been taught that there is a God who made her, and that she should love and worship him. She had gone to church with the rest, and tried to realize the meaning of what she heard there. But so great was her vitality that the mere fact of living had seemed enough for her. She had been at a loss to understand what people meant by loving God with all their hearts. She had heard and read that this life is but a state of discipline to prepare mortals for another world, and that one should beware of too great centering of the affection on human things; but the force

of such expressions had been lost upon her. She remembered them now. They came back to her as she sat by her dying father's side, groping in the darkness of her agony for some escape from despair. Was it then true that she had been put into the world to be tortured,—true that an all-wise Heavenly Father had given her the power of affection, in order through it to bruise and trample upon her heart under the plea of discipline? Discipline! Why did she need discipline? Was it wrong of her to have loved these dear ones so deeply? Wrong! She could not help loving them. It was her nature to do so. And yet it was necessary to chastise her. Human creatures were born full of sin, and were purified through suffering. She ought to submit herself to the divine will. Being purged in the fire, she would grow in grace and become reconciled with God. The recurrence of the oft-heard phrases of religion struck her with abhorrence. They seemed to her a ghastly conceit. The sole comfort they held out to her agonized heart was the pitiful explanation that it was all for the best. The best! Whose best? It could not be for hers, for she wished no better happiness than that which she had known. Oh, why had she ever been born?

One evening, about three weeks after Mr. Idlewild had been taken ill, Isabel was sitting in his room, as usual. She and the nurse divided the time of watching between them. The invalid had made but little progress; in fact, the doctors had warned the family that the worst was to be expected. Nevertheless, he had appeared better during the past twenty-four hours, or rather had shown some indications of returning consciousness. The old man had seemed once to recognize his daughter's face bending over him, for he had smiled and faintly pressed her hand. He articulated excitedly at times; it was plain that he fancied himself once more the manager of a circus. Mrs. Idlewild had seen fit to send for a clergyman. Her husband might at any moment regain his senses, and she expressed herself as old-fashioned enough to desire that he should have the consolations of religion at the last.

It was a warm evening; and Isabel, weary with her watch, had fallen asleep for a few minutes. She awoke with a start of self-reproach, which was allayed upon finding her father resting quietly. As she composed herself once more in her seat, she became aware of noises that resembled the cheers of a crowd coming up from the street below, through the window, a crack of which was open. She approached, and peered between the curtain and the pane. The banker's house was so situated as to command from the bay-window a view of the neighboring

square. The young woman was surprised at the sight of a vast sea of people flooding the pavements and the adjacent park, which was bright with the glare of electric lights. The gaze of this throng seemed to be turned in a particular direction, and every now and then a jubilant and almost savage yell caused their heads to sway like a forest. Isabel opened the sash and stepped out upon the balcony. As she turned her head her eyes encountered the blank side of a broad building, upon which a stereopticon threw a large white disk. At the moment an advertisement of a popular organ factory was visible on its surface; but suddenly this was withdrawn from view, and a dispatch substituted in its place, which read: "Utica gives Doubleday 1600 majority." Straightway the voices of the multitude rose in another mighty cry of triumph, which seemed to shake the earth, as it came over Isabel that this was the night after the state election.

In the distress of the past weeks she had lost all account of time. The circumstance of her husband's canvass had never once occurred to her; but now she found herself leaning forward with eagerness to learn the result. She recalled how indignant she had been at the action of the Civil Service Reformers in throwing over Woodbury; and, as she stood there watching the successive returns, she could not help wondering if she might not have been deceived about him in this respect also. But this was only for a moment. Her love was stronger than her doubts, for she felt her heart beating with the throb of suspense, — a suspense that was freighted with longings for his success. She hoped he would win; it would make him so unhappy to be defeated. It was his darling ambition to go to Congress.

She was familiar enough with the politics of the day to perceive from the returns that the Democrats were making vast gains all over the State and country. Town after town showed majorities in their favor. The fever of dissatisfaction with the party in power had spread to such a degree that it was becoming evident that a notorious demagogue and trickster had been elected Governor of a neighboring Commonwealth, — a fact which seemed to tickle the humor of the crowds, for they roared with laughter at every additional indication of his success as if it were a huge joke. "A tidal wave has struck us!" shouted some enthusiastic individual, and the vast throng took up the cry with a cheer. In the intervals of the dispatches the heads of various well-known politicians were thrown upon the disk, to be greeted, as the case might be, with applause or groans. In some instances the heads appeared upside down.

Suddenly, after a little interval in the proceedings, she was startled at seeing her husband's face in the luminous frame, side by side with one which she recognized to be that of his rival, Finchley. The countenance of neither was sufficiently familiar to call forth much enthusiasm from the populace; but as it were in a flash, they melted away, and in their stead she saw a bulletin which caused her blood to bound; and on the instant a fierce yell of delight [in which the name of Finchley was discernible] startled the night. She grasped the railing for support, and gazed at the inscription which, written in a florid hand, read: "Returns from twenty wards give Finchley (Dem. and Ind.) 1700 majority for Congress."

Isabel gave a shiver, and turned back into the room. As she advanced she became aware of a figure standing on the other side of the bed, — a man's figure clothed in canonicals. He was looking down at the face on the pillow; and something in his bearing must have excited her apprehension, for she rushed forward and bent over the couch. She uttered an ejaculation, and seized eagerly the hand upon the coverlet, as if to convince herself that her fear was groundless. Then with a terrible cry, "He is dead! he is dead!" she buried her face in the blankets.

She looked up presently, at a gentle touch upon her shoulder. The stranger was standing over her with a look of compassion on his priestly countenance.

He held out his hands to her.

"God will comfort you, my daughter."

"No, no!" she cried, with a gesture of shrinking, — "not that."

Her tone had a harsh ring like that of the old man upon the bed. She went to the other side of the room and sat down. Presently the door opened and a woman entered. It was Mrs. Idlewild. Said Isabel in a firm, hard voice, out of the darkness: "He is dead!"

XIV.

THE spring following the death of Peter Idlewild witnessed the departure of his widow for Paris to join her step-son Jack, who was already established in the "Latin quarter" of that attractive city, with the design of acquiring a knowledge of French. The next steamer carried across the Atlantic Woodbury Stoughton, whom the newspapers referred to as "desirous of a short sojourn in foreign parts after the fatigues of the recent canvass." The will of the late banker had made no provision for his son-in-law, and rumor declared him to be somewhat straitened pecuniarily. The day after he had sailed, however, it was announced

that his wife had entered a libel against him for divorce. She had never returned to her own home since the dreadful evening upon which she lost both husband and father.

There is a room in one of Europe's picturesque ruins known as the Chamber of the Grand Duchess, from the broad window-seat of which the visitor looks down upon and over the blue waters of Lake Geneva. It is the upper room in the famous castle of Chillon; and so lovely is the prospect therefrom across the broad expanse,—which, whether ruffled or peaceful, is never long the same,—that the traveler, lost in admiration, forgets the horrors of the dungeon beneath, with its low-sweeping columns and worn stone floor, where Bonnivard and others languished for years, fettered to iron rings which yet are visible. As, with the approach of twilight, the mountains seem to descend and group themselves like giant guardians about the lake, one even forgets for a moment that ghastly *oubliette* which yawns below, but encircled by a railing, as though to deter the fascinated tourist from seeking to investigate the reality of the missing fourth step, the sheer descent, the knives, the silent watery tomb. Where nature is so beautiful, it seems impossible that man could have been so cruel.

It was on the window-seat of this ruined Chamber of the Grand Duchess that Ethel Fielding was resting one afternoon in the early summer. Her husband was in Paris on business, and she was sitting there alone. The idlers of Lausanne would no longer have occasion to wonder what the relations might be between the pretty, charmingly dressed American and her fellow countryman, who was at this moment on his way to London.

It was a lovely afternoon. Earlier the wind and clouds had been rampant, but the water had regained its deep, tranquil blue, and the lights and shadows of the Dent du Midi were beautiful to behold.

But she who looked out over the lake's calm surface had no peace in her heart. Her face was pale as the snow in the angle of a mountain where the sun's rays do not fall. The man for whom she had sacrificed truth and virtue had a few hours ago acknowledged that he no longer loved her. She had guessed this secret many days before, but just now he had confessed it at her asking. It was foolish of her, so he said, to have followed him to Europe, and he had been unwise to humor her by coming to Switzerland. He had lost money,—large sums of money,—and must return home to regulate his affairs. Thus had they parted.

There are worse fates than the *oubliette*, for all its missing fourth step and pointed knives, to impale the victim of the sheer descent; and

man has the power to be even more cruel to-day than in the distant century when the duchess gazed from her chamber window over the same expanse of water, lying blue and placid in the shadow of the eternal mountains.

MEANWHILE Eugene Finchley, now the Honorable Eugene Finchley, had been winning golden opinions for himself. He had behaved better than any one would have imagined, considering his previous training—so said the reform element whose coalition with the Democrats had obtained him his election. The politicians were becoming impatient, and there were many to sympathize with Mr. Alderman O'Rourke in his pathetic query, "What will the harvest be?" It even had begun to be whispered there was to be no harvest at all.

Eugene Finchley's courtship of Isabel had been silent but terribly genuine. Then, perhaps for the first time in his life, he had begun to realize his own deficiencies. After that evening at Newport, when his hopes of happiness seemed to him forever dashed to the ground, he had for some months wooed vehemently his quondam goddesses, of whom *la veuve Clicquot* was the most celebrated. But even while he drove his dog-cart and gave gorgeous suppers to the artists of the stage in the guise of a dissipated good-for-nothing, he had not been able to close his ears to the whisper of the nobler aspirations which his now futile love had quickened into being. Presently he had sobered down again, and with a heavy heart had taken up the routine of a money-making life. Men pronounced him changed,—quieter, so they said; while the politicians wondered at his squeamishness regarding measures at which he had in the old days never been known to bolt.

And yet, when this has been said, the excuse of a deficient early training was one he sadly needed to invoke as a target against shafts of criticism. The sole claim he has upon our human esteem and sympathy is the fact that his heart was not wholly rendered callous by the life it was his lot to lead. If in his partial appreciation of his lack of culture, he may have felt a pang at times at recalling the low standards of a father whose moral vitality had been exhausted by efforts to resist the temptation to give short weight in his capacity as a country grocer, or the ignorance of a mother whose solicitude for her son's welfare did not extend to the modulation of the voice or decorous table manners; still old age was made bearable for his parents by the handsome gifts he sent. So, too, the ardor of his love for Isabel is a trait that prompts us to mitigate the severity of our judgment in his regard. Of all the friends of Mrs. Stoughton there was no

one whose sympathy for her afflictions was more genuine than his. Before taking his departure for Washington, he wrote her a letter in which the expression of his concern for her sorrow was supplemented by a few words to imply how deep had been the impression on his own nature of the influence of their former friendship. It was the laconic letter of a business man, but she to whom it was addressed read between the lines what was left unwritten.

Arthur Remington had leased a small house in the suburbs of New York,—a half-hour's ride in the train from the city.

"I wonder if she wouldn't come to us after a little. The change would help her, perhaps," said Dorothy, one day, a few weeks after the death of Mr. Idlewild. Isabel had been much in their thoughts of late, so wretched did her fate appear beside their own great happiness.

About a month later, Remington came home one evening looking very thoughtful.

"Dorothy," he said, "Mrs. Stoughton declines to see her husband any more; in fact, she has applied for a divorce. She came to me for advice as to a lawyer, and I sent her to John Ferguson."

"But didn't you try to dissuade her? Oh, Arthur, divorces are such dreadful things! There will be such a scandal."

"I know it. I represented all that to her, but my words produced no effect. She had evidently thought the matter out, and was determined. I've asked her to come and pass a few days with us. You know you spoke of doing so."

"Oh, I am glad you did. Perhaps we can persuade her to change her mind. And she is coming?"

"Yes. She is terribly altered, Dorothy. She looks worn, and ten years older. When I impressed upon her that she ought at least to consider her child, she tightened her lips,—you remember her father's expression; it made me think of him,—and said, 'I loved that man with all my heart. He has wronged me, and I will never see him again. I do not wish to bear his name.'"

"But what induced her to come to you, Arthur?"

"She said she had so few friends whom she could trust that she was obliged to do so. 'I know,' she said, 'you are a great friend of his, but you have always been very kind to me. You will be just, I am sure;' and her glance seemed to pierce me, it was so searching. I told her that I would do anything to assist her; 'and,' I added, 'as a proof that you trust me, you must come and stay with us. My wife was speaking, only a few days ago, of inviting you.' Rather to my surprise, she consented."

"Poor girl!" murmured Dorothy; and through the evening the young wife was very pensive. She could not help contrasting her own lot with hers to whose sorrows she had just listened. For, indeed, with marriage a great happiness had come to Dorothy. The love of her husband had grown to be infinitely precious to her; and her own feeling toward him sometimes frightened her, it seemed so essential to her life. Still, in the midst of their great joy they often dwelt upon the world's strange inequalities, and grieved at the ills of existence. The old spirit of analysis and speculation continued to possess them both, and served to foster a sympathy which, though at moments mystified, supplied the key-note of their religion. Their thoughts alike were bent to do those things in daily life that seemed to them healthful for intelligent, progressive beings, and to keep alive in their hearts a trust that such efforts were in unison with some eternal system.

Isabel Stoughton came to them a few days later. She was, indeed, much changed, though some might have considered her countenance more interesting than before. It had gained in thoughtfulness and gravity, but was thinner; and her blue eyes seemed faded. She was silent, too, and a prey to reverie, as though she were pondering some vast arrears of thought, as was, indeed, the case. So she admitted at last to Dorothy, against whose sympathy she did not seek to bar the door. The two women, so unlike and individual in their respective ways, became great friends. At the end of the fortnight which Isabel passed with the Remingtons, she resolved to lease for the winter a pretty little house adjoining theirs, whither she moved her baby and her establishment. Her step-mother was anxious to have her accompany her to Europe; but the other plan pleased Isabel best.

As spring approached, the two women used often to take their work into the little garden which separated their houses, and chat under the warmth of the mellowing sunshine. Dorothy, whose deep convictions as to the sacredness of the marriage-tie made her an eloquent declaimer against divorce, induced her new-found friend at last to withdraw her suit. Isabel talked much about the past—the past before she came to New York—in a spirit of fond reminiscence, and yet, too, of criticism. She had been happy, but she had been wayward and headstrong. She would not listen to dear Aunt Mitty, whose angular, prim methods seemed unlikely to help her to ape the superficial smartness of her village playmates. Yes, her education had been woefully lax; for after her faculties had been sharpened by village wear and tear, a polish-

ing process was tried by her step-mother, and with success, too, in a certain sense, for she had proved adaptive. But it was only a polishing process. She had been brought face to face with the great world without any real knowledge of life. She had thought so little on her own account, and her conceptions were so volatile and artificial.

"I envy you, Dorothy, your bringing up," she murmured. "It was so different with me. None of my girl friends cared for books or serious things. We used always to be making eyes at boys and wishing for adventures. Most of them had their own way even more than I did; for Aunt Mitty did her best for me."

Among other subjects, as they grew more intimate, they came to speak of Finchley. Isabel alluded to the fact of his having written to her, and to numerous acts of kindness during the first weeks of her distress.

"I think, my dear, that man was very much in love with you." Perhaps a feminine love of match-making caused a shadow of regret to disturb for an instant the complete serenity of Dorothy's attitude toward divorce; but it was only for an instant. She was not a woman who permitted instinct to interfere with principle.

Isabel did not reply at once. "Yes, Dorothy, I suppose he was. His letter was very kind. He wrote that his acquaintance with me had been the greatest influence of his life for good. It was very sweet to me to read that, and to think I had been a help to anybody."

Doubtless, as she sat looking into the distance, the thought passed through her mind that she might have been happier with such a man, and that she had sacrificed his deep, honest love for a paltry return. But the involuntary sad shake of her head, which followed after, told that if her heart were to give again, the sacrifice would be repeated. She loved her husband still with all her being, though she would fain deny it to herself.

It was Dorothy who interrupted her reverie. "My husband was speaking of Mr. Finchley only last night. He said that he was a victim to the money-craving spirit of the day."

"It is true, Dorothy; and it is true of me equally with him. I have thought of that often of late. The past seems to me a dream, as if I had lived without knowing it, and had only just awaked to recognize what I am. Oh, Dorothy, I want to do something useful with my money. I want to help others to avoid the misery I have had to suffer. There are so many in the world that need our aid."

Dorothy glanced up at her as she spoke, and was struck by the strength of her expression. The firm lips were tightly compressed, and her whole countenance revealed an intense fervor of thought. Instinctively she contrasted the powerful vitality of her friend with her own more delicate organization with almost a feeling of envy. The nervous vigor that illumined her face might be a potent factor either for good or for bad.

"This money may turn out to be a great cause for thankfulness, Isabel. It has come to help you bear your sorrow. Only think what good you will be able to do with it."

"You mean," said Isabel quietly, after a silence, "you believe that God has sent me unhappiness to punish me, and has given me this money in token of His mercy?"

"May it not be so, dear?" Recollection was in the mind of Dorothy, as she spoke, of the oft-repeated opinions and sophistries of Woodbury Stoughton in relation thereto, and in her conscientiousness she shrank from saying more than she could repeat amen to with all her soul. But as the wistful glance of the sad Isabel met hers, words came to her lips that refused to be stemmed in their utterance. "I believe, dear, that all our afflictions are sent to us for our good. We cannot now understand many things, and it is very, very hard to bear them. But we shall some day. It must be so,—it must be so."

The sweet voice trembled with sympathy; and God must have looked down with tenderness at that pair of earnest women upon whose faces were written severally the faith which springs from love and that groping after light which is the comrade of righteous anguish. The eyes of the sufferer filled with tears, yet she shook her head mournfully, gazing far into the deepening shadows of the afternoon, as though life seemed only a mist that balked the straining sight.

But later, when they were together in the dim twilight of the sitting-room, where only the ticking of the clock and the whisper of the ashes marred the solemn silence, Isabel leaned her head upon the shoulder of her friend and said:

"I would give anything to feel as you feel, Dorothy; to be as sure as you seem to be."

"They say, dear, that God's peace only comes with time and striving; but it will come, I know, both to you and to me, if we truly seek it," was the soft reply.

"I am trying, Dorothy,—I am trying," and the deep pressure of hand against hand told each alike that charity, which is a holier guest than either faith or hope, was present there.

COUNT ERNST VON MANSFELDT THE PROTESTANT.

QUOTH Mansfeldt to the valiant men
That round his bed stood weeping,
"The dial shadow telleth ten;
Mine hour is slowly creeping:

"The dicer Death has flung for me;
His greedy eyes are on me;
My chance is hardly a throw in three,
Ere night he will have won me.

"Summon my kin—by steed or coach!
Stay not for more commanding;
If the last Enemy approach
They shall find me armed and standing.

"Buckle me well and belt me strong!
For I will fall in iron:
Give me that pike I held so long
When the Turks did me environ."

They strove to soothe him, and his child
Came chanting her *Beatus*—
But while their tears rained fast he smiled
And cried—"Sing *Sum lætatus*! *

"'Tis not for men to whine and weep,
And I through life have daily
Faced Death as cheerily as sleep,
So I mean to meet him gayly."

They girded on his armor then
Behind him and before him,
And the two strongest of his men
On either side upbore him.

The shriver came with rood and pyx
And phial for the unction;
He spat upon the crucifix
And mocked the grayfriar's function.

"Off with your playthings—doll and beads!
Your wafer and your water!
Such toys not much Ernst Mansfeldt heeds—
Go, give them to my daughter."

So they who safely 'scape the flood,
The fight, the fire, the billow,
Live through a thousand scenes of blood
To die upon a pillow.

She, kneeling, sobbed with stifled breath
(Yet he would nothing vary)
"Pray now! and in the hour of death
For us poor sinners, Mary!"

"Lord God!" he cried, "to thee I come,
Spite of these cowed pretenders;
Let the monk pray, or be he dumb,
I need no such defenders."

Grasping a halberd with one hand,
With one Brunhilda's tresses,
He shakes with one his impious brand,
With one his daughter blesses.

While she, all tears, yet kneeling said,
"It softens mine affliction
To feel thy hand upon my head
And have thy benediction.

"But, Father dear, how strong you are!
How heavily you press me!
Your hand weighs like an iron bar
And wounds me as you bless me!"

She partly raised, with such complaint,
Her eyes, where she was stooping,
His mailed arm fell from her, faint,
She saw his head sink drooping:

Those men at arms he pushed aside
Then, reeling more than standing,
Death in the name of Christ defied,
The grace of Heaven demanding.

With clattering sound, as when a shield
Falls on the ground,—together
His iron knees clashed—he must yield—
Farewell, Brunhilda's father!

Thus Hungary's right hand and shield
Fell! doomed with One to wrestle
Who, braved in many a siege and field,
Could conquer in the castle.

Thomas William Parsons.

* "*Beatus vir qui non abiit*," is the beginning of the first psalm of David.

"*Lætatus sum in his*," is the beginning of the 122d psalm.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

THE waters of the open sea, as they rush past Sandy Hook on the flood-tide, strike upon a low-lying shore overshadowed by abruptly terminating cliffs. This is the northeasterly face of Staten Island. The channel-way between it and the south-western end of Long Island is the Narrows, the fortified entrance to New York Harbor. Following the trend of the shore-line of Staten Island northward, it becomes less and less exposed to the sea winds, and soon makes a sharp bend to the westward, where the tranquil Kill von Kull separates the island from New Jersey.

Long ere they reach this sheltered region the sea winds have spent their force, and the roar of the crashing billows is never heard. And here is situated, in almost rural quiet and beauty, Sailors' Snug Harbor, where the aged or crippled mariner, escaping the storms and dangers of the sea, finds a safe retreat. Between the main building of the Harbor and the lodge at the foot of the grounds, stands a monument to the founder, Robert Richard Randall. In addition to this, a bronze statue of Randall, by Augustus St. Gaudens, has just been completed for the Snug Harbor grounds.

The father of "Captain" Robert Randall—as he is called by courtesy—was a Scotchman, who came to America in 1776, and settled in New Orleans. The Spanish governor and intendant of that city, Don Bernardo de Galvez, having declared the port open for the sale of prizes of Yankee privateers, Mr. Randall took an active interest in that great fleet of private-armed vessels, whose exploits on the high seas, and even upon the coast of Great Britain itself, did much to contradict the modest assertion of the "British Naval Register" that:

"The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads."

At his death his son Robert inherited the estate. The latter was accustomed to come North to pass the summer months, and it was while on a visit to New York city that he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Farquhar, a man possessed of means, but broken down by ill-health. The mild climate of Louisiana agreed with the invalid, and a proposition to exchange estates was taken into consideration.

* These facts were given by the late Isaac Bell, Esq., who was foreman of the jury in the great trial to break the will of Robert Richard Randall. For thirty years in the national and state courts a vigorous warfare was waged to test the validity of the will between the heirs and executors, and among the most prominent contestants was a bishop of Nova Scotia.

After a bonus of five hundred guineas had been sent to Mr. Farquhar, this was effected. Mr. Randall was now a suburban citizen of what was then the little city of New York. His property consisted of real estate fronting on both sides of Broadway and adjacent streets, and extending from Eighth to Tenth streets. At the distance of about one-half mile to the westward and southward, namely, near the site of the old Presbyterian church, stood the dwelling of Captain Randall. Upon the piazza of this house, shaded by a luxuriant growth of ivy and clematis, the old gentleman was wont to sit in fine weather, with his dog by his side. Before the door were three rows of gladioli, which he carefully nurtured. He was a bachelor; at least, there is no record of his having been married. On the first day of June, 1801, Mr. Randall, being very ill and feeble, but of "sound, disposing mind and memory," made his will. Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins drew up the papers. In this document he directed his just debts to be paid; that an annuity of forty pounds a year be given to each of the children of his half-brother, until they were fifteen years old; a sum of one thousand pounds to each son upon his twenty-first birthday, and a like sum to the daughters upon their marriage. He bequeathed to his housekeeper his sleeve-buttons and a life annuity of forty pounds. To his steward, he left his watch and forty pounds, and to another servant, his shoe and knee buckles and twenty pounds. When this had been recorded, he looked up with an expression of anxiety.

"I am thinking," he said, "how I can dispose of the remainder of my property most wisely. What think you, General?" turning to Hamilton.

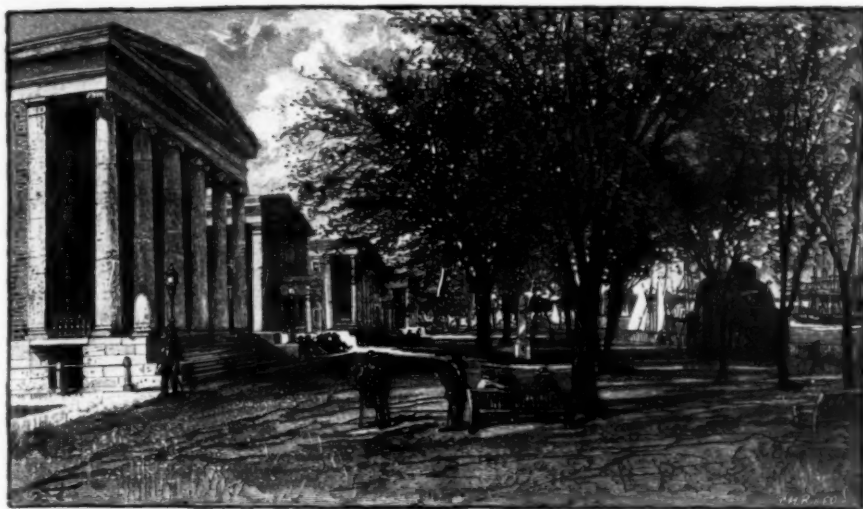
"How did you accumulate the fortune you possess?"

"It was made for me by my father, and at his death I became his sole heir."

"How did he acquire it?" asked Hamilton.

"By honest privateering," responded Randall. Hamilton suggested that a fortune made at sea might appropriately be left for the benefit of unfortunate and disabled seamen.*

In March, 1830, the Supreme Court gave



A VIEW ALONG THE FRONT.

the final adjudication, and sustained the will. The trustees under the will consist of the mayor and recorder of the city of New York, the president and vice-president of the Marine Society, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the rector of Trinity Church, and the minister of the First Presbyterian Church in New York city.

Soon after Capt. Randall's death it was found that the location of the Snug Harbor within the city limits would be attended with many inconveniences. In 1831 Staten Island was selected as a proper site, both on account of its salubrious climate and its proximity to the ocean. In that year a farm of about 160 acres was purchased for \$16,000, and the buildings were begun.

At the time of the bequest Randall's property was of little value, being mostly farming land, situate on the outskirts of the populated parts of the city; hence the income was at first very small, not exceeding one thousand dollars. As the population of the city increased, the rental rose by degrees, until in the present year it has reached a sum bordering upon four hundred thousand dollars.

The buildings of Sailors' Snug Harbor lie creamy-white and cool mid a forest of great elms, and look out stolidly and unmoved at the unrest of life as represented by the noisy little tugs on the river and the white-winged craft that skim the waters of the bay beyond. A rounding bank extends in a long line of unbroken beauty to the right, with sides that quiver with foliage in the sunlight.

Though their surroundings are pastoral, the

appearance of the inmates of this retreat, as well as their conversation, is of the sea—salty. Entering the grounds, the visitor observes a number of sturdy old men, unmistakably sailors, pacing about in the paths or reclining under the trees. Upon a long bench, immediately in front of the buildings, others are sitting side by side, smoking and chatting. Many are maimed, and not a few so aged that they can only totter about with shaking heads and limbs that knock the one against the other.

In the halls of the buildings, as well as on the grounds, old sailors are pacing to and fro, as though standing their watch aboard ship and waiting to be relieved. Indeed, this air of waiting, of expectancy, may be said to pervade the institution. The sailor's life is active, bustling, free. Is it surprising, then, that he should become restive when unemployed; that he should chafe under restraint? These men that move restlessly about the Harbor have cruised in every ocean. They speak of East India, of Africa, and of Greenland, as though they were on the other side of the Kill von Kull.

"How does she head now, Cap'n Foster?" says Chaplain Jones to a fine old fellow, who is puckering up his mouth as if about to whistle, but emitting no sound.

"Due no'th, sir—all's well."

Foster served through the war aboard the Federal war-ships, although well along in years at the time. He was boatswain for many years before that event, and has been "piping-the-side" so long that his mouth as-

sumes the peculiar appearance already described. The entrance to his chamber presents a truly nautical appearance, and the visitor must pass through a whole fleet of small craft,—barks, brigs, schooners, and sloops,—the result of his jack-knife leisure, arranged upon chests of drawers.

Foster feels keenly the loss of his old friend James Spencer, who died here a few years since. Spencer was the last survivor of the famous fight between the American frigate *Essex*, Captain David Porter, and the British cruisers *Phæbe* and *Cherub*, in the harbor of Valparaiso, in the war of 1812, which has been characterized by Cooper as "one of the most remarkable combats to be found in the history of naval warfare." During the action Spencer served the second gun on the larboard, now designated the port side of the gun-deck. Here is his description as given to Chaplain Jones before his death: "It were in March, 1812, an' we were a-layin' in Valparaiso. There were a English frigate an' a sloop outside. The sloop, when she run in, came up wery near us, an' bein' taken aback, her jib-boom it came across our fo'c'sle. The old man [Cap'n Porter] he suspected that she were up to somethin', an' he calls all hands to board the enemy. But the cap'n of the sloop apologized an' sheered off. The next day we put to sea, but was struck by a squall while a-roundin' a headland, carried away the main-topmast, an' had to anchor. Then the Englishmen came for us, and when we went fur the frigate, the sloop she came about, an' in a minute we had it hot an' heavy,—one on the starboard quarter an' the other on the larboard bow, a-pourin' shot into us like hail. The men was mowed down like grass, but we returned the fire as long as we could, an' then the cap'n he gave orders that all English-born men of the crew might swim ashore if they liked, fur ef the British caught 'em they would treat 'em as deserters. Many of 'em were drowned." Farragut, who was a midshipman on the *Essex*, always received his old shipmate with friendliness when in this neighborhood. Spencer thus described to Chaplain Jones one of these visits: "The Admiral was a-sittin' on a sofy. 'Jim,' says he, 'you an' me 's got nearly into port! I wonder which on us will fetch up fust.'" At the Admiral's funeral, Spencer insisted upon following the hearse, though it was cold and rainy, and it was from the effects of his exposure on that day that he died shortly afterward.

Aged as he was, no man in the Snug Harbor was more industrious than Spencer. Down in the basement of the institution, which is given over to basket, mat, and ham-

mock making, the men often pause in their labors to discuss some of the wonderful yarns that the veterans are wont to spin there.

One portion of the basement, that from which daylight is debarred, is given over to the blind men. Here they sit all day working, telling stories, or listening to some old mariner who, so crippled as to be unfit for work, is glad to read aloud to them for a few pence a day. Under the eaves of the westernmost building a score of cripples are busy upon fancy netting and work-baskets. Looking out upon them from behind the iron bars of "the cage" is the only prisoner in the institution. His mates say he is neither ill nor demented, but is troubled with a complaint which is as prevalent among landsmen as among sailors. They describe it as "pure cussedness." One of its symptoms was that upon arising in the morning he was in the habit of going from room to room and pulling the aged and decrepit mariners out of bed and otherwise disturbing the peace.

Those who make baskets, mats, and nets are by no means the only artisans in the institution. Scattered through the building are men engaged in the construction of finely modeled miniature vessels, while others paint marine views on clam and other shells. This taste for art is carefully fostered by the governor, who recently gave old Captain Davis *carte-blanche* to decorate the walls of the reception room with nautical designs, sea serpents, and other marine monsters; and through his instrumentality at least one of the old masters has been placed in every room—in some cases two.

Ranged side by side at long tables in a well-appointed dining-hall, the weather-beaten old salts are served by a number of their comrades, selected by the governor especially for this service. There is no stint—no fixed quantity or ration beyond which an inmate may not go. The tables are loaded down with well-selected, well-cooked food, and it is a pleasing sight to watch the fine old fellows as they "buckle to," so to speak, in dead earnest. That nice distinction that obtains on shipboard between the position of the inmates of the cabin and the fore-castle has no place here. Men who have been disabled while serving before the mast sometimes find it difficult to comprehend this, and it is said that instances are by no means rare where new-comers have shown an inclination to keep on the lee-side of the dining-room in deference to the presence of captains under whom they have served. They soon outgrow this, however, and learn to sit at the table beside their former commanders with composure. Thus it not infrequently happens that the once master of a



IN THE WORKSHOP AT SAILORS' BRIG MARCH.

great ship finds himself in company with men who, during the tempest and the gale, were wont to do his bidding. When skies are clear and freshening breezes drive the prow through glistening seas, the great war-ship strides haughtily past the peaceful merchantman or humble fishing-smack; but when clouds lower and tempests threaten, they seek alike the shelter of the same harbor, and ride side by side at anchor as members of one common brotherhood. So at Snug Harbor the captain, the inmate of the galley, and Jack before the mast forget their former stations. Shattered by the same gales, they have dropped anchor here till the storms of life are past.

Chaplain Jones, already mentioned, presides at the little church in the grounds of the Harbor. He is a sailor himself, having served before the mast many years, and knows how to talk to those who "follow the sea." When a mere lad he ran away from his English home and shipped aboard an East Indian. He is about sixty-five now, and many years ago forsook the sea to study theology. As soon as he was qualified, he went among the sailors of the great lakes, and afterward opened a Bethel in St. Louis. Then he returned hither and became the pastor of the Mariners' Church. Worn out from early exposure and hardships, he was about to start for Europe in search of health and rest, when he was appointed to his present post by the trustees.

The visitor to the Harbor who fails to hear him address his shipmates robs himself of a spectacle at once interesting and unique. Familiar with the characteristics of the sailor, Dr. Jones addresses him in his own language, and this is the prime reason of his influence over him.

Here is the substance of a sermon:

"There are two questions which a sailor involuntarily asks himself before he obeys: 'Who gives the order? Does he mean me?'"

The speaker pauses and regards his auditors, well knowing that this would astonish them. He is not mistaken. It does.

"Humph!" audibly growls an old tar.

"Calls hisself a sailor man, and talks about a sailor a-argumentin' afore he jumps to obey."

"Yes," continues the chaplain, "I knew this would startle you, but it is nevertheless true. Let me explain. Imagine a ship going down the bay. As she makes an offing outside, the pilot leaves her, the to'-gallan'-s'ls are set and sheeted home, and she squares away on her course. Now appears upon the quarter-deck a young man with high-heeled boots, tight trousers with quarter-gallery pockets, sheeted home at the ankles, and stove-pipe hat. He has a full cargo of grog aboard. Suddenly he seizes hold of a back-stay to steady himself,

puts his hand alongside his mouth, and sings out: 'Let go them fore-to'-gallan' halyards!'"

Again the speaker pauses and watches the effect of this on the men before him. From bench to bench men are leaning forward, their arms resting upon the backs of the seats in front. The muscles stand out upon their weather-beaten faces. There is a pause. "What would you do?" demands the chaplain. "I shouldn't obey it!" comes back in hoarse but decided tones, and the masters and mates of East Indiamen, the captains of the tops, quartermasters, boatswains, coxswains, and gunners of war-ships, settle back again in their seats in evident relief.

"That's it, and so I told you at the start. A sailor, at least unconsciously, asks himself, 'Who gives the order?' There is a call, ay, a command now being given to you, and I am here to deliver it. It's from the Master. He is calling you all the time. You were surprised when I said that a sailor involuntarily asked himself who gave the order before he obeyed it, and yet many of you have been hesitating to obey an order for fifty, ay, for sixty years and more. He calls you, and he has a right to call you, for you shipped under him at childhood.

"Now comes the next question: 'Does he mean me?' Again I'll illustrate. Two men are for'ard. One is serving the standing part of the main-tack, the other is passing the ball [spun yarn]. The captain from the quarter-deck sings out: 'Tom! heave out that weather foresheet!' [in order to tauten the clew-garnet]. Tom doesn't hear the order. The second mate, standing on the break of the quarter-deck, finding the order not obeyed, calls out to the other man: 'Jim! why don't you heave out that foresheet?' 'He told Tom to do it, sir,' replies Jim, with an air of injured innocence.

"That's just what many of you are doing now when the Master is calling—asking yourselves if he means you. I tell you he does mean you, so delay no longer in obeying his order."

Here is another sermon from the text, "Let go that stern-line," which is given like the other in substance. "I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea," began the Rev. Mr. Jones. "The top-s'ls and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up. Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command, 'Are you all ready?'"

"All ready, sir," said the officer. Then came the command: 'Stand by to run up that jib!—Hands by the head-braces!—Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern-line!—LET GO!—Man the tops'-halyards!—Run 'em up, boys—run 'em up!—

Does the jib take?—Haul over that star-board sheet!

"She pays off fine—there she goes, and—'HILLOA! HILLOA! WHAT'S THE MATTER? What's fast there? STARBOARD THE HELM! STARBOARD!' shouts the pilot. 'What holds her? Is there anything foul aft there? WHY, LOOK AT THAT STERN-LINE! Heave it off the timber-head!—HEAVE OFF THAT TURN.'

"'It's foul ashore, sir!' says one of the crew.

"'Then cut it, cut it! D'y'e hear? Never mind the hawser! Cut it before she loses her way.'

"By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser. A seaman drew his sheath-knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig *Billow* filled away.

"So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save bound to the world by the cords, the hawsers of their sins, then I think of that scene, and feel like crying out: Gather in your breast-lines and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, as Lot from the guilty Sodom! Oh, let go that stern-line!"

But there are many of the old tars who do not take any interest in spiritual subjects, though they are inordinately fond of spirits. No matter how interesting the sermon or how eloquent the chaplain, the members of one watch of them are pretty sure to nod, careen from side to side, or doze peacefully on each other's shoulders, while the members of the other straggle out to sleep under the trees, where it is cooler.

The Rev. Mr. Jones says that whenever he tries to convert the type of mariner last described, he gets the same response: "Oh, don't talk about them things to me. I've been without 'em now for sixty years. I reckon I kin stan' it fur a year or two longer."

Many of the excellent laws by which the Harbor is governed were inaugurated by brave old Captain De Peyster, for many years governor. When the trustees talked about superseding him on account of his age, he went down to the Harbor wharf and threw himself overboard. Many stories are told here of the bravery and seamanship of De Peyster. While his ship was lying in the Whampoa Reach, in Chinese waters, one Sunday, an American missionary came off to preach. In the midst of the service an intoxicated British sailor plunged headlong into the rushing tideway. Scarcely had the waves closed over him when from the high quarter-deck Captain De Peyster sprang after, and grasped the struggling tar by the hair. The powerful current had carried the two far to seaward before a boat could be got to them.

Captain Whiting, recently deceased, served as mate with De Peyster. Relating the story some time ago, he said that there was not any more preaching aboard that day, and that the cheering from the surrounding ships, principally British, whose crews had witnessed De Peyster's exploit, was the most enthusiastic and prolonged he ever heard. Mates and skippers, tars and coolies, shouted as though they would split their throats, and the British East India captains came alongside in their boats to grasp the captain's hand. A meeting was held at Canton, a subscription taken up, and an elegant and appropriate present made De Peyster by his brother skippers of all nationalities.

The ship *Columbus*, commanded by De Peyster, while beating down the channel from Liverpool, bound to New York, in 1837, was caught in a terrific gale that threatened to drive her ashore in Cardigan Bay, on the Welsh coast. Huge billows rolled in order to the shore, the wave behind tumbling upon that before, foamed over the rocks, and thundered to the skies. There seemed to be only the slimmest chance of weathering the coast, according to Captain Whiting, who was aboard; but De Peyster took this chance, and by a most admirable display of seamanship saved his vessel. One of the few unsuccessful measures introduced by De Peyster while governor of the institution was the serving of a ration of cider to the men, in the hope that it would at least lessen if it did not altogether check the use of intoxicating stimulants. Almost immediately thereafter many of the old sailors, having imbibed spirits to excess under cover of the cider, showed traces of unsteadiness not previously observed. De Peyster sent for those thus affected and inquired the cause of their unsteadiness. Had they acknowledged the fact that it was liquor, they would have been kept within bounds for several weeks; so, with one accord, they attributed it to the cider. "Very well," said De Peyster, "if you consider cider intoxicating, you'll not get any more," and the cider ration was abolished. The inmates of the Harbor are allowed to remain outside the gates during the day, but must obtain leave to absent themselves for the night. Intoxication, disorderly conduct, or non-compliance with the rules governing the institution is punished by what is known at the Harbor as "taboo." In its local sense this means a specified term of punishment or loss of liberty. The forcible breaking of "taboo" is followed by expulsion from the institution.

The visitor to the Harbor is surprised to find its aged occupants engaged all day in making baskets, nets, mats, etc.

"Why do they work so hard in this haven of rest?" he will inquire.

It is to obtain money.

"But why do they need money? Are they not supplied with food, clothes, lodging, and even tobacco?"

Yes; but they need money to pay for the little wants not supplied by the institution, among which liquor plays a by no means unimportant part. They will tell you that sailors at their time of life cannot comfortably go without liquor; that constant exposure to storm and deprivation made it necessary in the first instance, and that now their waning forces call still more loudly for it.

In the Greenwich Hospital each of the sixteen hundred pensioners was allowed a ration of liquor, and sums of from three to five shillings weekly, according to grade, for tobacco and pocket money.

The late Governor of the Harbor, Captain Melville, who died March 5th of this year, was a strict disciplinarian, but a man withal in whose hands the scales of justice were evenly balanced. His successor is Captain G. D. S. Trask, who for many years followed the sea, and who is the son of a captain prominent in the Liverpool trade in the days of clipper ships.

As may be imagined, it requires a firm hand to control eight hundred sailors, many of whom have been in the habit of commanding and not of obeying. It not infrequently happens that newly arrived inmates become nervous and irritable at the dead calm of the Harbor, and complain that "there aint enough drinkin' an' fightin' a-goin' on," and these have to be weeded out. One of the last naval engagements of any consequence that took place at the Harbor was between an old salt, John Bainsborough, and a man-of-war's man, Sandy Brown by name. Both were discharged.

The oldest sailor in the Harbor is Captain Devoe, born in 1786. Devoe is of Italian parentage, and shipped in the French Imperial Navy toward the close of the Napoleonic era. Later on he served in the American merchant service and in the navy.

John Foster was born in 1806. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was bo's'n on the bark *Peolia*, Captain Peckham, engaged in carrying troops, and during the late war quartermaster aboard the United States Coast Survey steamer *Vixen*, Captain Boutelle, which showed the fleet under Commodore Dupont the way into Fort Fisher.

Captain Sam Whiting, recently deceased, called the poet-laureate of the Harbor, was sailing-master on the steamer *Arctic*, which, in company with the clipper bark *Release*, composed in 1855 the United States search expe-

dition for Kane and Sir John Franklin. In 1837 Whiting was on the United States steamer *Poinsett*, belonging to the quartermaster's department of the army, and which, after the treacherous capture of the Seminole Chief Osceola under a flag of truce, brought him to Charleston. At the breaking out of the civil war he commanded the steam-ship *Marion*, plying between Charleston, S. C., and New York. When South Carolina seceded, Captain Whiting was ordered by the Charleston authorities to strike his flag and set that of the Confederacy in its place. To this order Whiting returned a stubborn refusal, a refusal that endangered alike his own life and the safety of his vessel. At the risk of drawing the fire of the forts in the harbor, he sailed defiantly out to sea, flying both the Federal ensign and the Union Jack. On his return to Charleston he was deprived of his command, mobbed in the streets, and compelled to flee for his life.

Captain William Hudson, a graduate of the Naval Academy, also an inmate, was the commander of the ill-fated steam-ship *Golden Gate*, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which was burned on the Mexican coast some years since. By able seamanship he got his vessel ashore in smooth water before she sank, and thus succeeded in saving the lives of most of his passengers and crew.

Captain William Garland, another inmate, was born in 1806, and entered the navy as a midshipman in 1818. In 1830 he was aboard the *Boston* sloop-of-war, Captain G. W. Storer, which conveyed Commodore Porter, father of the present Admiral, to Constantinople, he having been appointed by President Jackson Consul-general to the Barbary powers. Garland witnessed the action between the French and the Algerines. During the second day's fight his ship ran in between the fires to take off the consul and citizens of the United States, both combatants saluting the flag as she passed. Captain Garland's father was a lieutenant in the French fleet commanded by the Count de Grasse before Yorktown.

The Cross-Rip light-ship is well known to those who have visited the Vineyard Sound. Many a light-ship anchored here to warn passing vessels from this dangerous locality has itself been lost. For many years Captain Benjamin Gardiner, now an inmate of the Harbor, commanded this vessel. Other vessels could lie safely under the lee of the shore in the gale, but there was no lee for him. In consequence, the command of this light-ship was by no means a sinecure. When he parted his chains in a gale, he was sure of "fetching up," as he describes it, on the inhospitable shores of Cape Cod or Martha's Vineyard, or, if the gale was from the westward, the un-

pleasant alternative of going on the terrible reefs of Nantucket Shoals. His orders, he says, were "to go up or down," by which was no doubt meant that he should either sink or go ashore rather than drift about and thus mislead the passing mariner. Captain Gardiner lost two ships during his term of service, but saved his crew both times, and was frequently adrift in the gale. Once he was compelled to make an involuntary cruise of forty-two days, during which he says he was "a-driftin' all around the lot." At the expiration of that time the light-house authorities doubtless came to the conclusion that Captain Gardiner had either gone to the bottom or was cruising on the African coast, warning vessels to keep off the Cross-Rip. While on his station he was often run down in thick weather, and the honest old sailor yet waxes indignant when he describes the ignorance exhibited by passing skippers of the position of their vessels. On one occasion, the weather being thick, he was struck by a full-rigged ship a glancing blow, but powerful enough to drive the bows of the vessel into the pantry of the light-ship. "I come a-runnin' on deck," said Captain Gardiner, describing the incident, "an' I sings out to the captain, 'What are you a-tryin' to do?' 'I'm a-tryin' to find the Cross-Rip,' says he. 'Well, you've found it now, and the light-ship, too,' says I; 'an' you kin just keep out o' my pantry, fur you aint got no business in there.' Then he sheered off."

One of the most interesting characters, perhaps, that ever lodged in Snug Harbor, was an old, weather-beaten man-of-war's man, P. J. Miller by name, who was famous for yarn-spinning, which he had reduced to a science. During nearly half a century's service as boatswain in the navy he had cultivated the faculty of improving a yarn every time he told it, no matter how slight the original materials. During his last years of service aboard ship, Miller, by reason of his age, was granted liberties rarely enjoyed by boatswains, and of the many stories told about him in the navy the following is one of the best:

"Do you know *H. R. H.* the Duke of Edinburgh?" demanded Miller one day of the officer of the deck.

"No;" responded the latter, "I don't, do you?"

"Do I know *H. R. H.* the Duke of Edinburgh? Well, I should say I did."

"Why, where did you get acquainted with him, Mr. Miller?"

"Where did I meet him?—well, I met him in Canadian waters, an' me and him was great friends."

"I suppose you used to call on him frequently?"

"Yes, I did; an' he never wouldn't let any of the marines bother me with questions as to where I was a-goin' of. One day he says to me, 'P. J.,' says he, 'don't you never pay no attention to them marines and quartermasters and the like when you're a-comin' aboard fur ter see me. Jest you climb over the side and slide right down inter the cabing,' says he, 'and help yerself to whatever yer fancy!' 'H. R. H.," says I, 'put it thar!'—and we shook."

This story of the aged boatswain, of course, went the rounds of the ship. Afterward when the ship, which was the flag-ship, was in English waters, a big British man-of-war hove in sight early one evening, and the guns from the English fleet riding at anchor saluted until the waters were covered with smoke. The old boatswain had seen the flag of the new-comer, and surmising that it was commanded by his quondam friend, the Duke of Edinburgh, he suddenly became very busy "pipin' the side," and evaded the questionings of the officer of the deck in regard to his royal friend. The next day the Admiral paid his respects to the Duke of Edinburgh, and a day later the Duke came to return the Admiral's visit. The drums beat to quarters, and the marines were drawn up and presented arms. The Duke's face wore a curious expression when he reached the cabin. "Admiral," said he, as he turned from side to side before his host, "is there anything on my back, any chalk or the like?"

"No, sir," responded the Admiral. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the Duke, "I noticed, as I came over the side, that the marines smiled at me!"

"The marines *smiled* at you?" slowly repeated the Admiral, amazed that such a breach of discipline should have occurred. Then he called for the captain, and the captain sent for the officer of the deck. The latter, being interrogated, acknowledged that what the Duke had said was unfortunately true. "The truth is," he began, "we have aboard this ship the oldest bos'n in the navy. Many of the senior captains took their first lessons in knotting and splicing from him, and for this reason he enjoys certain liberties aboard not usually given to the men." Then he repeated the "P. J. Miller and Duke of Edinburgh" story, to the great delight of the royal visitor, who, besides being an able seaman, is possessed of great good-nature. He insisted upon seeing the old bos'n, and the word was passed forward for P. J. Miller. When Miller got the word to "lay aft," and heard that it came from the Admiral himself, he was sorely troubled. He took off

his hat and pulled his forelock over his forehead before he had reached the break of the quarter-deck, and descended into the cabin on legs that knocked the one against the other. Knowing full well what naval discipline was, hanging would, in his eyes, have been a light penalty for his offense, and he was fully prepared to receive sentence.

But the Duke soon re-assured the old fellow. "P. J., old man," said he, advancing and good-naturedly extending his hand, "put it there! Whenever you come aboard my ship to see me, never mind the marines and the quartermasters and the cox'ns and the rest of them, but slide right down into my cabin and help yourself to whatever you fancy!"

When P. J. Miller heard the Duke repeat the language of his own yarn, he almost fainted, and had to be assisted up the companion-way. But he pulled himself together when he saw the officer of the deck to whom he had told his yarn, and, as he passed, he hissed out: "There! didn't I tell yer that H. R. H. were a friend o' mine?"

Down on the unplanned planks of the Snug Harbor wharf, a score of old salts, regardless of slivers, sit the livelong day and watch the white-winged craft passing up and down. Over their brawny chests their jaws move in measured sweep. Being "square-riggers," that is to say, having served all their life aboard ships, barks, and brigs, they look with silent contempt upon the fore-and-aft vessels of the river. Indeed, they cannot abide schooners, save that description of this craft which, deep-hulled and foamy-topped, may be had at the public-house about a cable's length up the road. Each veteran seaman has striking characteristics. Here is John Lebas, who is said to come nearer to the old style man-of-war's man than any man at the Harbor. He doesn't wear a queue, to be sure, but those long curls that fall about his shoulders might easily be gathered up into the old style marine pigtail. Next to him is he whom his brother sailors designate as "Sinbad," because he has made so many long voyages and had such hair-breadth escapes. Still further on is the veteran who paints marine views on clam shells, and sells them in the ferry-house. Here comes old Captain Brown down the hill toward the wharf. You would hardly believe him to be threescore and ten by his sprightly gait. Captain Brown raises watermelons in the season and sells them to the summering people. Immediately behind him is the old colored sailor Rube, who once ornamented the galley of the bark *Pride of the Sea*. Captain Brown and Rube are inseparable companions, and very properly, too, for Rube is the inventor, or rather compounder, of the

"universal drops," said to be good in cases of watermelon and all that the name implies. When Captain Brown goes about selling watermelons he generally takes Rube along. Thus is the summer visitor enabled to purchase the bane and the antidote at one and the same time.

"Hello! Jim—goin' to launch her?" calls Captain Brown to a little, weazened old fellow climbing down the side of the dock with a miniature ship under his arm and a broad smile of satisfaction on his face.

"Ay, that's it," responds Jim, who was formerly quartermaster on the *Terror* monitor. He has spent many weeks in building the ship, and now will be decided whether or not his skill has been wasted on a bad model. Broken glass, and sand-paper, and putty, and paint have done their work on the hull. Her wedge-like stern and forefoot, her well-flanged bow and rounded bends, her clean run, and her rudder, delicately hung, are all evidences of his skill. Her tapering spars are stepped, her rigging is set up, her slender yards are crossed, and her rude sails bent. The diminutive anchors, with top-string for cables, are suspended from the cat-heads, and the stars-and-stripes flung to the breeze from her mizzen-peak. Carefully the old fellow launches her. "She seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel," and starts off on a wind with every stitch of canvas drawing.

Firemen, machinists, and stokers are refused admittance to the Harbor, even though having served the requisite five years aboard American ships, on the ground that they are not "seamen," and therefore do not come within the provisions of the will. For, though the term "seaman" has been held to include "every person employed on board in the care, preservation, or navigation of any vessel, or in the service on board of those engaged in such care, preservation, or navigation," the trustees have deemed it expedient to adhere to the strict letter of the will. Doubtless, had Captain Randall been aware of the important part steam was to play in the propulsion of vessels, he would have provided for the maintenance of the marine machinist and stoker, as well as of those who reef the main-top-sail aloft or stir the duff-pudding below. The authorities say that they must "draw the line" somewhere, or the Harbor would soon be full of coal-heavers, to say nothing of stewardesses, who, under a strict construction of the law, are sailors also. This exclusion of stokers and machinists or oilers works a cruel injustice to many worthy men, who, if they be not sailors in the opinion of the authorities of the Harbor, share at least with them the vicissitudes and the perils incident to a seafaring life.

The evident intention of the founder of the institution was to furnish a refuge for those who go down to the sea in ships, irrespective of vocation. Else would he have excluded cooks, who, though usually able seamen, and ready to lend a hand in cases of emergency, do not ship to shorten sail in stormy weather, and cannot, therefore, be compelled to do it. Manning the yards in a gale of wind is perilous work, but so is serving the boilers when the ship is pitching and rolling athwart seas.

Not long ago two men, Robert Osbon and Edward Kelly by name, incapacitated from further service by reason of injuries received in the performance of their duties in the fire-room, were refused admission to the Harbor on the ground that they were not sailors. Kelly served for forty years on various steamers, and both he and his comrade had suffered the shipwreck and famine that go hand in hand with long sea-service. Strenuous and determined efforts were made to force the trustees to admit these men, but without success. The eyes of the law had looked upon them as being sufficiently sailors to have each month the usual stipend for the support of the marine hospitals deducted from their pay. But marine hospitals are for seamen temporarily ailing, not for those permanently disabled; and hence these poor fellows were cast adrift after years of honest toil, broken in health, maimed of limb, and this, too, in the neighborhood of an institution the support of whose inmates requires little more than a third of its revenue.

Whether the sailor is as happy under the conditions obtaining at a Home as he is with a small pension, is a question upon both sides of which much may be said. Successive boards of admiralty of the Royal Navy, after considering the subject for one hundred and sixty years, finally decided that he was not, and in 1865 the Greenwich Hospital, established in 1705 as a home for superannuated

and decrepit seamen, alike of the navy and merchant service, was closed. So far as the pensioners were concerned, the institution was found to be a monastery in which hundreds of men lived together without any of the soul-sustaining inducements of monasticism. The old sailors of this English refuge, like those of similar refuges, proved on the whole painful objects to contemplate. Leading lives useless to themselves and others, their best occupation was to recount, with the garrulity of age and the boastfulness of self-absorption, the exploits of long ago. Now the income of the Greenwich Hospital (considerably over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling) is used as a pension fund. The beneficiaries are scattered over the kingdom, most of them living with or in the neighborhood of their relatives, and, despite the weight of years, finding light employment. Even before the doors of the Greenwich Hospital were closed there was a system of "out-pensions," by which a veteran entitled to the benefits of the institution could remain with his relatives and yet draw a small stipend, which, added to the modest sum earned by occasional employment, assured him at least a living without becoming a burden upon any one.

The inauguration of such a system at Sailors' Snug Harbor would, beyond question, give great satisfaction, and many would take advantage of it to live with or near their children or grandchildren in quiet contentment, instead of moping gloomily about the quadrangle of the Harbor. Under the present rules an inmate may easily obtain permission to absent himself from the institution as long as he likes, but he receives no allowance while away.

It is to be hoped that the trustees will soon be brought to look into this matter; ascertain the value of the food, clothes, and lodging an inmate of the Harbor is entitled to under Randall's will, and, should he so elect, give it to him in hard cash.

Franklin H. North.

THE BIRTH OF MAN.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

WHEN angels visit earth, the messengers
Of God's decree, they come as lightning, wind:
Before the throne, they all are living fire.
There stand four rows of angels—to the right
The hosts of Michael, Gabriel's to the left,
Before, the troop of Ariel, and behind,
The ranks of Raphael; all, with one accord,
Chanting the glory of the Everlasting.

THE BIRTH OF MAN.

Upon the high and holy throne there rests,
 Invisible, the Majesty of God.
 About his brows the crown of mystery
 Whereon the sacred letters are engraved
 Of the unutterable Name. He grasps
 A scepter of keen fire; the universe
 Is compassed in His glance; at His right hand
 Life stands, and at His left hand standeth Death.

II.

Lo, the divine idea of making man
 Had spread abroad among the heavenly hosts;
 And all at once before the immortal throne
 Pressed troops of angels and of seraphim,
 With minds opposed, and contradicting cries:
 "Fulfill, great Father, thine exalted thought!
 Create and give unto the earth her king!
 Cease, cease, Almighty God! create no more!"
 And suddenly upon the heavenly sphere
 Deep silence fell; before the immortal throne
 The angel Mercy knelt, and thus he spoke:
 "Fulfill, great Father, thine exalted thought!
 Create the likeness of thyself on earth.
 In this new creature I will breathe the spirit
 Of a divine compassion; he shall be
 Thy fairest image in the universe."
 But to his words the angel Peace replied,
 With heavy sobs: "My spirit was outspread,
 Oh God, on thy creation, and all things
 Were sweetly bound in gracious harmony.
 But man, this strange new being, everywhere
 Shall bring confusion, trouble, discord, war."
 "Avenger of injustice and of crime,"
 Exclaimed the angel Justice, "he shall be
 Subject to me, and peace shall bloom again.
 Create, oh Lord, create!" "Father of truth,"
 Implored with tears the angel Truth, "Thou bring'st
 Upon the earth the father of all lies!"
 And over the celestial faces gloomed
 A cloud of grief, and stillness deep prevailed.
 Then from the midst of that abyss of light
 Whence sprang the eternal throne, these words rang forth:
 "Be comforted, my daughter! Thee I send
 To be companion unto man on earth."
 And all the angels cried, lamenting loud:
 "Thou robbest heaven of her fairest gem.
 Truth! seal of all thy thoughts, Almighty God,
 The richest jewel that adorns thy crown."
 From the abyss of glory rang the voice:
 "From heaven to earth, from earth once more to heaven,
 Shall Truth, with constant interchange, alight
 And soar again, an everlasting link
 Between the world and sky."
 And man was born.

Emma Lazarus.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?*

THE general growth of knowledge and the rise of new literatures, arts, and sciences during the past two hundred and fifty years have made it necessary to define anew liberal education, and hence to enlarge the signification of the degree of bachelor of arts, which is the customary evidence of a liberal education. Already the meaning of this ancient degree has quietly undergone many serious modifications; it ought now to be fundamentally and openly changed.

The course of study which terminates in the degree of bachelor of arts ordinarily covers from seven to ten years, of which four are spent in college and three to six at school; and this long course is, for my present purpose, to be considered as a whole. I wish to demonstrate, first, that the number of school and college studies admissible with equal weight or rank for this highly valued degree needs to be much enlarged; secondly, that among admissible subjects a considerable range of choice should be allowed from an earlier age than that at which choice is now generally permitted; and, thirdly, that the existing order of studies should be changed in important respects. The phrase "studies admissible with equal weight or rank" requires some explanation. I use it to describe subjects which are taught with equal care and completeness, and are supported by the same prescriptions, and which win for their respective adherents equal admission to academic competitions, distinctions, and rewards, and equal access to the traditional goal of a liberal education, the degree of bachelor of arts. Coördinate studies must be on an equal footing in all respects: of two studies, if one is required and the other elective, if one is taught elaborately and fully and the other only in its elements, if honors and scholarships may be obtained through one and not through the other, if one may be counted toward the valuable degree of bachelor of arts and the other only toward the very inferior degree of bachelor of science or bachelor of philosophy, the two studies are not coördinate—they have not the same academic weight or rank.

The three principal propositions just enunciated lead to consequences which at first sight are repulsive to most men educated in the existing system. For example, it would follow from them that children might not receive the training which their fathers re-

ceived; that young men educated simultaneously in the same institutions might not have knowledge of the same subjects, share precisely the same intellectual pleasures, or cultivate the same tastes; and that the degree of bachelor of arts would cease to indicate—what it has indicated for nearly three hundred years—that every recipient had devoted the larger part of his years of training to Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Proposals which lead to such results inevitably offend all minds naturally conservative. The common belief of most educated men in the indispensableness of the subjects in which they were themselves instructed, reinforces the general conservatism of mankind in regard to methods of education; and this useful conservatism is securely entrenched behind the general fact that anything which one generation is to impart to the next through educational institutions must, as a rule, be apprehended with tolerable precision by a considerable number of individuals of the elder generation. Hence, a new subject can only force its way very gradually into the circle of the arts called liberal. For instance, it was more than a hundred years after the widespread revival of Greek in Europe before that language was established at Paris and Oxford as a regular constituent in the academic curriculum; and physics and chemistry are not yet fully admitted to that curriculum, although Robert Boyle published his "New Experiments touching the Spring of the Air" in 1660, Galvani discovered animal electricity in 1790, Lavoisier analyzed water in 1783, and John Dalton published his "New System of Chemical Philosophy" in 1808. Indeed, so stout and insurmountable seem the barriers against progress in education, as we look forward, that we are rather startled on looking back to see how short a time what is has been.

It is the received opinion that mathematics is an indispensable and universal constituent of education, possessing the venerable sanction of immemorial use; but when we examine closely the matters now taught as mathematics in this country, we find that they are all recent inventions, of a character so distinct from the Greek geometry and conic sections which with arithmetic represented mathematics down to the seventeenth century, that they do not furnish the same mental

* This paper was read on the 22d of February last before the members of the Johns Hopkins University, an institution which from the start has effectually promoted many of the reforms herein advocated.

training at all. As Whewell pointed out forty years ago, modern mathematics — algebra, analytic geometry, the differential and integral calculus, analytical mechanics, and quaternions — has almost put out of sight the ancient form of mathematical science. Leibnitz published his "Rules of the Differential Calculus" in 1684, Newton his "Method of Fluxions" in 1711, Euler his "Institutiones Calculi Integralis" in 1768-70; but Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Legendre, Gauss, and Hamilton, the chief promulgators of what we now call mathematical science, all lived into or in this century. The name of this well-established constituent of the course of study required for the baccalaureate is old, but the thing itself is new. A brief citation from the conclusion of Whewell's prolix discussion of the educational value of mathematics, in his treatise entitled "Of a Liberal Education," will explain and fortify the statement that the mental discipline furnished by the mathematics of Euclid and Archimedes was essentially different from that furnished by the analytical mathematics now almost exclusively in use:

"On all these accounts, then, I venture to assert, that while we hold mathematics to be of inestimable value as a permanent study by which the reason of man is to be educated, we must hold also that the geometrical forms of mathematics must be especially preserved and maintained, as essentially requisite for this office; that analytical mathematics can in no way answer this purpose, and, if the attempt be made so to employ it, will not only be worthless, but highly prejudicial to men's minds."

The modern analytical mathematics, thus condemned by Whewell, is practically the only mathematics now in common use in the United States.

Again, it is obvious that the spirit and method in which Latin has been for the most part studied during the present century are very different from the spirit and method in which it was studied in the preceding centuries. During this century it has been taught as a dead language (except perhaps in parts of Italy and Hungary), whereas it used to be taught as a living language, the common speech of all scholars, both lay and clerical. Those advocates of classical learning who maintain that a dead language must have more disciplinary virtue than a living one, would hardly have been satisfied with the prevailing modes of teaching and learning Latin in any century before our own. At any rate, it was a different discipline which Latin supplied when young scholars learned not only to read it, but to write and speak it with fluency.

I venture to inquire next how long Greek has held its present place in the accepted scheme of liberal education. Although the study of Greek took root in Italy as early as

1400, and was rapidly diffused there after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, it can hardly be said to have become established at Paris as a subject worthy the attention of scholars before 1458, or at Oxford before the end of the fifteenth century. At Paris, for many years after 1458, Greek was taught with indifferent success, and its professors, who were mostly foreigners, were excluded from the privileges of regency in the University. Indeed, the subject seems to have long been in the condition of what we should now call an extra study, and its teachers were much in the position of modern-language teachers in an American college, which does not admit them to the faculty. Grocyn, Linacre, and Latimer, who learned Greek at Florence, introduced the study at Oxford in the last years of the fifteenth century; but Anthony Wood says that Grocyn gave lectures of his own free will, and without any emolument. It is certain that in 1578 the instruction in Greek which was given to undergraduates at Cambridge started with the elements of the language; and it is altogether probable that Greek had no real hold in the English grammar schools until the end of the sixteenth century. The statutes which were adopted by the University of Paris in the year 1600 define the studies in arts to be Latin, Greek, Aristotle's philosophy, and Euclid; and they make Greek one of the requirements for admission to the School of Law. It took two hundred years, then, for the Greek language and literature gradually to displace in great part the scholastic metaphysics which, with scholastic theology, had been for generations regarded as the main staple of liberal education; and this displacement was accomplished only after the same sort of tedious struggle by which the new knowledges of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are now winning their way to academic recognition. The revived classical literature was vigorously and sincerely opposed as frivolous, heterodox, and useless for discipline; just as natural history, chemistry, physics, and modern literatures are now opposed. The conservatives of that day used precisely the same arguments which the conservatives of to-day bring forward, only they were used against classical literature then, while now they are used in its support. Let it not be imagined that the scholastic metaphysics and theology, which lost most of the ground won by Greek, were in the eyes of the educated men of the twelfth to the sixteenth century at all what they seem to us. They were the chief delight of the wise, learned, and pious; they were the best mental food of at least twelve generations; and they aroused in Europe an enthusiasm for study which has

hardly been equaled in later centuries. When Abélard taught at Paris early in the twelfth century, thousands of pupils flocked around his chair; when the Dominican Thomas Aquinas wrote his "Summa Theologiæ," and lectured at Paris, Bologna, Rome, and Naples, in the middle of the thirteenth century, he had a prodigious following, and for three centuries his fame and influence grew; when the Franciscan Duns Scotus lectured at Oxford at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the resort of students to the university seems to have been far greater than it has ever been since. We may be sure that these wonders were not wrought with dust or chaff. Nevertheless, the scholastic theology and metaphysics were in large measure displaced, and for three hundred years the classical literatures have reigned in their stead.

Authentic history records an earlier change of a fundamental sort in the list of arts called liberal, and consequently in the recognized scheme of liberal education. When Erasmus was a student, that is, in the last third of the fifteenth century, before Greek had been admitted to the circle of the liberal arts, the regular twelve years' course of study included, and had long included, reading, arithmetic, grammar, syntax, poetry, rhetoric, metaphysics, and theology, all studied in Latin; and of these subjects metaphysics and theology occupied half of the whole time, and all of the university period. But in the eleventh century, before Abélard founded scholastic theology, the authoritative list of liberal studies was quite different. It was given in the single line:

"Lingua, tropus, ratio, numerus, tonus, angulus, astra."

Most students were content with the first three — grammar, rhetoric, and logic; a few also pursued arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, if these grave names may be properly applied to the strange mixtures of fact and fancy which in obscure Latin versions of Greek and Arabian originals passed for science. It was this privileged circle which scholastic divinity successfully invaded at the beginning of the twelfth century, the success of the invasion being probably due to the fact that religion was then the only thing which could be systematically studied.

This hasty retrospect shows, first, that some of the studies now commonly called liberal have not long held their present preëminence; and, secondly, that new learning has repeatedly forced its way, in times past, to full academic standing, in spite of the opposition of the conservative, and of the keener resistance of established teachers and learned bodies, whose standing is always supposed to be

threatened by the rise of new sciences. History teaches boldness in urging the claims of modern literatures and sciences to full recognition as liberal arts.

The first subject which, as I conceive, is entitled to recognition as of equal academic value or rank with any subject now most honored is the English language and literature. When Greek began to revive in Europe, English was just acquiring a literary form; but when Greek had won its present rank among the liberal arts, Shakspeare had risen, the English language was formed, and English literature was soon to become the greatest of modern literatures. How does it stand now, with its immense array of poets, philosophers, historians, commentators, critics, satirists, dramatists, novelists, and orators? It cannot be doubted that English literature is beyond all comparison the amplest, most various, and most splendid literature which the world has seen; and it is enough to say of the English language that it is the language of that literature. Greek literature compares with English as Homer compares with Shakspeare, that is, as infantile with adult civilization. It may further be said of the English language that it is the native tongue of nations which are preëminent in the world by force of character, enterprise, and wealth, and whose political and social institutions have a higher moral interest and greater promise than any which mankind has hitherto invented. To the original creations of English genius are to be added translations into English of all the masterpieces of other literatures, sacred and profane. It is a very rare scholar who has not learned much more about the Jews, the Greeks, or the Romans through English than through Hebrew, Greek, or Latin.

And now, with all this wonderful treasure within reach of our youth, what is the position of American schools and colleges in regard to teaching English? Has English literature the foremost place in the programmes of schools? By no means; at best only a subordinate place, and in many schools no place at all. Does English take equal rank with Greek or Latin in our colleges? By no means; not in the number and rank of the teachers, nor in the consideration in which the subject is held by faculty and students, nor in the time which may be devoted to it by a candidate for a degree. Until within a few years the American colleges made no demand upon candidates for admission in regard to knowledge of English; and now that some colleges make a small requirement in English, the chief result of the examinations is to demonstrate the woful ignorance of their own language

and literature which prevails among the picked youth of the country. Shall we be told, as usual, that the best way to learn English is to study Latin and Greek? The answer is, that the facts do not corroborate this improbable hypothesis. American youth in large numbers study Latin and Greek, but do not thereby learn English. Moreover, this hypothesis is obviously inapplicable to the literatures. Shall we also be told, as usual, that no linguistic discipline can be got out of the study of the native language? How, then, was the Greek mind trained in language? Shall we be told that knowledge of English literature should be picked up without systematic effort? The answer is, first, that as a matter of fact this knowledge is not picked up by American youth; and, secondly, that there never was any good reason to suppose that it would be, the acquisition of a competent knowledge of English literature being not an easy but a laborious undertaking for an average youth—not a matter of entertaining reading, but of serious study. Indeed, there is no subject in which competent guidance and systematic instruction are of greater value. For ten years past Harvard University has been trying, first, to stimulate the preparatory schools to give attention to English, and, secondly, to develop and improve its own instruction in that department; but its success has thus far been very moderate. So little attention is paid to English at the preparatory schools that half of the time, labor, and money which the University spends upon English must be devoted to the mere elements of the subject. Moreover, this very year at Harvard less than half as much instruction, of proper university grade, is offered in English as in Greek or in Latin. The experience of all other colleges and universities resembles in this respect that of Harvard.

This comparative neglect of the greatest of literatures in American schools and colleges is certainly a remarkable phenomenon. How is it to be explained? First, by the relative newness of this language and literature: it requires two or three hundred years to introduce new intellectual staples; secondly, by the real difficulty of teaching English well—a difficulty which has only of late years been overcome; and, thirdly, by the dazzling splendor of the revived Greek and Latin literatures when in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries they broke upon the mind of Western Europe. Through the force of custom, tradition, inherited tastes, and transmitted opinions, the educational practices of to-day are still cast in the molds of the seventeenth century. The scholars of that time saw a great light which shone out of darkness, and

they worshiped it; and we, their descendants in the ninth generation, upon whom greater lights have arisen, still worship at the same shrine. Let us continue to worship there; but let us pay at least equal honors to the glorious lights which have since been kindled.

The next subjects for which I claim a position of academic equality with Greek, Latin, and mathematics are French and German. This claim rests not on the usefulness of these languages to couriers, tourists, or commercial travelers, and not on their merit as languages, but on the magnitude and worth of the literatures, and on the unquestionable fact that facility in reading these languages is absolutely indispensable to a scholar, whatever may be his department of study. Until within one hundred or one hundred and fifty years, scholarship had a common language, the Latin; so that scholars of all the European nationalities had a perfect means of communication, whether in speaking, writing, or printing. But the cultivation of the spirit of nationality and the development of national literatures have brought about the abandonment of Latin as the common language of learning, and imposed on every student who would go beyond the elements of his subject the necessity of acquiring at least a reading knowledge of French and German, besides Latin. Indeed, the advanced student of our day can dispense with Latin better than with French, German, or English; for, although the antiquated publications in any science may be printed in Latin, the recent (which will probably contain all that is best in the old) will be found printed in one of these modern languages. I cannot state too strongly the indispensableness of both French and German to the American or English student. Without these languages he will be much worse off in respect to communicating with his contemporaries than was the student of the seventeenth century who could read and speak Latin; for through Latin the student of the year 1684 could put himself into direct communication with all contemporary learning. So far as I know, there is no difference of opinion among American scholars as to the need of mastering these two languages in youth. The philologists, archaeologists, metaphysicians, physicians, physicists, naturalists, chemists, economists, engineers, architects, artists, and musicians, all agree that a knowledge of these languages is indispensable to the intelligent pursuit of any one of their respective subjects beyond its elements. Every college professor who gives a thorough course of instruction—no matter in what department—finds himself obliged to refer his pupils to French and German authorities. In

the reference library of any modern laboratory, whether of chemistry, physics, physiology, pathology, botany, or zoölogy, a large proportion of the books will be found to be in French or German. The working library of the philologist, archaeologist, or historian teaches the same lesson. Without a knowledge of these two languages it is impossible to get at the experience of the world upon any modern industrial, social, or financial question, or to master any profession which depends upon applications of modern science. I urge no utilitarian argument, but rest the claims of French and German for admission to complete academic equality on the copiousness and merit of the literatures, and the indispensableness of the languages to all scholars.

Such being the reasons for teaching French and German to all young scholars at an early stage of their training, what is the condition of these languages at American schools and colleges? For answer to this question I will describe the condition of instruction in French and German at Yale College, an institution, I need not say, which holds a leading position among American colleges. No knowledge of either French or German is required for admission to Yale College, and no instruction is provided in either language before the beginning of the Junior year. In that year German must be and French may be studied, each four hours a week; in the Senior year either language may be studied four hours a week. In other words, Yale College does not suggest that the preparatory schools ought to teach either French or German, does not give its students the opportunity of acquiring these languages in season to use them in other studies, and does not offer them any adequate opportunity of becoming acquainted with the literature of either language before they take the bachelor's degree. Could we have stronger evidence than this of the degraded condition of French and German in the mass of our schools and colleges? A few colleges have lately been demanding a small amount of French or German for admission, and a few schools have met this very moderate demand; but, as a general rule, American boys who go to college devote from two to three solid years to Greek and Latin, but study French and German scarcely at all while at school, and at college only for a part of the time during the later half of the course. The opportunities and facilities for studying Greek and Latin in our schools and colleges are none too great; but surely the opportunities and facilities for studying French and German are far too small. The modern languages should be put on an equality with the ancient.

The next subject which demands an entirely different position from that it now occupies in American schools and colleges is history. If any study is liberal and liberalizing, it is the modern study of history—the study of the passions, opinions, beliefs, arts, laws, and institutions of different races or communities, and of the joys, sufferings, conflicts, and achievements of mankind. Philology and polite literature arrogate the title of the “humanities”; but what study can so justly claim that honorable title as the study which deals with the actual experience on this earth of social and progressive man? What kind of knowledge can be so useful to a legislator, administrator, journalist, publicist, philanthropist, or philosopher as a well-ordered knowledge of history? If the humanity or liberality of a study depends upon its power to enlarge the intellectual and moral interests of the student, quicken his sympathies, impel him to the side of truth and virtue, and make him loathe falsehood and vice, no study can be more humane or liberal than history. These being the just claims of history in general, the history of the community and nation to which we belong has a still more pressing claim upon our attention. That study shows the young the springs of public honor and dishonor; sets before them the national failings, weaknesses, and sins; warns them against future dangers by exhibiting the losses and sufferings of the past; enshrines in their hearts the national heroes; and strengthens in them the precious love of country. One would naturally suppose that the history of the United States and England, at least, would hold an important place in the programmes of American schools and colleges, and that no subject would occupy a more dignified position in the best colleges and universities than history in respect to the number and rank of its teachers. The facts do not accord with this natural supposition. The great majority of American colleges (there are nearly four hundred of them) make no requirements in history for admission, and have no teacher of history whatever. Lest it be imagined that this can be true only of inferior colleges, I will mention that in so old and well-established a college as Dartmouth there is no teacher of history, whether professor, tutor, or temporary instructor; while in so excellent an institution as Princeton there is only one professor of history against three of Greek, and this single professor includes political science with history in his teaching. No institution which calls itself a college expects to do without a professor of Greek, or of Latin, or of mathematics; but nearly all of them do without a teacher of history. The example of the colleges governs

the preparatory schools. When young men who are interested in historical study ask me if it would be advisable for them to fit themselves to teach history for a livelihood, I am obliged to say that it would be the height of imprudence on their part, there being only an infinitesimal demand for competent teachers of history in our whole country. This humiliated condition of history is only made the more conspicuous by the old practice, which still obtains at some colleges (Harvard College, for instance), of demanding from all candidates for admission a small amount of Greek and Roman history—as much as a clever boy could commit to memory in three or four days. One hardly knows which most to wonder at in this requirement, the selection of topic or the minuteness of the amount. Is it not plain that the great subject of history holds no proper place in American education?

Closely allied to the study of history is the study of the new science called political economy, or public economics. I say the new science, because Smith's "Wealth of Nations" was not published until 1776; Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population" only appeared in 1798; and Ricardo's "Political Economy and Taxation," in 1817. The subject is related to history inasmuch as it gleams its most important facts by the study of the institutions and industrial and social conditions of the past; it is the science of wealth in so far as it deals with the methods by which private or national wealth is accumulated, protected, enjoyed, and distributed; and it is connected with ethics in that it deals with social theories and the moral effects of economic conditions. In some of its aspects it were better called the science of the health of nations; for its results show how nations might happily grow and live in conformity with physical and moral laws. It is by far the most complex and difficult of the sciences of which modern education has to take account, and therefore should not be introduced too early into the course of study for the degree of bachelor of arts; but when it is introduced, enough of it should be offered to the student to enable him to get more than a smattering.

When we consider how formidable are the industrial, social, and political problems with which the next generations must grapple,—when we observe how inequalities of condition increase, notwithstanding the general acceptance of theories of equality; how population irresistibly tends to huge agglomerations in spite of demonstrations that such agglomerations are physically and morally unhealthy; how the universal thirst for the enjoyments of life grows hotter and hotter

and is not assuaged; how the relations of government to society become constantly more and more complicated, while the governing capacity of men does not seem to increase proportionally; and how free institutions commit to masses of men the determination of public policy in regard to economic problems of immense difficulty, such as the problems concerning tariffs, banking, currency, the domestic carrying trade, foreign commerce, and the incidence of taxes,—we can hardly fail to appreciate the importance of offering to large numbers of American students ample facilities for learning all that is known of economic science.

How does the ordinary provision made in our colleges for the study of political economy meet this need of students and of the community? That I may not understate this provision, I will describe the provisions made at Columbia College, an institution which is said to be the richest of our colleges, and at Brown University, one of the most substantial of the New England colleges. At Columbia, Juniors must attend two exercises a week in political economy for half the year, and Seniors may elect that subject for two hours a week throughout the year. At Brown, Juniors may elect political economy two hours a week for half the year, and Seniors have a like privilege. The provision of instruction in Greek at Brown is five and a half times as much as the provision in political economy, and seven-elevenths of the Greek is required of all students, besides the Greek which was required at school; but none of the political economy is required. Columbia College makes a further provision of instruction in history, law, and political science for students who are able to devote either one or two years to these subjects after taking the degree of bachelor of arts, or who are willing to procure one year's instruction in these subjects by accepting the degree of bachelor of philosophy instead of the degree of bachelor of arts—a very high price to pay for this one year's privilege. If this is the state of things in two leading Eastern colleges with regard to instruction in political economy, what should we find to be the average provision in American colleges? We should find it poor in quality and insignificant in amount. In view of this comparative neglect of a subject all-important to our own generation and those which are to follow, one is tempted to join in the impatient cry, Are our young men being educated for the work of the twentieth century or of the seventeenth? There can be no pretense that political economy is an easy subject, or that it affords no mental discipline. Indeed, it requires

such exactness of statement, such accurate weighing of premises, and such closeness of reasoning, that many young men of twenty, who have been disciplined by the study of Greek, Latin, and mathematics for six or eight years, find that it tasks their utmost powers. Neither can it be justly called a material or utilitarian subject; for it is full of grave moral problems, and deals with many questions of public honor and duty.

The last subject for which I claim admission to the magic circle of the liberal arts is natural science. All the subjects which the sixteenth century decided were liberal, and all the subjects which I have heretofore discussed, are studied in books; but natural science is to be studied not in books but in things. The student of languages, letters, philosophy, mathematics, history, or political economy, reads books, or listens to the words of his teacher. The student of natural science scrutinizes, touches, weighs, measures, analyzes, dissects, and watches things. By these exercises his powers of observation and judgment are trained, and he acquires the precious habit of observing the appearances, transformations, and processes of nature. Like the hunter and the artist, he has open eyes and an educated judgment in seeing. He is at home in some large tract of nature's domain. Finally, he acquires the scientific method of study in the field, where that method was originally perfected. In our day, the spirit in which a true scholar will study Indian arrowheads, cuneiform inscriptions, or reptile tracks in sandstone, is one and the same, although these objects belong respectively to three separate sciences—archæology, philology, and palæontology. But what is this spirit? It is the patient, cautious, sincere, self-directing spirit of natural science. One of the best of living classical scholars, Professor Jebb of Glasgow, states this fact in the following forcible words: "The diffusion of that which is specially named science has at the same time spread abroad the only spirit in which any kind of knowledge can be prosecuted to a result of lasting intellectual value." Again, the arts built upon chemistry, physics, botany, zoölogy, and geology are chief factors in the civilization of our time, and are growing in material and moral influence at a marvelous rate. Since the beginning of this century, they have wrought wonderful changes in the physical relation of man to the earth which he inhabits, in national demarkations, in industrial organization, in governmental functions, and in the modes of domestic life; and they will certainly do as much for the twentieth century as they have done for ours. They are not simply mechanical or material forces; they are also

moral forces of great intensity. I maintain that the young science which has already given to all sciences a new and better spirit and method, and to civilization new powers and resources of infinite range, deserves to be admitted with all possible honors to the circle of the liberal arts; and that a study fitted to train noble faculties, which are not trained by the studies now chiefly pursued in youth, ought to be admitted on terms of perfect equality to the academic curriculum.

The wise men of the fifteenth century took the best intellectual and moral materials existing in their day,—namely, the classical literatures, metaphysics, mathematics, and systematic theology,—and made of them the substance of the education which they called liberal. When we take the best intellectual and moral materials of their day and of ours to make up the list of subjects worthy to rank as liberal, and to be studied for discipline, ought we to omit that natural science which in its outcome supplies some of the most important forces of modern civilization? We do omit it. I do not know a single preparatory school in this country in which natural science has an adequate place, or any approach to an adequate place, although some beginnings have lately been made. There is very little profit in studying natural science in a book, as if it were grammar or history; for nothing of the peculiar discipline which the proper study of science supplies can be obtained in that way, although some information on scientific subjects may be so acquired. In most colleges a little scientific information is offered to the student through lectures and the use of manuals, but no scientific training. The science is rarely introduced as early as the Sophomore year; generally it begins only with the Junior year, by which time the mind of the student has become so set in the habits which the study of languages and mathematics engenders, that he finds great difficulty in grasping the scientific method. It seems to him absurd to perform experiments or make dissections. Can he not read in a book, or see in a picture, what the results will be? The only way to prevent this disproportionate development of the young mind on the side of linguistic and abstract reasoning, is to introduce into school courses of study a fair amount of training in sciences of observation. Over against four languages, the elements of mathematics, and the elements of history, there must be set some accurate study of things. Were other argument needed, I should find it in the great addition to the enjoyment of life which results from an early acquaintance and constant intimacy with the wonders and beauties of

external nature. For boy and man this intimacy is a source of ever fresh delight.

To the list of studies which the sixteenth century called liberal, I would therefore add, as studies of equal rank, English, French, German, history, political economy, and natural science, not one of which can be said to have existed in mature form when the definition of liberal education, which is still in force, was laid down. In a large university many other languages and sciences will be objects of study; I confine myself here to those studies which, in my judgment, are most desirable in an ordinary college. We are now in position to consider how the necessity for allowing choice among studies has arisen.

The second and third of the three principal propositions which I wish to demonstrate—namely, that earlier choice should be allowed among coördinate studies, and that the existing order of studies needs to be modified—may be treated much more briefly than the first proposition, although in them lies the practical application of the whole discussion. When the men of the sixteenth century had taken all the sciences known to their generation to make up their curriculum of liberal study, the sum was not so large as to make it impossible for a student to cover the whole ground effectually. But if the list of liberal arts is extended, as I have urged, it is manifest that no man can cover the whole ground and get a thorough knowledge of any subject. Hence the necessity of allowing the student to choose among many coördinate studies the few to which he will devote himself. In a vain endeavor to introduce at least some notions about the new sciences into the curriculum of the year 1600, the managers of American colleges have made it impossible for the student to get a thorough knowledge of any subject whatever. The student has a better chance to learn Greek and Latin than anything else; but he does not get instruction enough in these languages to enable him to master them. In no other subject can he possibly get beyond the elements, if he keep within the official schedules of studies. Consider what sort of an idea of metaphysics can be obtained from a single text-book of moderate size, into which the whole vast subject has been filtered through one preoccupied mind; or of physics from a short course of lectures and a little manual of three or four hundred pages prepared by a teacher who is not himself an investigator; or of political economy from a single short treatise by an author not of the first rank. These are not imaginary sketches; they are described from the life. Such are the modes of dealing with these sciences which prevail

in the great majority of American colleges. I need not dwell upon this great evil, which is doing untold injury every year. The remedies are plain. First, let the new studies be put in every respect on a level with the old; and then let such a choice among coördinate studies be given as to secure to the student a chance to be thorough in something. To be effective, option must be permitted earlier than it is now. This proposition—that earlier options are desirable—cannot be discussed without simultaneously considering the order of studies at school and college.

Boyhood is the best time to learn new languages; so that as many as possible of the four languages, French, German, Latin, and Greek, ought to be begun at school. But if all boys who are to receive a liberal education are required to learn to read all four languages before they go to college, those boys who are not quick at languages will have very little time for other studies. English, the elements of mathematics, the elements of some natural science properly taught, and the history of England and the United States being assumed as fundamentals, it is evident that some choice among the four remaining languages must be allowed, in order not to unduly restrict the number of boys who go to college. With very good instruction, many boys could doubtless learn to read all four languages tolerably well before they were eighteen years old without sacrificing more essential things; but there are boys of excellent capacity in other subjects who could not accomplish this linguistic task; and in many States of the Union it is quite impossible to get very good instruction in all these languages. Therefore I believe that an option should be allowed among these four languages at college admission examinations, any three being accepted, and the choice being determined in each case by the wishes of parents, the advice of teachers, the destination of the candidate if settled, the better quality of accessible instruction in one language than in another, or the convenience of the school which the candidate attends. Whichever language the candidate did not offer at admission he should have opportunity to begin and pursue at college.

As to the best order in which to take up these four languages, I notice that most persons who have thought of the matter hold some theory about it with more or less confidence, but that the English-speaking peoples have little or no experience upon the subject. One would naturally suppose that easiest first, hardest last, would be a good rule; but such is not the present practice in this country. On the contrary, Latin is often begun before

French; and it is common to begin Greek at fourteen and German at twenty. In education, as in other things, I am a firm believer in the principle of expending the least force which will accomplish the object in view. If a language is to be learned, I would teach it in the easiest known method, and at the age when it can be easiest learned. But there is another theory which is often acted upon, though seldom explicitly stated,—the theory that, for the sake of discipline, hardness that is avoidable should be deliberately imposed upon boys; as, for instance, by forcing a boy to study many languages, who has no gifts that way, and can never attain to any mastery of them. To my mind the only justification of any kind of discipline, training, or drill is attainment of the appropriate end of that discipline. It is a waste for society, and an outrage upon the individual, to make a boy spend the years when he is most teachable in a discipline, the end of which he can never reach, when he might have spent them in a different discipline, which would have been rewarded by achievement. Herein lies the fundamental reason for options among school as well as college studies, all of which are liberal. A mental discipline which takes no account of differences of capacity and taste is not well directed. It follows that there must be variety in education instead of uniform prescription. To ignorant or thoughtless people it seems that the wisdom and experience of the world ought to have produced by this time a uniform course of instruction good for all boys, and made up of studies permanently preëminent; but there are two strong reasons for believing that this convenient result is unattainable: in the first place, the uniform boy is lacking; and in the second place, it is altogether probable that the educational value of any established study, far from being permanently fixed, is constantly changing as new knowledge accumulates and new sciences come into being. Doubtless the eleventh century thought it had a permanent curriculum in "*Lingua, tropus, ratio, numerus, tonus, angulus, astra*"; doubtless the course of study which Erasmus followed was held by the teachers of that day to supply the only sufficient liberal education; and we all know that since the year 1600, or thereabouts, it has been held by the wisest and most cultivated men that Greek, Latin, and mathematics are the only good disciplinary studies. Whewell, whose foible was omniscience, did not hesitate to apply to these three studies the word *permanent*. But if history proves that the staples of education have in fact changed, reason says still more clearly that they must change. It would be indeed incredible that organized

education should not take account of the progress of knowledge. We may be sure that the controlling intellectual forces of the actual world, century by century, penetrate educational processes, and that languages, literatures, philosophies, or sciences which show themselves fruitful and powerful must win recognition as liberal arts and proper means of mental discipline.

Two objections to the views which I have been presenting occur at once to every conservative mind. I have often been met with the question: Is this traditional degree of bachelor of arts, which for three hundred years, at least, has had a tolerably clear meaning, to be deprived of all exact significance, so that it will be impossible to tell what one who holds the degree has studied? I reply that the degree will continue to testify to the main fact to which it now bears witness, namely, that the recipient has spent eight or ten years, somewhere between the ages of twelve and twenty-three, in liberal studies. I might add that the most significant and valuable degree in arts which is anywhere given—the German degree of doctor of philosophy and master of arts—does not stand for any particular studies, and does not indicate in any individual case the special studies for which it was conferred, although it does presuppose the earlier accomplishment, at a distance of several years, of the curriculum of a German gymnasium.

A second objection is expressed in the significant question: What will become of Greek and Latin if all these new subjects are put on an equality with them? Will Greek and Latin, and the culture which they represent, survive the invasion? To this question I answer, first, that it is proposed, not to substitute new subjects for the old, but only to put new subjects beside the old in a fair competition, and not to close any existing road to the degree of bachelor of arts, but only to open new ones; secondly, that the proposed modification of the present prescription of Greek and Latin for all boys who are to go to college will rid the Greek and Latin classes of unwilling and incapable pupils, to the great advantage of the pupils who remain; and, thirdly, that the withdrawal of the artificial protection now given to the classics will cause the study of classical antiquity to rely—to use the well-chosen words of Professor Jebb on the last page of his life of Bentley—"no longer upon a narrow or exclusive prescription, but upon a reasonable perception of its proper place amongst the studies which belong to a liberal education." The higher the value which one sets on Greek and Latin as means of culture, the firmer must be his be-

lief in the permanence of those studies when they cease to be artificially protected. In education, as elsewhere, it is the fittest that survives. The classics, like other studies, must stand upon their own merits; for it is not the proper business of universities to force subjects of study, or particular kinds of mental discipline, upon unwilling generations; and they cannot prudently undertake that function, especially in a country where they have no support from an established church, or from an aristocratic organization of society, and where it would be so easy for the generations, if repelled, to pass the universities by.

Finally, the enlargement of the circle of liberal arts may justly be urged on the ground that the interests of the higher education and of the institutions which supply that education demand it. Liberal education is not safe and strong in a country in which the great majority of the men who belong to the intellectual professions are not liberally educated. Now, that is just the case in this country. The great majority of the men who are engaged in the practice of law and medicine, in journalism, the public service, and the scientific professions, and in industrial leadership, are not bachelors of arts. Indeed, the only learned profession which contains to-day a large proportion of bachelors of arts is the ministry. This sorry condition of things is doubtless due in part to what may be called the pioneer condition of American society; but I think it is also due to the antiquated state of the common college curriculum, and of the course of preparatory study at school. When institutions of learning cut themselves off from the sympathy and support of large numbers of men whose lives are intellectual, by refusing to recognize as liberal arts and disciplinary studies languages, literatures, and sciences which seem to these men as important as any which the institutions cultivate, they inflict a gratuitous injury both on themselves and on the country which they should

serve. Their refusal to listen to parents and teachers who ask that the avenues of approach to them may be increased in number, the new roads rising to the same grade or level as the old, would be an indication that a gulf already yawning between them and large bodies of men who by force of character, intelligence, and practical training are very influential in the modern world. For twenty years past signs have not been wanting that the American college was not keeping pace with the growth of the country in population and wealth. I believe that a chief cause of this relative decline is the narrowness of the course of study in both school and college.

The execution of the principles which I have advocated would involve considerable changes in the order of school and college studies. Thus, science-teaching should begin early in the school course; English should be studied from the beginning of school life to the end of college life; and the order in which the other languages are taken up should be for many boys essentially changed. We should in vain expect such changes to be made suddenly. They must be gradually brought about by the pressure of public opinion — by the public opinion of the educated classes taking gradual effect through established educational instrumentalities. The change will be wrought by the demands of parents upon private schools; by the influence of trustees and committees in charge of endowed and public schools upon school courses of study; by the conditions which benefactors and founders impose upon their gifts and bequests to liberal education; by the competition of industrial and technological schools; and by the gradual encroachment of the modern subjects upon the ancient in colleges and universities. All these influences are at work, and much ground has been gained during the last fifteen years.

Charles W. Eliot.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

'Tis not sorrow, sorrow,
From sundown till the morrow;
Nor do our pleasures stay
From dawn till going of the day.

Light is ever shifting,
And darkness ever lifting;
The sunbeams and the shade
Alternate reign in field and glade.

What of our hereafter —
Shall mourning blend with laughter?
Stars roll along earth's night,—
Shall shadows veil the Hills of Light?

John Vance Cheney.

AMERICAN WILD ANIMALS IN ART.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SCULPTURES OF EDWARD KEMEYS.



THE STILL HUNT.

THE hunter and the sportsman are two very different persons. The hunter pursues animals because he loves them and sympathizes with them, and kills them as the champions of chivalry used to slay one another—courteously, fairly, and with admiration and respect. To stalk and shoot the elk and the grizzly bear is to him what wooing and winning a beloved maiden would be to another man. Far from being the foe or exterminator of the game he follows, he more than any one else is their friend, vindicator, and confidant. A strange mutual ardor and understanding unites him with his quarry. He loves the mountain sheep and the antelope, because they can escape him; the panther and the bear, because they can destroy him. His relations with them are clean, generous, and manly. And on the other hand, the wild animals, whose wildness can never be tamed, whose inmost principle of existence it is to be apart and unapproachable,—those creatures who may be said to cease to be when they cease to be intractable,—seem, after they have eluded their pursuer to the utmost, or fought him to the death, to yield themselves to him with a sort of wild contentment—as if they were glad to admit the sovereignty of man, though death come with the admission. The hunter, in short, asks for

his happiness only to be alone with what he hunts; the sportsman, after his day's sport, must needs hasten home to publish the size of the "bag," and to wring from his fellow-men the glory and applause which he has not the strength and simplicity to find in the game itself.

But if the true hunter is rare, the union of the hunter and the artist is rarer still. It demands not only the close familiarity, the loving observation, and the sympathy, but also the faculty of creation—the eye which selects what is constructive and beautiful, and passes over what is superfluous and inharmonious, and the hand skillful to carry out what the imagination conceives. In the man whose work I am about to consider, these qualities are developed in a remarkable degree, though it was not until he was a man grown, and had fought with distinction through the civil war, that he himself became aware of the artistic power that was in him. The events of his life, could they be rehearsed here, would form a tale of adventure and vicissitude more varied and stirring than is often found in fiction. He has spent by himself days and weeks in the vast solitudes of our western prairies and southern morasses. He has been the companion of trappers and frontiersmen, the friend and comrade of Indians,

sleeping side by side with them in their wigwams, running the rapids in their canoes, and riding with them in the hunt. He has met and overcome the panther and the grizzly single-handed, and has pursued the flying cimarron to the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains, and brought back its crescent horns as a trophy. He has fought and slain the gray wolf with no other weapons than his hands and teeth; and at night he has lain concealed by lonely tarns, where the wild coyote came to patter and bark and howl at the midnight moon. His name and achievements are familiar to the dwellers in those savage regions, whose estimate of a man is based, not upon his society and financial advantages, but upon what he is and can do. Yet he is not one who wears his merit outwardly. His appearance, indeed, is striking: tall and athletic, broad-shouldered and stout-limbed, with the long, elastic step of the moccasined Indian, and something of the Indian's reticence and simplicity. But he can with difficulty be brought to allude to his adventures, and is reserved almost to the point of ingenuity on all that concerns himself or redounds to his credit. It is only in familiar converse with friends that the humor, the cultivation, the knowledge, and the social charm of the man appear, and his marvelous gift of vivid and picturesque narration discloses itself. But, in addition to all this, or above it all, he is the only great animal sculptor of his time, the successor of the French Barye, and (as any one may satisfy himself who will take the trouble to compare their works) the equal of that famous artist in scope and treatment, and his superior in knowledge and in truth and power of conception. It would be a poor compliment to call Edward Kemeys the American Barye; but Barye is the only man whose works can bear any comparison with Mr. Kemeys's.*

Of Mr. Kemeys's productions, a few are to be seen at his studio, 133 West Fifty-third street, New York City. These are the models, in clay or plaster, as they came fresh from the artist's hand.† From this condition they can either be enlarged to life or colossal size, for parks or public buildings, or cast in bronze in their present dimensions for the

enrichment of private houses. Though this collection includes scarce a tithe of what the artist has produced, it forms a series of groups and figures which, for truth to nature, artistic excellence, and originality, are actually unique. So unique are they, indeed, that the uneducated eye does not at first realize their really immense value. Nothing like this little sculpture gallery has been seen before, and it is very improbable that there will ever again be a meeting of conditions and qualities adequate to reproducing such an exhibition. For we saw here not merely, nor chiefly, the accurate representation of the animal's external aspect, but — what is vastly more difficult to seize and portray — the essential animal character or temperament which controls and actuates the animal's movements and behavior. Each one of Mr. Kemeys's figures gives not only the form and proportions of the animal, according to the nicest anatomical studies and measurements, but it is the speaking embodiment of profound insight into that animal's nature and knowledge of its habits. The spectator cannot long examine it without feeling that he has learned much more of its characteristics and genius than if he had been standing in front of the same animal's cage at the Zoölogical Gardens; for here is an artist who understands how to translate pose into meaning, and action into utterance, and to select those poses and actions which convey the broadest and most comprehensive idea of the subject's prevailing traits. He not only knows what posture or movement the anatomical structure of the animal renders possible, but he knows precisely in what degree such posture or movement is modified by the animal's physical needs and instincts. In other words, he always respects the modesty of nature, and never yields to the temptation to be dramatic and impressive at the expense of truth. Here is none of Barye's exaggeration, or of Landseer's sentimental effort to humanize animal nature. Mr. Kemeys has rightly perceived that animal nature is not a mere contraction of human nature; but that each animal, so far as it owns any relation to man at all, represents the unimpeded development of some particular ele-

[* While an editor is, of course, not to be held personally responsible for the individual opinions of contributors, we have Mr. Hawthorne's courteous acquiescence in our wish to express here a decided dissent from what we regard as a somewhat misleading opinion of the art value of Mr. Kemeys's work, and especially from his depreciation, by comparison, of the work of Barye. The American sculptor has apparently been affected by the great Frenchman, though he may be unconscious of the fact; but we consider it a serious mistake to elevate Mr. Kemeys above so great a master as Barye. Mr. Kemeys's modelings, however, have decided value, especially as portraiture and as record. We greatly admire the pluck and perseverance shown by the sculptor in his field-studies of the originals, and are glad to be able to help make his work more widely known. An illustrated article on Barye has been for some time in preparation for *THE CENTURY*.—EDITOR.]

† A set of the models referred to in this paper have found a home in the National Museum at Washington.

ment of man's nature. Accordingly, animals must be studied and portrayed solely upon their own basis and within their own limits; and he who approaches them with this understanding will find, possibly to his surprise, that the theater thus afforded is wide and varied enough for the exercise of his best ingenuity and capacities. At first, no doubt, the simple animal appears too simple to be made artistically interesting, apart from this or that conventional or imaginative addition. The lion must be presented, not as he is, but as vulgar anticipation expects him to be; not

the mind of the observer with an ever-increasing power; they lead him into a new, strange, and fascinating world, and generously recompense him for any effort he may have made to penetrate thither. Of that strange and fascinating world Mr. Kemeys is the true and worthy interpreter, and, so far as appears, the only one. Through difficulty and discouragement of all kinds, he has kept to the simple truth, and the truth has rewarded him. He has done a service of incalculable value to his country, not only in vindicating American art, but in preserving to us, in a



GRIZZLY BEAR.

with the savageness and terror which are native to him, but with the savageness and terror which those who have trembled and fled at the echo of his roar invest him with,—which are quite another matter. Zoological gardens and museums have their uses, but they cannot introduce us to wild animals as they really are; and the reports of those who have caught terrified or ignorant glimpses of them in their native regions will mislead us no less in another direction. Nature reveals her secrets only to those who have faithfully and rigorously submitted to the initiation; but to them she shows herself marvelous and inexhaustible. The "simple animal" avouches his ability to transcend any imaginative conception of him. The stern economy of his structure and character, the sureness and sufficiency of his every manifestation, the instinct and capacity which inform all his proceedings,—these are things which are concealed from a hasty glance by the very perfection of their state. Once seen and comprehended, however, they work upon

permanent and beautiful form, the vivid and veracious figures of a wild fauna which, in the inevitable progress of colonization and civilization, is destined within a few years to vanish altogether. The American bear and bison, the cimarron and the elk, the wolf and the 'coon—where will they be a generation hence? Nowhere, save in the possession of those persons who have to-day the opportunity and the intelligence to decorate their rooms and parks with Mr. Kemeys's inimitable bronzes. The opportunity is great—much greater, I should think, than the intelligence necessary for availing ourselves of it; and it is a unique opportunity. In other words, it lies within the power of every cultivated family in the United States to enrich itself with a work of art which is entirely American; which, as art, fulfills every requirement; which is of permanent and increasing interest and value from an ornamental point of view; and which is embodied in the most enduring of artistic materials.

The studio in which Mr. Kemeys works is



COUGAR AND YOUNG.

a spacious apartment between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, on Broadway. In appearance it is a cross between a barn-loft and a wigwam. Round the walls are suspended the hides, the heads, and the horns of the animals which the hunter has shot; and below are groups, single figures, and busts, modeled by the artist, in plaster, terra-cotta, or clay. The colossal design of the "Still Hunt"—an American panther crouching before its spring—is not now here; it has been removed to the foundry at East Twenty-eighth

street, where it will be cast in bronze, and will then be placed in its appointed site in Central Park. It will be a monument of which New York and America may be proud; for no such powerful and veracious conception of a wild animal has ever before found artistic embodiment. The great cat crouches with head low, extended throat, and ears erect. The shoulders are drawn far back, the fore paws huddled beneath the jaws. The long, lithe back rises in an arch in the middle, sinking thence to the haunches, while the angry tail makes a strong curve along the ground to the right. The whole figure is tense and compact with restrained and waiting power; the expression is stealthy, pitiless, and terrible; it at once fascinates and astounds the beholder. While Mr. Kemeys was modeling this animal, an incident occurred which he has told me in something like the following words. The artist does not encourage the intrusion of idle persons while he is at work, though no one welcomes intelligent inspection and criticism more cordially than he. On this occasion he was alone in the studio with his Irish factotum, Tom, and the outer door, owing to the heat of the weather, had been left ajar. All of a sudden the artist was aware of the presence of a stranger in the room. "He was a tall, hulking fellow, shabbily dressed, like a tramp, and looked as if he might make trouble if he had a mind to. However, he stood quite still in front of the statue, staring at it, and not saying anything. So I let him alone for awhile; I thought it would be time enough to attend to him when he began to beg or



CAT'S HEAD.

make a row. But after some time, as he still hadn't stirred, Tom came to the conclusion that a hint had better be given him to move on; so he took a broom and began sweeping the floor, and the dust went all over the fellow; but he didn't pay the least attention. I began to think there would probably be a fight; but I thought I'd wait a little longer before doing anything. At last I said to him, 'Will you move aside, please? You're in my way.' He stepped over a little to the right, but still didn't open his mouth, and kept his eyes fixed on the panther. Presently I said to Tom, 'Well, Tom, the cheek of some people passes belief!' Tom replied with

of which grins upon the wall overhead, a grisly trophy indeed. The impression of enormous strength, massive yet elastic, ponderous yet alert, impregnable for defense as irresistible in attack; a strength which knows no obstacles, and which never meets its match, — this impression is as fully conveyed in these figures, which are not over a foot in height, as if the animal were before us in its natural size. You see the vast limbs, crooked with power, bound about with huge ropes and plates of muscle, and clothed in shaggy depths of fur; the vast breadth of the head, with its thick, low ears, dull, small eyes, and long up-curving snout; the roll and lunge of



PLAYING 'POSSUM.

more clouds of dust; but the stranger never made a sign. At last I got tired, so I stepped up to the fellow and said to him: 'Look here, my friend, when I asked you to move aside, I meant you should move the other side of the door.' He roused up then, and gave himself a shake, and took a last look at the panther, and said he, 'That's all right, boss; I know all about the door; but — what a spring she's going to make!' Then," added Kemeys, self-reproachfully, "I could have wept!"

But although this superb figure no longer dominates the studio, there is no lack of models as valuable and as interesting, though not of heroic size. Most interesting of all to the general observer are, perhaps, the two figures of the grizzly bear. These were designed from a grizzly which Mr. Kemeys fought and killed in the autumn of 1881 in the Rocky Mountains, and the mounted head

the gait, like the motion of a vessel plunging forward before the wind; the rounded immensity of the trunk, and the huge bluntness of the posteriors; and all these features are combined with such masterly unity of conception and plastic vigor, that the diminutive model insensibly grows mighty beneath your gaze, until you realize the monster as if he stood stupendous and grim before you. In the first of the figures the bear has paused in his great stride to paw over and snuff at the horned head of a mountain sheep, half buried in the soil. The action of the right arm and shoulder, and the burly slouch of the arrested stride, are of themselves worth a gallery of pseudo-classic Venuses and Roman senators. The other bear is lolling back on his haunches, with all four paws in the air, munching some grapes from a vine which he has torn from its support. The contrast be-



RACCOON.

tween the savage character of the beast and his absurdly peaceful employment gives a touch of terrific comedy to this design. After studying these figures, one cannot help thinking what a noble embellishment either of them would be, put in bronze, of colossal size, in the public grounds of one of our great Western cities. And inasmuch as the rich citizens of the West not only know what a grizzly bear is, but are more fearless and independent, and therefore often more correct in their artistic opinions, than the somewhat sophisticated critics of the East, there is some cause for hoping that this thing may be brought to pass.

Beside the grizzly stands the mountain sheep, or cimarron, the most difficult to capture of all four-footed animals, whose gigantic curved horns are the best trophy of skill and enterprise that a hunter can bring home with him. The sculptor has here caught him in one of his most characteristic attitudes—just alighted from some dizzy leap on the headlong slope of a rocky mountain-side. On such a spot nothing but the cimarron could retain its footing; yet there he stands, firm and secure as the rock itself, his fore feet planted close together, the fore legs rigid and straight as the shaft of a lance, while the hind legs pose easily in attendance upon them. "The cimarron always strikes plumb-center, and he never makes a mistake," is Mr. Kemeys's laconic comment; and we can recognize the truth of the observation in this image.

Perfectly at home and comfortable on its almost impossible perch, the cimarron curves its great neck and turns its head upward, gazing aloft toward the height whence it has descended. "It's the golden eagle he hears," says the sculptor; "they give him warning of danger." It is a magnificent animal, a model of tireless vigor in all its parts; a creature made to hurl itself head-foremost down appalling gulfs of space, and poise itself at the bottom as jauntily as if gravitation were but a bugbear of timid imaginations. I find myself unconsciously speaking about these plaster models as if they were the living animals which they represent; but the more one studies Mr. Kemeys's works, the more instinct with redundant and breathing life do they appear.

It would be impossible even to catalogue the contents of this studio, the greater part of which are as well worth describing as those which have already been touched upon; nor could a more graphic pen than mine convey an adequate impression of their excellence. But there is here a figure of the 'coon, which, as it is the only one ever modeled, ought not to be passed over in silence. In appearance this animal is a curious medley of the fox, the wolf, and the bear, besides I-know-not-what (as the lady in "Punch" would say) that belongs to none of those beasts. As may be imagined, therefore, its right portrayal involves peculiar difficulties, and Mr. Kemeys's genius is nowhere better shown than in the

manner in which these have been surmounted. Compact, plump, and active in figure, quick and subtle in its movements, the 'coon crouches in a flattened position along the limb of a tree, its broad, shallow head and pointed snout a little lifted, as it gazes alertly outward and downward. It sustains itself by the clutch of its slender-clawed toes on the branch, the fore legs being spread apart, while the left hind leg is withdrawn inward, and enters smoothly into the contour of the furred side; the bushy, fox-like tail, ringed with dark and light bands, curving to the left. Thus posed and modeled in high relief on a tile-shaped plaque, Mr. Kemeys's 'coon forms a most desirable ornament for some wise man's sideboard or mantel-piece, where it may one day be pointed out as the only surviving representative of its species.

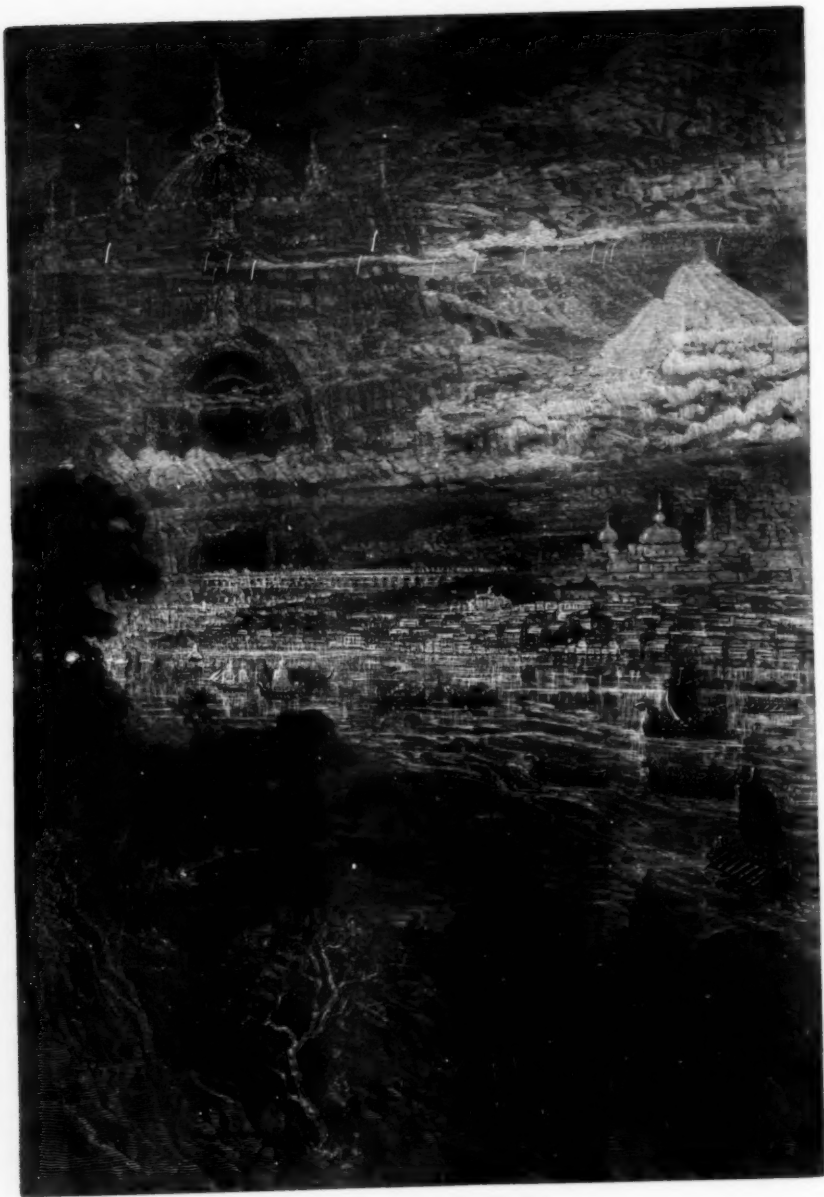
The two most elaborate groups here have already attained some measure of publicity; the "Bison and Wolves" having been exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1878, and the "Deer and Panther" having been purchased in bronze by Mr. Winans during the sculptor's sojourn in England. Each group represents one of those deadly combats between wild beasts which are among the most terrific and at the same time most natural incidents of animal existence; and they are of especial interest as showing the artist's power of concentrated and graphic composition. A complicated story is told in both these instances with a masterly economy of material and balance of proportion; so that the spectator's eye takes in the whole subject at a glance, and yet finds inexhaustible interest in the examination of details, all of which contribute to the central effect without distracting the attention. A companion piece to the "Deer and Panther" shows the same animals as they have fallen, locked together in death, after the combat is over. In the former group, the panther, in springing upon the deer, had impaled its neck on the deer's right antler, and had then swung round under the latter's body, burying the claws of its right fore foot in the ruminant's throat. In order truthfully to represent the second stage of the encounter, therefore, it was necessary not merely to model a second group, but to retain the elements and construction of the first group under totally changed conditions. This is a

feat of such peculiar difficulty that I think few artists in any branch of art would venture to attempt it: nevertheless, Mr. Kemeys has accomplished it; and the more the two groups are studied in connection with each other, the more complete will his success be found to have been. The man who can do this may surely be admitted a master, whose works are open only to affirmative criticism. For his works the most trying of all tests is their comparison with one another; and the result of such comparison is not merely to confirm their merit, but to illustrate and enhance it.

For my own part, my introduction to Mr. Kemeys's studio was the opening to me of a new world, where it has been my good fortune to spend many days of delightful and enlightening study. How far the subject of this writing may have been already familiar to the readers of it, I have no means of knowing; but I conceive it to be no less than my duty, as a countryman of Mr. Kemeys's, and a lover of all that is true and original in art, to pay the tribute of my appreciation to what he has done. There is no danger of his getting more recognition than he deserves, and he is not one whom recognition can injure. He reverences his art too highly to magnify his own exposition of it; and when he reads what I have set down here, he will smile and shake his head, and mutter that I have divined the perfect idea in the imperfect embodiment. Unless I greatly err, however, no one but himself is competent to take that exception. The genuine artist is never satisfied with his work; he perceives where it falls short of his conception. But to others it will not be incomplete; for the achievements of real art are always invested with an atmosphere and aroma—a spiritual quality perhaps—proceeding from the artist's mind and affecting that of the beholder. And thus it happens that the story or the poem, the picture or the sculpture, receives even in its material form that last indefinable grace, that magic light that never was on sea or land, which no pen or brush or graving-tool has skill to seize. Matter can never rise to the height of spirit; but spirit informs it when it has done its best, and ennoble it with the charm that the artist sought and the world desired.

Julian Hawthorne.





LIFE AND DEATH.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O SOLEMN portal veiled in mist and cloud,
Where all who have lived throng in, an endless line,
Forbid to tell by backward look or sign
What destiny awaits the advancing crowd.
Bourne crossed but once with no return allowed;
Dumb spectral gate, terrestrial yet divine,
Beyond whose arch all powers and fates combine,
Pledged to divulge no secrets of the shroud.
Close, close behind we step, and strive to catch
Some whisper in the dark, some glimmering light;
Through circling whirls of thought intent to snatch
A drifting hope—a faith that grows to sight:
And yet assured, whatever may befall,
That must be somehow best that comes to all.

C. P. Cranch.

MUSIC AND WORDS.

THIS day I heard such music that I thought:
Hath human speech the power thus to be wrought
Into such melody, such pure sensuous sound,—
Into such mellow, murmuring mazes caught;
Can words when these keen tones at last are bound,—
Silenced, except in memory of this hour,—
Can human words alone usurp the power
Of trembling strings that thrill to the very soul,
And of this ecstasy bring back the whole?

Ah, no ('twas answered in my inmost heart)!
Unto itself sufficient is each art,
And each doth utter what none other can—
Some hidden mood of the large soul of man.
Ah, think not thou with words well interweaved
To wake the tones wherein the viol grieved
With its most heavy burden; think not thou,
Adventurous, to push thy shallop's prow
Into that surge of well-remembered tones,
Striving to mate each wandering wind that groans,
Each bell that tolls, and every bugle's blowing,
With some most fitting word, some verse bestowing
A never-shifting form on that which passed
Swift as a bird that glimmers down the blast.

So, still unworded, save in memory mute,
Rest thou sweet hour of viol and of lute,—
Of thoughts that never, never can be spoken,
Too frail for the rough usage of men's words,—
Thoughts that shall keep their silence all unbroken
Till music once more stirs them,—then like birds
That in the night-time slumber, they shall wake
While all the leaves of all the forest shake.
Oh hark! I hear it now, that tender strain
Fulfilled with all of sorrow save its pain.

R. W. Gilder.

LADY BARBERINA.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc.

III.

AT her mother's the next day she was absent from luncheon, and Lady Canterville mentioned to him (he didn't ask) that she had gone to see a dear old great-aunt, who was also her godmother, and who lived at Roehampton. Lord Canterville was not present, but our young man was informed by his hostess that he had promised her he would come in exactly at three o'clock. Jackson Lemon lunched with Lady Canterville and the children, who appeared in force at this repast, all the younger girls being present, and two little boys, the juniors of the two sons who were in their teens. Jackson, who was very fond of children, and thought these absolutely the finest in the world,—magnificent specimens of a magnificent brood, such as it would be so satisfactory in future days to see about his own knee,—Jackson felt that he was being treated as one of the family, but was not frightened by what he supposed the privilege to imply. Lady Canterville betrayed no consciousness whatever of his having mooted the question of becoming her son-in-law, and he believed that her eldest daughter had not told her of their talk the night before. This idea gave him pleasure; he liked to think that Lady Barb was judging him for herself. Perhaps, indeed, she was taking counsel of the old lady at Roehampton; he believed that he was the sort of lover of whom a godmother would approve. Godmothers in his mind were mainly associated with fairy tales (he had had no baptismal sponsors of his own); and that point of view would be favorable to a young man with a great deal of gold who had suddenly arrived from a foreign country,—an apparition, surely, sufficiently elfish. He made up his mind that he should like Lady Canterville as a mother-in-law; she would be too well bred to meddle. Her husband came in at three o'clock, just after they had left the table, and said to Jackson Lemon that it was very good in him to have waited.

"I haven't waited," Jackson replied, with his watch in his hand; "you are punctual to the minute."

I know not how Lord Canterville may have

judged his young friend; but Jackson Lemon had been told more than once in his life that he was a very good fellow, but rather too literal. After he had lighted a cigarette in his lordship's "den," a large brown apartment on the ground-floor, which partook at once of the nature of an office and of that of a harness-room (it could not have been called in any degree a library), he went straight to the point in these terms: "Well, now, Lord Canterville, I feel as if I ought to let you know without more delay that I am in love with Lady Barb, and that I should like to marry her." So he spoke, puffing his cigarette, with his conscious but unextenuating eye fixed on his host.

No man, as I have intimated, bore better being looked at than this noble personage; he seemed to bloom in the envious warmth of human contemplation, and never appeared so faultless as when he was most exposed. "My dear fellow, my dear fellow," he murmured, almost in disparagement, stroking his ambrosial beard from before the empty fireplace. He lifted his eyebrows, but he looked perfectly good-natured.

"Are you surprised, sir?" Jackson Lemon asked.

"Why, I suppose any one is surprised at a man wanting one of his children. He sometimes feels the weight of that sort of thing so much, you know. He wonders what the devil another man wants of them." And Lord Canterville laughed pleasantly out of the copious fringe of his lips.

"I only want one of them," said Jackson Lemon, laughing too, but with a lighter organ.

"Polygamy would be rather good for the parents. However, Lucy told me the other night that she thought you were looking the way you speak of."

"Yes, I told Lady Beauchemin that I love Lady Barb, and she seemed to think it was natural."

"Oh, yes; I suppose there's no want of nature in it! But, my dear fellow, I really don't know what to say."

"Of course you'll have to think of it." Jackson Lemon, in saying this, felt that he was making the most liberal concession to the

* Copyright, 1883, by Henry James.

point of view of his interlocutor, being perfectly aware that in his own country it was not left much to the parents to think of.

"I shall have to talk it over with my wife."

"Lady Canterville has been very kind to me; I hope she will continue."

"My dear fellow, we are excellent friends. No one could appreciate you more than Lady Canterville. Of course, we can only consider such a question on the—a—the highest grounds. You would never want to marry without knowing, as it were, exactly what you are doing. I, on my side, naturally, you know, am bound to do the best I can for my own child. At the same time, of course, we don't want to spend our time in—a—walking around the horse. We want to keep to the main lines."

It was settled between them after a little that the main lines were that Jackson Lemon knew to a certainty the state of his affections, and was in a position to pretend to the hand of a young lady who Lord Canterville might say—of course, you know, without swaggering about it—had a right to expect to do well, as the women call it.

"I should think she had," Jackson Lemon said; "she's a beautiful type."

Lord Canterville stared a moment. "She is a clever, well-grown girl, and she takes her fences like a grasshopper. Does she know all this, by the way?" he added.

"Oh, yes; I told her last night."

Again Lord Canterville had the air, unusual with him, of returning his companion's regard. "I am not sure that you ought to have done that, you know."

"I couldn't have spoken to you first—I couldn't," said Jackson Lemon. "I meant to, but it stuck in my crop."

"They don't in your country, I guess," his lordship returned, smiling.

"Well, not as a general thing. However, I find it very pleasant to discuss with you now." And in truth it was very pleasant. Nothing could be easier, friendlier, more informal, than Lord Canterville's manner, which implied all sorts of equality, especially that of age and fortune, and made Jackson Lemon feel at the end of three minutes almost as if he, too, were a beautifully preserved and somewhat straitened nobleman of sixty, with the views of a man of the world about his own marriage. The young American perceived that Lord Canterville waived the point of his having spoken first to the girl herself, and saw in this indulgence a just concession to the ardor of young affection. For Lord Canterville seemed perfectly to appreciate the sentimental side—at least so far as it was embodied in his visitor—when he said, without deprecation:

"Did she give you any encouragement?"

"Well, she didn't box my ears. She told me that she would think of it, but that I must speak to you. But naturally I shouldn't have said what I did to her, if I hadn't made up my mind during the last fortnight that I am not disagreeable to her."

"Ah, my dear young man, women are odd cattle!" Lord Canterville exclaimed, rather unexpectedly. "But of course you know all that," he added in an instant; "you take the general risk."

"I am perfectly willing to take the general risk; the particular risk is small."

"Well, upon my honor I don't really know my girls. You see a man's time, in England, is tremendously taken up; but I dare say it's the same in your country. Their mother knows them; I think I had better send for their mother. If you don't mind, I'll just suggest that she join us here."

"I'm rather afraid of you both together, but if it will settle it any quicker—" said Jackson Lemon. Lord Canterville rang the bell, and, when a servant appeared, dispatched him with a message to her ladyship. While they were waiting, the young man remembered that it was in his power to give a more definite account of his pecuniary basis. He had simply said before that he was abundantly able to marry; he shrank from putting himself forward as a millionaire. He had a fine taste, and he wished to appeal to Lord Canterville primarily as a gentleman. But now that he had to make a double impression, he bethought himself of his millions, for millions were always impressive. "I think it only fair to let you know that my fortune is really very considerable," he remarked.

"Yes, I dare say you are beastly rich," said Lord Canterville.

"I have about seven millions."

"Seven millions?"

"I count in dollars; upward of a million and a half sterling."

Lord Canterville looked at him from head to foot, with an air of cheerful resignation to a form of grossness which threatened to become common. Then he said, with a touch of that inconsequence of which he had already given a glimpse: "What the deuce, then, possessed you to turn doctor?"

Jackson Lemon colored a little, hesitated, and then said quickly: "Because I had the talent for it."

"Of course, I don't for a moment doubt of your ability; but don't you find it rather a bore?"

"I don't practice much. I am rather ashamed to say that."

"Ah, well, of course, in your country it's

different. I dare say you've got a door-plate, eh?"

"Oh, yes, and a tin sign tied to the balcony!" said Jackson Lemon, smiling.

"What did your father say to it?"

"To my going into medicine? He said he would be hanged if he'd take any of my doses. He didn't think I should succeed; he wanted me to go into the house."

"Into the House—a—" said Lord Canterville, hesitating a little. "Into your Congress—yes, exactly."

"Ah, no, not so bad as that; into the store," Jackson Lemon replied, in the candid tone in which he expressed himself when, for reasons of his own, he wished to be perfectly national.

Lord Canterville stared, not venturing, even for the moment, to hazard an interpretation; and before a solution had presented itself, Lady Canterville came into the room.

"My dear, I thought we had better see you. Do you know he wants to marry our second girl?"

It was in these simple terms that her husband acquainted her with the question.

Lady Canterville expressed neither surprise nor elation; she simply stood there, smiling, with her head a little inclined to the side, with all her customary graciousness. Her charming eyes rested on those of Jackson Lemon; and though they seemed to show that she had to think a little of so serious a proposition, his own discovered in them none of the coldness of calculation.

"Are you talking about Barberina?" she asked in a moment, as if her thoughts had been far away.

Of course they were talking about Barberina, and Jackson Lemon repeated to her ladyship what he had said to the girl's father. He had thought it all over, and his mind was quite made up. Moreover, he had spoken to Lady Barb.

"Did she tell you that, my dear?" asked Lord Canterville, while he lighted another cigar.

She gave no heed to this inquiry, which had been vague and accidental on his lordship's part, but simply said to Jackson Lemon that the thing was very serious, and that they had better sit down for a moment. In an instant he was near her on the sofa on which she had placed herself, still smiling and looking up at her husband with an air of general meditation, in which a sweet compassion for every one concerned was apparent.

"Barberina has told me nothing," she said, after a little.

"That proves she cares for me!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed eagerly.

Lady Canterville looked as if she thought this almost too ingenious, almost professional; but her husband said cheerfully, jovially:

"Ah, well, if she cares for you, I don't object."

This was a little ambiguous; but before Jackson Lemon had time to look into it, Lady Canterville asked, gently: "Should you expect her to live in America?"

"Oh, yes; that's my home, you know."

"Shouldn't you be living sometimes in England?"

"Oh, yes; we'll come over and see you."

The young man was in love, he wanted to marry, he wanted to be genial, and to commend himself to the parents of Lady Barb; at the same time it was in his nature not to accept conditions, save in so far as they exactly suited him,—to tie himself, or, as they said in New York, to give himself away. In any transaction he preferred his own terms to those of any one else. Therefore, the moment Lady Canterville gave signs of wishing to extract a promise, he was on his guard.

"She'll find it very different; perhaps she won't like it," her ladyship suggested.

"If she likes me, she'll like my country," said Jackson Lemon, with decision.

"He tells me he has got a plate on his door," Lord Canterville remarked, humorously.

"We must talk to her, of course; we must understand how she feels," said his wife, looking more serious than she had done as yet.

"Please don't discourage her, Lady Canterville," the young man begged; "and give me a chance to talk to her a little more myself. You haven't given me much chance, you know."

"We don't offer our daughters to people, Mr. Lemon," Lady Canterville was always gentle, but now she was a little majestic.

"She isn't like some women in London, you know," said Jackson Lemon's host, who seemed to remember that to a discussion of such importance he ought from time to time to contribute a word of wisdom. And Jackson Lemon, certainly, if the idea had been presented to him, would have said that No, decidedly; Lady Barberina had not been thrown at him.

"Of course not," he declared, in answer to her mother's remark. "But, you know, you mustn't refuse them too much, either; you mustn't make a poor fellow wait too long. I admire her, I love her, more than I can say; I give you my word of honor for that."

"He seems to think that settles it," said Lord Canterville, smiling down at the young American, very pleasantly, from his place before the cold chimney-piece.

"Of course that's what we desire, Philip," her ladyship returned, very nobly.

"Lady Barb believes it; I am sure she does!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed. "Why should I pretend to be in love with her if I am not?"

Lady Canterville received this inquiry in silence, and her husband, with just the least air in the world of repressed impatience, began to walk up and down the room. He was a man of many engagements, and he had been closeted for more than a quarter of an hour with the young American doctor. "Do you imagine you should come often to England?" Lady Canterville demanded, with a certain abruptness, returning to that important point.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that; of course we shall do whatever seems best." He was prepared to suppose they should cross the Atlantic every summer: that prospect was by no means displeasing to him; but he was not prepared to give any such pledge to Lady Canterville, especially as he did not believe it would really be necessary. It was in his mind, not as an overt pretension, but as a tacit implication, that he should treat with Barberina's parents on a footing of perfect equality; and there would somehow be nothing equal if he should begin to enter into engagements which didn't belong to the essence of the matter. They were to give their daughter, and he was to take her; in this arrangement there would be as much on one side as on the other. But beyond this he had nothing to ask of them; there was nothing he wished them to promise, and his own pledges, therefore, would have no equivalent. Whenever his wife should wish it, she should come over and see her people. Her home was to be in New York; but he was tacitly conscious that on the question of absences he should be very liberal. Nevertheless, there was something in the very grain of his character which forbade that he should commit himself at present in respect to times and dates.

Lady Canterville looked at her husband, but her husband was not attentive; he was taking a peep at his watch. In a moment, however, he threw out a remark to the effect that he thought it a capital thing that the two countries should become more united, and there was nothing that would bring it about better than a few of the best people on both sides pairing off together. The English, indeed, had begun it; a lot of fellows had brought over a lot of pretty girls, and it was quite fair play that the Americans should take their pick. They were all one race, after all, and why shouldn't they make one society,—the best on both sides, of course? Jackson Lemon smiled as he recognized Lady Mar-

maduke's philosophy, and he was pleased to think that Lady Beauchemin had some influence with her father; for he was sure the old gentleman (as he mentally designated his host) had got all this from her, though he expressed himself less happily than the cleverest of his daughters. Our hero had no objection to make to it, especially if there was anything in it that would really help his case. But it was not in the least on these high grounds that he had sought the hand of Lady Barb. He wanted her not in order that her people and his (the best on both sides!) should make one society; he wanted her simply because he wanted her. Lady Canterville smiled; but she seemed to have another thought.

"I quite appreciate what my husband says; but I don't see why poor Barb should be the one to begin."

"I dare say she'll like it," said Lord Canterville, as if he were attempting a short cut. "They say you spoil your women awfully."

"She's not one of their women yet," her ladyship remarked, in the sweetest tone in the world; and then she added, without Jackson Lemon's knowing exactly what she meant, "It seems so strange."

He was a little irritated; and perhaps these simple words added to the feeling. There had been no positive opposition to his suit, and Lord and Lady Canterville were most kind. But he felt that they held back a little; and though he had not expected them to throw themselves on his neck, he was rather disappointed; his pride was touched. Why should they hesitate? He considered himself such a good *parti*. It was not so much the old gentleman; it was Lady Canterville. As he saw the old gentleman look covertly a second time at his watch, he could have believed he would have been glad to settle the matter on the spot. Lady Canterville seemed to wish her daughter's lover to come forward more, to give certain assurances and guarantees. He felt that he was ready to say or do anything that was a matter of proper form; but he couldn't take the tone of trying to purchase her ladyship's consent, penetrated as he was with the conviction that such a man as he could be trusted to care for his wife rather more than an impecunious British peer and *his* wife could be supposed (with the lights he had acquired in English society) to care even for the handsomest of a dozen children. It was a mistake on Lady Canterville's part not to recognize that. He humored her mistake to the extent of saying, just a little dryly, "My wife shall certainly have everything she wants."

"He tells me he is disgustingly rich," Lord Canterville added, pausing before their companion, with his hands in his pockets.

"I am glad to hear it; but it isn't so much that," she answered, sinking back a little on her sofa. If it was not that, she did not say what it was, though she had looked for a moment as if she were going to. She only raised her eyes to her husband's face, as if to ask for inspiration. I know not whether she found it, but in a moment she said to Jackson Lemon, seeming to imply that it was quite another point: "Do you expect to continue your profession?"

He had no such intention, so far as his profession meant getting up at three o'clock in the morning to assuage the ills of humanity; but here, as before, the touch of such a question instantly stiffened him. "Oh, my profession! I am rather ashamed of that matter. I have neglected my work so much, I don't know what I shall be able to do, once I am really settled at home."

Lady Canterville received these remarks in silence, fixing her eyes again upon her husband's face. But this nobleman was really not helpful; still with his hands in his pockets, save when he needed to remove his cigar from his lips, he went and looked out of the window. "Of course we know you don't practice, and when you're a married man you will have less time even than now. But I should really like to know if they call you Doctor over there."

"Oh, yes, universally. We are nearly as fond of titles as your people."

"I don't call that a title."

"It's not so good as duke or marquis, I admit; but we have to take what we have got."

"Oh, bother, what does it signify?" Lord Canterville demanded, from his place at the window. "I used to have a horse named Doctor, and a devilish good one, too."

"You may call me bishop, if you like," said Jackson Lemon, laughing.

Lady Canterville looked grave, as if she did not enjoy this pleasantry. "I don't care for any titles," she observed; "I don't see why a gentleman shouldn't be called Mister."

It suddenly appeared to Jackson Lemon that there was something helpless, confused, and even slightly comical, in the position of this noble and amiable lady. The impression made him feel kindly; he, too, like Lord Canterville, had begun to long for a short cut. He relaxed a moment, and leaning toward his hostess, with a smile and his hands on his little knees, he said, softly: "It seems to me a question of no importance; all I desire is that you should call me your son-in-law."

Lady Canterville gave him her hand, and he pressed it almost affectionately. Then she got up, remarking that before anything was

decided she must see her daughter; she must learn from her own lips the state of her feelings.

"I don't like at all her not having spoken to me already," she added.

"Where has she gone—to Roehampton? I dare say she has told it all to her god-mother," said Lord Canterville.

"She won't have much to tell, poor girl!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed. "I must really insist upon seeing with more freedom the person I wish to marry."

"You shall have all the freedom you want in two or three days," said Lady Canterville. She smiled with all her sweetness; she appeared to have accepted him, and yet still to be making tacit assumptions. "Are there not certain things to be talked of first?"

"Certain things, dear lady?"

Lady Canterville looked at her husband, and, though he was still at his window, this time he felt it in her silence, and had to come away and speak. "Oh, she means settlements, and that kind of thing." This was an allusion which came with a much better grace from him.

Jackson Lemon looked from one of his companions to the other; he colored a little, and gave a smile that was perhaps a trifle fixed. "Settlements? We don't make them in the United States. You may be sure I shall make a proper provision for my wife."

"My dear fellow, over here—in our class, you know—it's the custom," said Lord Canterville, with a richer brightness in his face at the thought that the discussion was over.

"I have my own ideas," Jackson answered, smiling.

"It seems to me it's a question for the solicitors to discuss," Lady Canterville suggested.

"They may discuss it as much as they please," said Jackson Lemon, with a laugh. He thought he saw his solicitors discussing it! He had, indeed, his own ideas. He opened the door for Lady Canterville, and the three passed out of the room together, walking into the hall in a silence in which there was just a tinge of awkwardness. A note had been struck which grated and scratched a little. A pair of brilliant footmen, at their approach, rose from a bench to a great altitude, and stood there like sentinels presenting arms. Jackson Lemon stopped, looking for a moment into the interior of his hat, which he had in his hand. Then, raising his keen eyes, he fixed them a moment on those of Lady Canterville, addressing her instinctively, rather than her husband. "I guess you and Lord Canterville had better leave it to me!"

"We have our traditions, Mr. Lemon,"

said her ladyship, with nobleness. "I imagine you don't know ——" she murmured.

Lord Canterville laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"My dear boy, those fellows will settle it in three minutes."

"Very likely they will!" said Jackson Lemon.

Then he asked of Lady Canterville when he might see Lady Barb.

She hesitated a moment, in her gracious way. "I will write you a note."

One of the tall footmen, at the end of the impressive vista, had opened wide the portals, as if even he were aware of the dignity to which the little visitor had virtually been raised. But Jackson lingered a moment; he was visibly unsatisfied, though apparently so little unconscious that he was unsatisfying.

"I don't think you understand me."

"Your ideas are certainly different," said Lady Canterville.

"If the girl understands you, that's enough!"

Lord Canterville exclaimed in a jovial, detached, irrelevant way.

"May not *she* write to me?" Jackson asked of her mother. "I certainly must write to her, you know, if you won't let me see her."

"Oh, yes; you may write to her, Mr. Lemon."

There was a point for a moment in the look that he gave Lady Canterville, while he said to himself that if it were necessary he would transmit his notes through the old lady at Roehampton.

"All right; good-bye. You know what I want, at any rate." Then, as he was going, he turned and added: "You needn't be afraid that I won't bring her over in the hot weather!"

"In the hot weather?" Lady Canterville murmured, with vague visions of the torrid zone, while the young American quitted the house with the sense that he had made great concessions.

His host and hostess passed into a small morning-room, and (Lord Canterville having taken up his hat and stick to go out again) stood there a moment, face to face.

"It's clear enough he wants her," said his lordship, in a summary manner.

"There's something so odd about him," Lady Canterville answered. "Fancy his speaking so about settlements!"

"You had better give him his head; he'll go much quieter."

"He's so obstinate — very obstinate; it's easy to see that. And he seems to think a girl in your daughter's position can be married from one day to the other — with a ring and a new frock — like a housemaid."

"Well, of course, over there, that's the

kind of thing. But he seems really to have a most extraordinary fortune; and every one does say their women have *carte-blanche*."

"*Carte-blanche* is not what Barb wishes; she wishes a settlement. She wants a definite income; she wants to be safe."

Lord Canterville stared a moment. "Has she told you so? I thought you said ——" And then he stopped. "I beg your pardon," he added.

Lady Canterville gave no explanation of her inconsistency. She went on to remark that American fortunes were notoriously insecure; one heard of nothing else; they melted away like smoke. It was their duty to their child to demand that something should be fixed.

"He has a million and a half sterling," said Lord Canterville. "I can't make out what he does with it."

"She ought to have something very handsome," his wife remarked.

"Well, my dear, you must settle it; you must consider it; you must send for Hilary. Only take care you don't put him off; it may be a very good opening, you know. There is a great deal to be done out there; I believe in all that," Lord Canterville went on, in the tone of a conscientious parent.

"There is no doubt that he *is* a doctor — in those places," said Lady Canterville, musingly.

"He may be a peddler for all I care."

"If they should go out, I think Agatha might go with them," her ladyship continued, in the same tone, a little disconnectedly.

"You may send them all out if you like. Good-bye!" And Lord Canterville kissed his wife.

But she detained him a moment, with her hand on his arm. "Don't you think he is very much in love?"

"Oh, yes, he's very bad; but he is a clever little beggar."

"She likes him very much," Lady Canterville announced, rather formally, as they separated.

IV.

JACKSON LEMON had said to Sidney Feeder in the Park that he would call on Mr. and Mrs. Freer; but three weeks elapsed before he knocked at their door in Jermyn street. In the mean time he had met them at dinner, and Mrs. Freer had told him that she hoped very much he would find time to come and see her. She had not reproached him, nor shaken her finger at him; and her clemency, which was calculated, and very characteristic of her, touched him so much (for he was in

fault; she was one of his mother's oldest and best friends) that he very soon presented himself. It was on a fine Sunday afternoon, rather late, and the region of Jermyn street looked forsaken and inanimate; the native dullness of the landscape appeared in all its purity. Mrs. Freer, however, was at home, resting on a lodging-house sofa—an angular couch, draped in faded chintz—before she went to dress for dinner. She made the young man very welcome; she told him she had been thinking of him a great deal; she had wished to have a chance to talk with him. He immediately perceived what she had in mind, and then he remembered that Sidney Feeder had told him what it was that Mr. and Mrs. Freer took upon themselves to say. This had provoked him at the time, but he had forgotten it afterward,—partly because he became aware, that same evening, that he did wish to marry the “young marchioness,” and partly because since then he had had much greater annoyances. Yes, the poor young man, so conscious of liberal intentions, of a large way of looking at the future, had had much to irritate and disgust him. He had seen the mistress of his affections but three or four times, and he had received letters from Mr. Hilary, Lord Canterville's solicitor, asking him, in terms the most obsequious, it is true, to designate some gentleman of the law with whom the preliminaries of his marriage to Lady Barberina Clement might be arranged. He had given Mr. Hilary the name of such a functionary, but he had written by the same post to his own solicitor (for whose services in other matters he had had much occasion, Jackson Lemon being distinctly contentious), instructing him that he was at liberty to meet Mr. Hilary, but not at liberty to entertain any proposals as to this odious English idea of a settlement. If marrying Jackson Lemon were not settlement enough, then Lord and Lady Canterville had better alter their point of view. It was quite out of the question that he should alter his. It would perhaps be difficult to explain the strong aversion that he entertained to the introduction into his prospective union of this harsh diplomatic element; it was as if they mistrusted him, suspected him; as if his hands were to be tied, so that he could not handle his own fortune as he thought best. It was not the idea of parting with his money that displeased him, for he flattered himself that he had plans of expenditure for his wife beyond even the imagination of her distinguished parents. It struck him even that they were fools not to have perceived that they should make a much better thing of it by leaving him perfectly free. This intervention of the solicitor was a

nasty little English tradition—totally at variance with the large spirit of American habits—to which he would not submit. It was not his way to submit when he disapproved: why should he change his way on this occasion, when the matter lay so near him? These reflections, and a hundred more, had flowed freely through his mind for several days before he called in Jermyn street, and they had engendered a lively indignation and a really bitter sense of wrong. As may be imagined, they had infused a certain awkwardness into his relations with the house of Canterville, and it may be said of these relations that they were for the moment virtually suspended. His first interview with Lady Barb, after his conference with the old couple, as he called her august elders, had been as tender as he could have desired. Lady Canterville at the end of three days had sent him an invitation—five words on a card—asking him to dine with them to-morrow, quite *en famille*. This had been the only formal intimation that his engagement to Lady Barb was recognized; for even at the family banquet, which included half a dozen outsiders, there had been no allusion on the part either of his host or his hostess to the subject of their conversation in Lord Canterville's den. The only allusion was a wandering ray, once or twice, in Lady Barberina's eyes. When, however, after dinner, she strolled away with him into the music-room, which was lighted and empty, to play for him something out of *Carmen*, of which he had spoken at table, and when the young couple were allowed to enjoy for upward of an hour, unmolested, the comparative privacy of this rich apartment, he felt that Lady Canterville definitely counted upon him. She didn't believe in any serious difficulties. Neither did he, then; and that was why it was a nuisance there should be a vain appearance of them. The arrangements, he supposed Lady Canterville would have said, were pending; and indeed they were, for he had already given orders in Bond street for the setting of an extraordinary number of diamonds. Lady Barb, at any rate, during that hour he spent with her, had had nothing to say about arrangements; and it had been an hour of pure satisfaction. She had seated herself at the piano and had played perpetually, in a soft, incoherent manner, while he leaned over the instrument, very close to her, and said everything that came into his head. She was very bright and serene, and she looked at him as if she liked him very much.

This was all he expected of her, for it did not belong to the cast of her beauty to betray a vulgar infatuation. That beauty was more delightful to him than ever; and there was a

softness about her which seemed to say to him that from this moment she was quite his own. He felt more than ever the value of such a possession; it came over him more than ever that it had taken a great social outlay to produce such a mixture. Simple and girlish as she was, and not particularly quick in the give and take of conversation, she seemed to him to have a part of the history of England in her blood; she was a *résumé* of generations of privileged people, and of centuries of rich country life. Between these two, of course, there was no allusion to the question which had been put into the hands of Mr. Hilary, and the last thing that occurred to Jackson Lemon was that Lady Barb had views as to his settling a fortune upon her before their marriage. It may appear singular, but he had not asked himself whether his money operated upon her in any degree as a bribe; and this was because, instinctively, he felt that such a speculation was idle,—the point was not to be ascertained,—and because he was willing to assume that it was agreeable to her that she should continue to live in luxury. It was eminently agreeable to him that he might enable her to do so. He was acquainted with the mingled character of human motives, and he was glad that he was rich enough to pretend to the hand of a young woman who, for the best of reasons, would be very expensive. After that happy hour in the music-room, he had ridden with her twice; but he had not found her otherwise accessible. She had let him know, the second time they rode, that Lady Canterville had directed her to make, for the moment, no further appointment with him; and on his presenting himself more than once at the house, he had been told that neither the mother nor the daughter was at home; it had been added that Lady Barberina was staying at Roehampton. On giving him that information in the Park, Lady Barb had looked at him with a mute reproach,—there was always a certain superior dumbness in her eyes,—as if he were exposing her to an annoyance that she ought to be spared; as if he were taking an eccentric line on a question that all well-bred people treated in the conventional way. His induction from this was not that she wished to be secure about his money, but that, like a dutiful English daughter, she received her opinions (on points that were indifferent to her) ready-made from a mamma whose fallibility had never been exposed. He knew by this that his solicitor had answered Mr. Hilary's letter, and that Lady Canterville's coolness was the fruit of this correspondence. The effect of it was not in the least to make him come round, as he phrased

it; he had not the smallest intention of doing that. Lady Canterville had spoken of the traditions of her family; but he had no need to go to his family for his own. They resided within himself; anything that he had definitely made up his mind to, acquired in an hour the force of a tradition. Meanwhile, he was in the detestable position of not knowing whether or no he were engaged. He wrote to Lady Barb to inquire,—it being so strange that she should not receive him; and she answered in a very pretty little letter, which had, to his mind, a sort of by-gone quality—an old-fashioned freshness, as if it might have been written in the last century by Clarissa or Amelia. She answered that she did not in the least understand the situation; that, of course, she would never give him up; that her mother had said that there were the best reasons for their not going too fast; that, thank God, she was yet young, and could wait as long as he would; but that she begged he wouldn't write her anything about money-matters, as she could never comprehend them. Jackson felt that he was in no danger whatever of making this last mistake; he only noted how Lady Barb thought it natural that there should be a discussion; and this made it vivid to him afresh that he had got hold of a daughter of the Crusaders. His ingenious mind could appreciate this hereditary assumption perfectly, at the same time that, to light his own footsteps, it remained entirely modern. He believed—or he thought he believed—that in the end he should marry Barberina Clement on his own terms; but in the interval there was a sensible indignity in being challenged and checked. One effect of it, indeed, was to make him desire the girl more keenly. When she was not before his eyes in the flesh, she hovered before him as an image; and this image had reasons of its own for being a radiant picture. There were moments, however, when he wearied of looking at it; it was so impalpable and thankless; and then Jackson Lemon, for the first time in his life, was melancholy. He felt alone in London, and very much out of it, in spite of all the acquaintances he had made, and the bills he had paid; he felt the need of a greater intimacy than any he had formed (save, of course, in the case of Lady Barb). He wanted to vent his disgust, to relieve himself, from the American point of view. He felt that in engaging in a contest with the great house of Canterville, he was, after all, rather single. That singleness was, of course, in a great measure, an inspiration; but it pinched him a little at moments. Then he wished his mother had been in London, for he used to talk of his affairs a great deal with this delightful

parent, who had a soothing way of advising him in the sense he liked best. He had even gone so far as to wish he had never laid eyes on Lady Barb, and had fallen in love with some transatlantic maiden of a similar composition. He presently came back, of course, to the knowledge that in the United States there was—and there could be—nothing similar to Lady Barb; for was it not precisely as a product of the English climate and the British constitution that he valued her? He had relieved himself, from his American point of view, by speaking his mind to Lady Beauchemin, who confessed that she was very much vexed with her parents. She agreed with him that they had made a great mistake; they ought to have left him free; and she expressed her confidence that that freedom would be for her family, as it were, like the silence of the sage,—golden. He must excuse them; he must remember that what was asked of him had been their custom for centuries. She did not mention her authority as to the origin of customs, but she assured him that she would say three words to her father and mother which would make it all right. Jackson answered that customs were all very well, but that intelligent people recognized, when they saw it, the right occasion for departing from them; and with this he awaited the result of Lady Beauchemin's remonstrance. It had not as yet been perceptible, and it must be said that this charming woman was herself much bothered. When, on her venturing to say to her mother that she thought a wrong line had been taken with regard to her sister's *prétendant*, Lady Canterville had replied that Mr. Lemon's unwillingness to settle anything was in itself a proof of what they had feared, the unstable nature of his fortune (for it was useless to talk,—this gracious lady could be very decided,—there could be no serious reason but that one). On meeting this argument, as I say, Jackson's protectress felt considerably baffled. It was perhaps true, as her mother said, that if they didn't insist upon proper guarantees, Barberina might be left in a few years with nothing but the stars and stripes (this odd phrase was a quotation from Mr. Lemon) to cover her. Lady Beauchemin tried to reason it out with Lady Marmaduke; but these were complications unforeseen by Lady Marmaduke in her project of an Anglo-American society. She was obliged to confess that Mr. Lemon's fortune could not have the solidity of long-established things; it was a very new fortune indeed. His father had made the greater part of it all in a lump, a few years before his death, in the extraordinary way in which people made money in America; that,

of course, was why the son had those singular professional attributes. He had begun to study to be a doctor very young, before his expectations were so great. Then he had found he was very clever, and very fond of it. And he had kept on, because, after all, in America, where there were no country gentlemen, a young man had to have something to do, don't you know? And Lady Marmaduke, like an enlightened woman, intimated that in such a case she thought it in much better taste not to try to sink anything. "Because, in America, don't you see," she reasoned, "you can't sink it—nothing *will* sink. Everything is floating about—in the newspapers." And she tried to console her friend by remarking that if Mr. Lemon's fortune was precarious, it was, at all events, so big. That was just the trouble for Lady Beauchemin; it was so big, and yet they were going to lose it. He was as obstinate as a mule; she was sure he would never come round. Lady Marmaduke declared that he would come round; she even offered to bet a dozen pair of *gants de Suède* on it; and she added that this consummation lay quite in the hands of Barberina. Lady Beauchemin promised herself to converse with her sister; for it was not for nothing that she herself had felt the international contagion.

Jackson Lemon, to dissipate his chagrin, had returned to the sessions of the medical congress, where, inevitably, he had fallen into the hands of Sidney Feeder, who enjoyed in this disinterested assembly a high popularity. It was Dr. Feeder's earnest desire that his old friend should share it, which was all the more easy as the medical congress was really, as the young physician observed, a perpetual symposium. Jackson Lemon entertained the whole body—entertained it profusely, and in a manner befitting one of the patrons of science rather than its humbler votaries; but these dissipations only made him forget for a moment that his relations with the house of Canterville were anomalous. His great difficulty punctually came back to him, and Sidney Feeder saw it stamped upon his brow. Jackson Lemon, with his acute inclination to open himself, was on the point, more than once, of taking the sympathetic Sidney into his confidence. His friend gave him easy opportunity; he asked him what it was he was thinking of all the time, and whether the young marchioness had concluded she couldn't swallow a doctor. These forms of speech were displeasing to Jackson Lemon, whose fastidiousness was nothing new; but it was for even deeper reasons that he said to himself that, for such complicated cases as his, there was no assistance in Sidney Feeder.

To understand his situation, one must know the world; and the child of Cincinnati didn't know the world,—at least the world with which his friend was now concerned.

"Is there a hitch in your marriage? Just tell me that," Sidney Feeder had said, taking everything for granted, in a manner which was in itself a proof of great innocence. It is true he had added that he supposed he had no business to ask; but he had been anxious about it ever since hearing from Mr. and Mrs. Freer that the British aristocracy was down on the medical profession. "Do they want you to give it up? Is that what the hitch is about? Don't desert your colors, Jackson. The repression of pain, the mitigation of misery, constitute surely the noblest profession in the world."

"My dear fellow, you don't know what you are talking about," Jackson observed, for answer to this. "I haven't told any one I was going to be married; still less have I told any one that any one objected to my profession. I should like to see them do it. I have got out of the swim to-day, but I don't regard myself as the sort of person that people object to. And I do expect to do something yet."

"Come home, then, and do it. And excuse me if I say that the facilities for getting married are much greater over there."

"You don't seem to have found them very great."

"I have never had time. Wait till my next vacation, and you will see."

"The facilities over there are too great. Nothing is good but what is difficult," said Jackson Lemon, in a tone of artificial sententiousness that quite tormented his interlocutor.

"Well, they have got their backs up; I can see that. I'm glad you like it. Only, if they despise your profession, what will they say to that of your friends? If they think you are queer, what would they think of me?" asked Sidney Feeder, the turn of whose mind was not, as a general thing, in the least sarcastic, but who was pushed to this sharpness by a conviction that (in spite of declarations which seemed half an admission and half a denial) his friend was suffering himself to be bothered for the sake of a good which might be obtained elsewhere without bother. It had come over him that the bother was of an unworthy kind.

"My dear fellow, all that is idiotic." That had been Jackson Lemon's reply; but it expressed but a portion of his thoughts. The rest was inexpressible, or almost; being connected with a sentiment of rage at its having struck even so genial a mind as Sidney Feeder's, that in proposing to marry a daughter of the highest civilization he was going out of his way—departing from his natural

line. Was he then so ignoble, so pledged to inferior things, that when he saw a girl who (putting aside the fact that she had not genius, which was rare, and which, though he prized rarity, he didn't want) seemed to him the most complete feminine nature he had known, he was to think himself too different, too incongruous, to mate with her? He would mate with whom he chose; that was the upshot of Jackson Lemon's reflections. Several days elapsed, during which everybody—even the pure-minded, like Sidney Feeder—seemed to him very abject.

I relate all this to show why it was that in going to see Mrs. Freer he was prepared much less to be angry with people who, like the Dexter Freers, a month before, had given it out that he was engaged to a peer's daughter, than to resent the insinuation that there were obstacles to such a prospect. He sat with Mrs. Freer alone for half an hour, in the sabbatical stillness of Jermyn street. Her husband had gone for a walk in the Park; he always walked in the Park on Sunday. All the world might have been there, and Jackson and Mrs. Freer in sole possession of the district of St. James's. This perhaps had something to do with making him at last rather confidential; the influences were conciliatory, persuasive. Mrs. Freer was extremely sympathetic; she treated him like a person she had known from the age of ten; asked his leave to continue recumbent; talked a great deal about his mother; and seemed almost, for a while, to perform the kindly functions of that lady. It had been wise of her from the first not to allude, even indirectly, to his having neglected so long to call; her silence on this point was in the best taste. Jackson Lemon had forgotten that it was a habit with her, and indeed a high accomplishment, never to reproach people with these omissions. You might have left her alone for two years, her greeting was always the same; she was never either too delighted to see you, or not delighted enough. After a while, however, he perceived that her silence had been to a certain extent a reference; she appeared to take for granted that he devoted all his hours to a certain young lady. It came over him, for a moment, that his country people took a great deal for granted; but when Mrs. Freer, rather abruptly, sitting up on her sofa, said to him, half simply, half solemnly, "And now, my dear Jackson, I want you to tell me something!" he perceived that, after all, she didn't pretend to know more about the impending matter than he himself did. In the course of a quarter of an hour—so appreciatively she listened—he had told her a good deal about it. It was the first time he

had said so much to any one, and the process relieved him even more than he would have supposed. It made certain things clear to him, by bringing them to a point—above all, the fact that he had been wronged. He made no allusion whatever to its being out of the usual way that, as an American doctor, he should sue for the hand of a marquis's daughter; and this reserve was not voluntary, it was quite unconscious. His mind was too full of the offensive conduct of the Cantervilles, and the sordid side of their want of confidence. He could not imagine that while he talked to Mrs. Freer—and it amazed him afterward that he should have chattered so; he could account for it only by the state of his nerves—she should be thinking only of the strangeness of the situation he sketched for her. She thought Americans as good as other people, but she didn't see where, in American life, the daughter of a marquis would, as she phrased it, work in. To take a simple instance,—they coursed through Mrs. Freer's mind with extraordinary speed,—would she not always expect to go in to dinner first? As a novelty, over there, they might like to see her do it at first; there might be even a pressure for places for the spectacle. But with the increase of every kind of sophistication that was taking place in America, the humorous view to which she would owe her safety might not continue to be taken; and then where would Lady Barberina be? This was but a small instance; but Mrs. Freer's vivid imagination—much as she had lived in Europe, she knew her native land so well—saw a host of others massing themselves behind it. The consequence of all of which was that, after listening to him in the most engaging silence, she raised her clasped hands, pressed them against her breast, lowered her voice to a tone of entreaty, and with her perpetual little smile uttered three words: "My dear Jackson, don't—don't—don't."

"Don't what?" he asked, staring.

"Don't neglect the chance you have of getting out of it; it would never do."

He knew what she meant by his chance of getting out of it; in his many meditations he had, of course, not overlooked that. The ground the old couple had taken about settlements (and the fact that Lady Beauchemin had not come back to him to tell him, as she promised, that she had moved them, proved how firmly they were rooted) would have offered an all-sufficient pretext to a man who should have repented of his advances. Jackson Lemon knew that; but he knew at the same time that he had not repented. The old couple's want of imagination did not in

the least alter the fact that Barberina was, as he had told her father, a beautiful type. Therefore, he simply said to Mrs. Freer that he didn't in the least wish to get out of it; he was as much in it as ever, and he intended to remain there. But what did she mean, he inquired in a moment, by her statement that it would never do? Why wouldn't it do? Mrs. Freer replied by another inquiry: Should he really like her to tell him? It wouldn't do, because Lady Barb would not be satisfied with her place at dinner. She would not be content—in a society of commoners—with any but the best; and the best she could not expect (and it was to be supposed that he did not expect her) always to have.

"What do you mean by commoners?" Jackson Lemon demanded, looking very serious.

"I mean you, and me, and my poor husband, and Dr. Feeder," said Mrs. Freer.

"I don't see how there can be commoners where there are not lords. It is the lord that makes the commoner, and *vice versa*."

"Wont a lady do as well? Lady Barberina—a single English girl—can make a million inferiors."

"She will be, before anything else, my wife; and she will not talk about inferiors any more than I do. I never do; it's very vulgar."

"I don't know what she'll talk about, my dear Jackson, but she will think; and her thoughts wont be pleasant,—I mean for others. Do you expect to sink her to your own rank?"

Jackson Lemon's bright little eyes were fixed more brightly than ever upon his hostess. "I don't understand you; and I don't think you understand yourself." This was not absolutely candid, for he did understand Mrs. Freer to a certain extent; it has been related that before he asked Lady Barb's hand of her parents there had been moments when he himself was not very sure that the flower of the British aristocracy would flourish in American soil. But an intimation from another person that it was beyond his power to pass off his wife—whether she were the daughter of a peer or of a shoe-maker—set all his blood on fire. It quenched on the instant his own perception of difficulties of detail, and made him feel only that he was dishonored—he, the heir of all the ages—by such insinuations. It was his belief—though he had never before had occasion to put it forward—that his position, one of the best in the world, was one of those positions that make everything possible. He had had the best education the age could offer; for, if he had rather wasted his time at Harvard,

where he entered very young, he had, as he believed, been tremendously serious at Heidelberg and at Vienna. He had devoted himself to one of the noblest of professions, a profession recognized as such everywhere but in England; and he had inherited a fortune far beyond the expectation of his earlier years, the years when he cultivated habits of work, which alone—or, rather, in combination with talents that he neither exaggerated nor minimized—would have conducted to distinction. He was one of the most fortunate inhabitants of an immense, fresh, rich country, a country whose future was admitted to be incalculable, and he moved with perfect ease in a society in which he was not overshadowed by others. It seemed to him, therefore, beneath his dignity to wonder whether he could afford, socially speaking, to marry according to his taste. Jackson Lemon pretended to be strong; and what was the use of being strong if you were not prepared to undertake things that timid people might find difficult? It was his plan to marry the woman he liked, and not to be afraid of her afterward. The effect of Mrs. Freer's doubt of his success was to represent to him that his own character would not cover his wife's; she couldn't have made him feel otherwise if she had told him that he was marrying beneath him, and would have to ask for indulgence. "I don't believe you know how much I think that any woman who marries me will be doing very well," he added directly.

"I am very sure of that; but it isn't so simple—one's being an American," Mrs. Freer rejoined, with a little philosophic sigh.

"It's whatever one chooses to make it."

"Well, you'll make it what no one has done yet, if you take that young lady to America and make her happy there."

"Do you think it's such a very dreadful place?"

"No, indeed; but she will."

Jackson Lemon got up from his chair, and took up his hat and stick. He had actually turned a little pale with the force of his emotion; it had made him really quiver that his marriage to Lady Barberina should be looked at as too high a flight. He stood a moment leaning against the mantel-piece, and very much tempted to say to Mrs. Freer that she was a vulgar-minded old woman. But he said something that was really more to the point: "You forget that she will have her consolations."

"Don't go away, or I shall think I have offended you. You can't console a wounded marchioness."

"How will she be wounded? People will be charming to her."

"They will be charming to her—charming

to her!" These words fell from the lips of Dexter Freer, who had opened the door of the room and stood with the knob in his hand, putting himself into relation to his wife's talk with their visitor. This was accomplished in an instant. "Of course I know whom you mean," he said, while he exchanged greetings with Jackson Lemon. "My wife and I—of course you know we are great busybodies—have talked of your affair, and we differ about it completely; she sees only the dangers, and I see the advantages."

"By the advantages he means the fun for us," Mrs. Freer remarked, settling her sofa-cushions.

Jackson looked with a certain sharp blankness from one of these disinterested judges to the other; and even yet they did not perceive how their misdirected familiarities wrought upon him. It was hardly more agreeable to him to know that the husband wished to see Lady Barb in America, than to know that the wife had a dread of such a vision; for there was that in Dexter Freer's face which seemed to say that the thing would take place somehow for the benefit of the spectators. "I think you both see too much,—a great deal too much," he answered, rather coldly.

"My dear young man, at my age I can take certain liberties," said Dexter Freer. "Do it—I beseech you to do it; it has never been done before." And then, as if Jackson's glance had challenged this last assertion, he went on: "Never, I assure you, this particular thing. Young female members of the British aristocracy have married coachmen and fish-mongers, and all that sort of thing; but they have never married you and me."

"They certainly haven't married you," said Mrs. Freer.

"I am much obliged to you for your advice." It may be thought that Jackson Lemon took himself rather seriously; and, indeed, I am afraid that if he had not done so there would have been no occasion for my writing this little history. But it made him almost sick to hear his engagement spoken of as a curious and ambiguous phenomenon. He might have his own ideas about it—one always had about one's engagement; but the ideas that appeared to have peopled the imagination of his friends ended by kindling a little hot spot on each of his cheeks. I would rather not talk any more about my little plans," he added to Dexter Freer. "I have been saying all sorts of absurd things to Mrs. Freer."

"They have been most interesting," that lady declared. "You have been very stupidly treated."

"May she tell me, when you go?" her husband asked of the young man.

"I am going now; she may tell you whatever she likes."

"I am afraid we have displeased you," said Mrs. Freer; "I have said too much what I think. You must excuse me; it's all for your mother."

"It's she that I want Lady Barberina to see!" Jackson Lemon exclaimed, with the in-consequence of filial affection.

"Deary me!" murmured Mrs. Freer.

"We shall go back to America to see how you get on," her husband said; "and if you succeed, it will be a great precedent."

"Oh, I shall succeed!" And with this he took his departure. He walked away with the quick step of a man laboring under a certain excitement; walked up to Piccadilly and down past Hyde Park Corner. It relieved him to traverse these distances, for he was thinking hard under the influence of irritation, and locomotion helped him to think. Certain suggestions that had been made him in the last half-hour rankled in his mind, all

the more that they seemed to have a kind of representative value, to be an echo of the common voice. If his prospects wore that face to Mrs. Freer, they would probably wear it to others; and he felt a sudden need of showing such others that they took a pitiful measure of his position. Jackson Lemon walked and walked till he found himself on the highway of Hammersmith. I have represented him as a young man of much strength of purpose, and I may appear to undermine this plea when I relate that he wrote that evening to his solicitor that Mr. Hilary was to be informed that he would agree to any proposals for settlements that Mr. Hilary should make. Jackson's strength of purpose was shown in his deciding to marry Lady Barberina on any terms. It seemed to him, under the influence of his desire to prove that he was not afraid,—so odious was the imputation,—that terms of any kind were very superficial things. What was fundamental, and of the essence of the matter, would be to marry Lady Barb and carry everything out.

(To be continued.)

COMMERCE IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I. FISHERIES.

IN the first years of the sixteenth century, while yet Englishmen were for the most part home-stayers, and England was an island nation without colonies, and having little foreign trade and no naval force worth considering, a few adventurous seamen from the west country began in a small way the English fisheries at Newfoundland. The development of this enterprise was a turning-point in the history of the English race. By these distant fisheries a great number of seamen were trained, and larger ships than the small craft then in use were gradually produced. This increase of her maritime resources enabled England to hold her own against the ambitious encroachments of Spain, to plant and sustain colonies in America, and at length to become the leading commercial and naval power of the world, with extended possessions in remote quarters of the globe. "For the increase of fishermen and marines," kings and parliaments resorted to the curious expedient of forbidding English subjects to eat

anything but fish on one hundred and fifty-three days in the year.

At the very beginning of New England settlement, Captain John Smith saw that the breath was out of the old motives of gold mines, pearl fisheries, and passages to China. "The main staple from hence to produce the rest is fish," he says bluntly; but lest this motive should prove too prosaic, he adds that "never could Spaniard, with all his mines of gold and silver, pay his debts, his friends, and his army, half so truly as the Hollanders still have done by this contemptible trade of fish." Cod-fishing was, indeed, the means by which the English approached the New England coast. The fishermen on that coast were after a while exempted from paying "Christ's dole," an old duty exacted by the parsons from those who followed the apostles' earlier trade.

The rapid growth of the cod and mackerel fisheries gave New England a staple for foreign trade; and while the young men of the other provinces were engaged in opening new land, large numbers of the New Eng-

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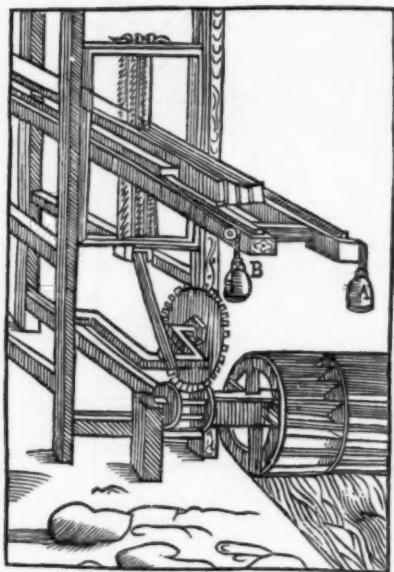
FROM KEITH'S "VIRGINIA," 1738.

landers became inured to the sea. Having skillful seamen and the staple for trade, there swiftly grew up a wide-extended commerce; and New England seamen, bred in the same school of the fisheries that had developed the English and French and Dutch marines, became fetchers and carriers for the other plantations, and were to be found in Newfoundland, among the islands of the West Indies, unloading cod-fish in remote Mediterranean ports, or buying negroes on the coast of Africa. This foreign trade had centers at Salem and at Newport, but above all at Boston, which became the metropolis of British America. Some of the early ministers in New England directed the attention of their parishioners to the sea as the only source from which they might look for prosperity. The energetic Hugh Peter thus pushed Salem into a sharp temporary rivalry with Boston; and at a later period the liberal-minded Barnard set the rude fisher-people of Marblehead on sending their own fish to market, and he lived to rejoice in seeing thirty or forty "ships, brigs, snows, and topsail schooners" engaged in their commerce.

Whales abounded along the whole coast,

and sometimes even ascended the larger rivers. American whale-catching had its origin on the beaches of eastern Long Island. Before the whites came the Indians had gorged upon the blubber of whales accidentally stranded. Incredible stories were told by more than one early traveler of the daring of the savages who paddled out to sea and plugged up the blow-holes of the patient monsters, and thus towed them ashore; but the Indians probably killed few if any whales, except those entrapped among the shoals at the going out of the tide. By 1644 the Long Islanders had begun to learn the lesson; they divided themselves into "squadrons" of eleven men, each squadron taking its turn in cutting up and dividing whales found ashore. By 1770 the islanders had become more enterprising; they cruised in light boats, attacking the whales with harpoons, but they always encamped on shore at night. Thus step by step they acquired "a notable kind of dexterity," and shore-whaling was developed into a business profitable for many years. The Indians, accustomed to paddle and spear fish among the breakers from childhood, were found most serviceable in the new industry, and were

at first rewarded with "one truck coat a piece" for every whale taken. The rendering of the whale oil in the houses made the coast a land of stench, until the practice was forbidden by law. The amount of oil produced in good years reached four thousand barrels.



SAW-MILL.—FAC-SIMILE FROM "VIRGINIA TRULY VALUED,"
BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, 1650.

The New Englanders were set upon whaling by the reports from Long Island; by 1676 Connecticut and Rhode Island had learned the art, and in 1690 one Ichabod Paddock—it is well to remember his name—went off from Cape Cod to teach the dwellers on Nantucket a more effectual method of taking whales than that which they had used. Shut in to seafaring for a livelihood, the islanders upon these sandy reaches outstripped their teachers in the craft, keeping perpetual lookout for whales from high masts set up ashore. There came up after a while a new generation of Nantucket men, schooled from boyhood to chase the whale in the whale-boat,—the lightest craft that was known except the birch canoe. These began in 1718, as the whales forsook the shore, to venture out in sloops and small schooners to seek their game between Cape Cod and the Bermudas, lying to at night and sailing "to and again" in the day-time. To early American whalers was due the discovery of the true nature of ambergris. The blubber was still brought ashore to be rendered in try-houses, but in a

few years the spirit of adventure increased, larger vessels were built and fitted for longer voyages, and whale-ships were transformed into sooty oil furnaces by carrying their try-works to sea with them. The New England ships sailed more cheaply than others, and there was hope in England that they would drive the Dutch whalers from the seas; but the perils of the later French wars caused whaling and cod-fishing to fall into some neglect. Nevertheless, at the beginning of the revolution that fourteen miles long strip of sand in the sea, which is called Nantucket, had alone a hundred and fifty whale-ships afloat, and American whalers were found in remotest seas, on the coasts of Ireland and of Africa, and among the Western and the Falkland islands. The practice of making up the crews in part of Indians, which had begun on Long Island, prevailed in Nantucket and Massachusetts, until the aborigines died out from too much civilization. Afterward negroes formed three-sevenths of every crew, they being more tractable and better suited to some kinds of work than white men.

The cod and mackerel fisheries made the inhabitants of the northern coast a sea-going and commercial people; the whaleries brought in larger ships, and the habit of making more far-reaching voyages. New Englanders became the best of seamen. But neither fishing, whaling, nor trading in remote lands tended to produce regularity of life or refinement of manners. Painful voyages were often compounded for by self-indulgence, and long absence from social and conventional restraints resulted in much rude wickedness. Yet the fisherman and seaman of the New England coast, with home and church behind him, and sometimes with a Puritan deacon or a Quaker for captain, was wont to be the least disorderly of his class; the whaleman whittled ingenious trinkets for wife or sweetheart during long voyages, and came back to pass his old age among the never-forgotten scenes and friends of his childhood.

II.

FOREST PRODUCTS.

NEXT to the abundance of fish in the sea, the first settlers were impressed with the almost exhaustless resources of a forest which seemed to have no limit. The wealth in the Virginia woods was, for the most part, neglected; the great aboriginal trees were cut and burned with lavish recklessness to clear fresh ground for the all-consuming tobacco. Ships were now and then built in the wide and convenient rivers for Bristol merchants;



SUPPOSED INDIAN METHOD OF CATCHING WHALES. (FAC-SIMILE FROM DE BRUY.)

a little tar was made here and there; some boards and joists were exported to England; every ship sailing from Virginia filled the space between the tobacco hogsheads with staves, which were used in England to make herring-barrels and rum-puncheons; and some staves and shingles were sent to Madeira. But the timber trade of Virginia was always insignificant. In South Carolina the exportation of oak staves, rosin, masts, and boards fell away when the more profitable rice had been introduced; and forests were swept off by axe and fire, as mere obstructions. In the less fertile pine country of the North Carolina coast, on the other hand, tar, pitch, and turpentine held their own as chief products throughout the colonial period; "in which dirty business," says Major Rogers, with blunt contempt, "their droves of negroes are employed round the year."

In all of the colonies there was a trade more or less considerable in timber, which was the quickest and easiest return to be had by a ship bringing emigrants and supplies. But human hands are few in a new country, and the process of getting out boards and joists, by one man in a pit and another above to pull and push the saw, was tedious, and its expensiveness often counterbalanced the cheapness of the raw material. Two men

could saw but about a hundred feet in a day after the timber had been squared for them, and a single plank sometimes sold for more than a day's wages. Rude planks were sometimes made by splitting them out, and the first houses were often inclosed with these set upright like palisades against a frame, or with large shingles called "clapboards," rived with a froe. The abundance of timber and the scarcity of labor early suggested the profit there would be in erecting saw-mills. One was sent to Virginia in 1620, long before England had such machines; but the mill and the men who ran it probably perished together in Opechancanough's massacre of 1622. Another was built in Virginia in 1652, at a cost of forty-eight beaver skins. The Dutch built many mills along the Hudson to run by wind or water, and at an early day "great quantities of boards" were exported. By 1701 there were forty saw-mills in New York, one of them running twelve saws. Planks were often sawed eighteen feet long and three feet wide without showing a knot.

The New Hampshire settlements were at first almost entirely composed of timber-cutters, and here there was a saw-mill as early as 1635. About this time Massachusetts also set up one of these devices, which were new to Englishmen, but twelve hundred years old

in Germany. Lumbermen also thronged the harbors of Maine, and at a later period New England abounded in cheap saw-mills built upon small brooks.

An important branch of the trade on the northern coast was the supplying of the royal navy with yards and bowsprits. White pine trees over two feet in diameter were reserved for the navy, to be used for masts, which were at that time made of one piece. Nothing more exciting was ever seen in the lumber woods than the dragging to the water-side of one of these great pines, which might reach to a hundred and twenty feet in length. It was drawn over the snow by seventy or eighty yoke of oxen; and since it was difficult to start so many beasts at once, the immense train was never allowed to stop, however long and hard the road. If an ox became exhausted, he was cut out of the yoke, without a moment's pause. Ships of peculiar construction, and of about four hundred tons burthen, were employed to carry these masts, and were able to take about fifty at a time, with yards and bowsprits.

III.

THE BUILDING OF SHIPS.

IRRITATED by the necessity which obliged them to have ships of burthen built on the Baltic, and to buy naval stores of the Swedes through the arrogant Hanse merchants, English statesmen early turned their eyes to America for relief, for here the timber was growing at the water's edge. Popham's short-lived colony built a little yacht during their bitter winter in the Maine woods, and the Dutch explorer, Adrian Block, launched the *Orrust* from Manhattan Island, but these had no proper successors. The shallops and the pinnace built during the first decade of Plymouth to help the little plantation in its corn-getting and fur-buying voyages kept alive the notion of the suitableness of New England for ship-building. But 1631 is the real initial point. In that year, simultaneously with the building of a great ship by the Dutch at Manhattan, there was launched at Medford the first of a long line of vessels built in the Massachusetts colony. *The Blessing of the Bay* she was called by Governor Winthrop, her owner. *The Blessing* was probably constructed under the supervision of Wil Stephens, who had previously built in England the *Royal Merchant*, of six hundred tons; it was thought the whole kingdom had hardly such another ship-carpenter. When emigration ceased in 1640, a pretty little financial crash ensued; farming became unprofitable, and a great

stimulus was given to ship-building. Salem constructed one vessel of three hundred tons, a leviathan among the ships of that day, while Boston more modestly undertook one of half the size. There was little or no money to pay for such material as must come from abroad, and the carpenters were obliged to take their wages in corn and beef and such-like truck of the country. When, by dint of much pinching and screwing, the Boston ship was at length ready to sail, she was sent forth with solemn religious exercises, and a sermon preached to her crew on a Wednesday by the great John Cotton.

One little ship after another was now launched and sent away, laden with building timber for England, or with cod-fish and staves for the West Indies, the wine islands, Portugal, or, perchance, the lands beyond the straits of Gibraltar; sometimes one cargo was exchanged for another, until a large circuit was completed. Returning at length to the lonesome coast whence she had set forth, the New England built bark would bring back to the village of Boston fruits, oil, wool, iron, or sugar, and sometimes a little gold and silver; money, however, was soon sent away to England in payment for goods. The ships themselves began presently to fetch good prices in remote ports. The captain, in such cases, returning by way of England, brought home in some other vessel the value of his ship and her lading in English woollens and other goods. Thus the business of building ships for sale abroad came to be one of the chief means of paying for the steady inflow of European commodities.

From a poor new-country village, with a little farmers' and emigrants' trade, Boston became, a few years after ship-building began in earnest, a thriving little city with a growing foreign commerce. In 1665 she had a hundred and thirty sail upon the sea, besides small boats; and before the beginning of the Revolution Massachusetts is said to have had about one ship to every hundred inhabitants, while about fifty New England built vessels were annually sold abroad.

For the sake of procuring "cotten wooll," Governor Hopkins of Connecticut undertook in 1640 to build and set forth a ship to those ports where such a commodity was to be had, "if it be pheasable," and this was the beginning of ships in Connecticut. The well-timbered river-banks of New Hampshire and Maine were suited to ship-building, but the industry was at first held in check by Indian outbreaks. In later colonial times the ship-yards of New Hampshire sent forth many vessels, and Maine was particularly prolific in the new kind called schooners,

which were originated at Cape Anne in 1714, and which were especially fitted for use in the fisheries.

The Dutch, on what is now the island of New York, jumped at once to the largest possible achievement. In the year that Winthrop sent out his pioneer bark of thirty or forty tons, there was launched at Manhattan a vessel twenty times as large. For two hundred years the ship-builders of New York did not build a trading vessel so great as the one that began the line. But throughout her colonial days New York seemed to take her cue from the ambitious beginning of her Dutch pioneers; her ships were fewer but larger than those sent from the Philadelphia and New England yards. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the rear of what is now Trinity Churchyard resounded with the hammers of Rip Van Dam's shipcarpenters, while English builders launched their vessels into the East River in all the region about Peck Slip.

Philadelphia had great advantages in her iron-works and her proximity to the ship-building material of the southern colonies; almost from the start the Quaker town was a place of ship-yards, and by the close of the colonial period the city had become the chief sea-port of British America. The Philadelphians sometimes had twenty ships on the stocks at once. They prided themselves on the finish, swiftness, and ornamentation of their vessels; in the revolutionary period their best wood-carvers produced figure-heads of Indians and backwoodsmen in hunting-shirts that were the admiration of foreign artists as well as of seafarers. But alongside these elegantly modeled craft there sailed out of the Delaware in colonial times great ungainly raft-ships, meant to carry timber and to be broken up on their arrival at their destinations; one of these unwieldy structures was of five thousand tons burthen.

As early as 1662 John Winthrop of Connecticut had called attention in England to the excellent ship-timber of Virginia, and Bristol men built many vessels at easy rates in the Virginia waters in the seventeenth century. Maryland and South Carolina offered advantages in exemption from dues to "country bottoms." Virginia gave thirteen hundred pounds of tobacco to every builder of a ship of more than twenty-six tons, and the reward was frequently claimed. But in the colonies south of Pennsylvania circumstances produced a state of society in which the mechanic arts were unprosperous, and the navigation acts fell with particular severity on their commerce. Of all the tonnage engaged in transporting the staple of

the Chesapeake region to England, only about one-eighth was owned by natives of the tobacco colonies, and a like share by merchants occasionally resident in the two provinces. About 1740 a new interest in ship-building sprang up in the Carolinas, and ten years later the discovery that live-oak was particularly valuable for the purpose yet further quickened the business, so that in 1769 the Carolina provinces were sending out about twelve vessels apiece, of a very considerable size for the time.

The growth of shipping in America was a cause of political jealousy a century before the American Revolution; and fifty years before the separation it was matter for complaint from the hard-pressed ship-builders of the Thames, who were losing their trade and their workmen at the same time by the American rivalry. At the outbreak of the war of separation, two-thirds of the shipping in the general trade of the English nation was colony-built.

IV.

THE INDIAN TRADE.

If communication could be opened with another planet whose products and articles of use and luxury were diverse from ours, a process of interchange would doubtless set in comparable to that resulting from the contact of liquids of different density. The discovery of America was like the happening on a path to a new planet; white men and Indians were alike rejoiced at the opportunity to acquire novelties from another world.

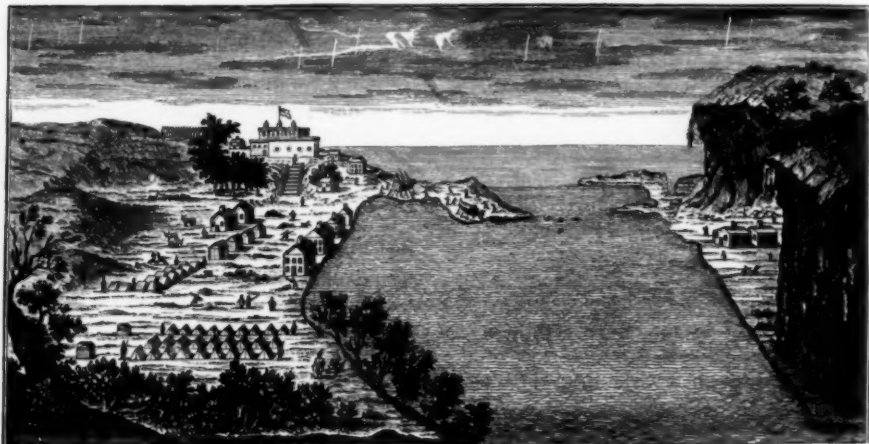
When the pilgrims went to Massachusetts Bay to trade, the Indian women stripped off their glossy fur jackets in order to buy ornaments of beads and little metal bells; and the Dutch likewise bought the Indians naked with trinkets. The first comers to Maryland were careful to bring "knives, combs, and bracelets to trade with the women natives," and coarser utensils for the men. In many cases barter saved the colonists from starvation. Roger Clap, of Massachusetts, in time of want, bartered a puppy to an Indian for a peck of corn,—a typical exchange, by which each secured a dinner to his taste.

The earliest traders ventured ashore but little; they used their vessels as fortresses and trading-houses. A steep cliff on the Sheepscott River took the name of Daggett's Castle from Daggett, a trader who painted a hand upon it as high up as he could reach from the mast of his vessel, and was wont to cast anchor at its foot, so that he could only be approached by canoes upon one side.

The second stage of the Indian trade was

marked by the planting of temporary lodgements or fortified houses on the shore. The earliest traders knew but a few words of the Indian tongue, and eked out their scanty vocabulary by a set of conventional signs with thumb and fingers, borrowed, perhaps, from the ready pantomime of the savages. When settlements were planted, the great profit of the fur trade raised a lively competition; "runners" or "bush-lopers" went to

trade, and lodges were built on each side of the city for the Indians to rest in. In the middle of the eighteenth century nine thousand beaver, otter, moose, and bear skins were sent out of the St. John's and the Penobscot. From Virginia "a good quantity of beaver" was coming to Bristol in 1666, but the very large Indian trade of the colonies to the south of the Potomac produced chiefly deer and buffalo skins. In 1740 it required six hun-



A South View of OSWEGO, on Lake Ontario, in North America.

(FROM "LONDON MAGAZINE," 1760.)

the woods to intercept the savages laden with beaver-skins, and farm-houses became trading-posts. "Every boor was a merchant" when De Vries visited New Netherland. Laws were made in vain forbidding servants, sailors, and other under-class people from dickering with the Indians. In more than one colony the rates of barter were fixed, now in town meeting and now by other authority; and public markets for the Indian trade were proposed in Virginia, and ordained by Penn; but all in vain: the sharp competition of so lucrative a trade broke down all barriers.

The first shipment of furs from Manhattan, after the organization of the Dutch West India Company, brought into its coffers more than ten thousand dollars; and in eight years the annual return had mounted to fifty-six thousand of our money. When Minuit transferred his services from the Dutch to the Swedes, he drew thirty thousand beaver-skins from the Delaware the first year, and the annual returns from this river were rather more than that after the fall of New Sweden. Fully one-half of the people of Albany lived by the

dred men, two thousand pack-horses, and five large boats to carry on the deer-skin trade of Augusta, in Georgia.

The third stage of the Indian trade was reached when the traders began to penetrate to the interior. In 1721 the New Yorkers, passing by boat up the Mohawk and through Onondaga lake and its outlet, established Oswego as a remote port to intercept the Indians of "the far nations" on their way to Montreal. Though but a cluster of "huts," Oswego was a Babel of savage dialects in summer, and became, in the words of an Indian chief, "as good as a silver mine to the English." In Pennsylvania trading pioneers, called "handelaare," bought furs at the foot of the mountains and sold them to peddlers with wagons. A bolder race crossed the Alleghanies to the Miamis and Wyandots, carrying on pack-horses blankets, shirts, gunpowder, vermilion, leaden beads, wampum, hatchets, and scalping-knives. Lancaster drove a thriving business in the manufacture of pack-saddles. The southern traders pushed into the interior as far as to the tribes bordering the Mississippi. Sometimes, on the trips

from Virginia to the Cherokees and Catawbias, there were a hundred pack-horses in a train. The horses were made to swim the streams, while the packs were floated over in a portable boat made of buffalo-hide stretched on a keel and ribs cut from the surrounding forest. This "bull-boat" is but a modification of the Welsh and Irish coracle, a craft as ancient in Britain as the days of the Cæsars, and one that is yet used by American Indian traders.

The Indian, though cautious and tricky in trade, was ever a victim of the superior knavery of the white man. Some of the women merchants of New York and Albany were as ready as their husbands to give rum to a savage until he was drunk, and then cajole him out of his winter's catch of furs with trifles, leaving him at last to recover from his debauch, stripped and wretched. Traders at Oswego would sell to savages from remote regions kegs of rum, which would be found on opening, after laborious transportation, to contain nothing but water. These low arts provoked irritation and often led to war. Some of the Mohawks, seeing their tribe cheated out of its lands by tricks of this sort, abjured their nation and joined their ancient foes, the Wyandots. The Sewee Indians in Carolina thought to remedy abuses by trading at the fountain-head; they secretly fitted out great canoes and dispatched them for England, but the poor paddle-boats were never heard from. The Indian trade, as Governor Dongan frankly puts it, was a strife between English and French "for the sheep's fleece."

There was a kind of dirty romance in the hard life of the Indian trader. Young Dutchmen from Albany sometimes got their start in life by a long voyage to the villages of the Iroquois with a birch canoe, in which were stored a keg of rum, some blue or green Stroudwater blankets, called "strouds," some dark-blue duffel-cloth, or "duffels," for making breech-cloths, and a stock of knives, combs, and other trifles. The Adirondack boat guide still carries his camp-kit in what he calls a "duffel-basket," similar to that used two centuries ago by his lineal predecessor, the canoe-trader. Farther to the



ANCIENT WAMPUM, FROM THE INDIAN MOUNDS (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

south a hardy race, chiefly Scotchmen and Irishmen, pushed off into the villages of the powerful southern tribes. Here, by intermarriage and by assimilating their modes of life to those of the tribesmen, they gained a great ascendancy over the Indians. In the outbreaks against the whites the traders were often saved by the fidelity of their squaws. One lay in the woods in war-time, and was supplied with food by his savage wife. Another, when assailed by two powerful assassins, was helped by his squaw, who laid hold of one of the men crying, "Husband, fight well and run well, as becomes a good warrior." Thus encouraged, the man shook off his enemies and escaped. This wild and perilous life ended by ensnaring the traders; few of them were ever able to return to more regular living. They often found themselves, as age drew on, bound to the tribe by a great company of barbarian children and grandchildren.



WHITE AND PURPLE INDIAN WAMPUM. (FROM SPECIMEN IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.)



LORD BALTIMORE PENNY. (FROM THE ONLY EXISTING SPECIMEN.)*

V.

MONEY AND FARTER.

FOR long ages before the advent of white men the American savages had decked themselves with beads. Some of these were of such metals as were easily worked, others of small shells strung together, or of bits of wood polished and perhaps stained. The most perfect were a kind called by many names from various Indian dialects, but chiefly known to the English as wampum-peague, wampum-peak, or more simply as wampum, or peak, or peague; to the Dutch and Swedes as seawant, zewand, or zeband. These were made by the shell-fish eaters along the coast, who wrought polished and well-drilled beads of dark colors from the eye of the hard clam-shell or common oyster-shell, and white ones worth half as much from other parts of the same shell, and



CAROLINA ELEPHANT PIECE.

from the stem of the great conch. Before Europeans brought iron, the Indians painfully bored these with stone awls, and strung them upon the tendons of animals.

Wampum was widely distributed. The Canadian savages, with characteristic love for imaginative lying, told Jacques Cartier that it was their practice to gash the bodies of criminals, and sink them in the sea, in order that this "porcelaine," as the French called wampum, might be deposited in the wounds. At the South, one finds the Carolina Indians prosaically drilling their beads with nails procured from white men and fixed in the end of a reed of cane, which was twirled rapidly upon the thigh with one hand while the other held the bead to be bored. Between Canada and Carolina wampum appears to have been

known to all the coast tribes except those of the New England peninsula north of Narragansett Bay; these last first received it in trade from the Plymouth pilgrims. It was made in the greatest variety of forms by the Virginia Indians, who pleased their fancy by varying the strings of white and purple peak with large tubes and pipes two or three inches long, and thicker than the beads. They had also strings of "runtees"—oval or circular



THE NEW ENGLAND ELEPHANT PIECE.

disks nearly an inch in diameter and perforated edgewise; and they wrought, besides, great round tablets of shell four inches wide, ornamented with circles, stars, half-moons, or other figures. Besides all these, they had a bead, cheaper than white wampum, made of cockle-shells and called "roënoke."

With common dark and white wampum the Indians made coronets, necklaces, bracelets, showy belts, garters, and pendants for their ears. With it they plaited or tied up their hair, and decorated their finest garments. The Narragansetts sent to Charles II. two caps of "peague," and two war-clubs inlaid with it. King Philip had a costly coat of wampum, which in his extremities he cut up and distributed in subsidies to his wavering allies. Among the Powhatans, brides were purchased with wampum; marriage was performed by breaking an arm's-length of "peak" over the heads of the pair; the beads were also cast among the people at a funeral. In the north wampum was hung dangling before the eyes of the baby bound hand and foot to his portable crib. The Iroquois put strings of white wampum about the neck of the white dog which was burned as a sin-offering at



THE VIRGINIA PENNY.

* All of the coins here illustrated are after photographs from the originals in the complete collection of Mr. L. G. Parmelee of Boston.



ROSA AMERICANA .TWO-PENNY PIECE.

their religious festivals. No confession of sins, no solemn ceremony of any sort, was valid without it. Inter-tribal messages and treaties were always sanctioned with presents of belts of shell beads; these belts were preserved, and constituted the national archives. The dead were not suffered to travel undorned southward into the land of shades, but strings of wampum were put into the graves; the custom is of great antiquity. When the trade with the whites had given a new value to shell beads, needy savages opened the ancestral tombs, and wampum a little gnawed by years of subterranean dampness passed into the chest of the trader in exchange for duffel-cloth and rum.

Wampum had already acquired the character of money before the arrival of Europeans. Homicide was usually atoned for with shell money; fifty fathoms for the killing of a man, and twice as much for a woman, was the customary wergild among the Delawares. It was also used for tribute and for such trade as Indian life admitted of. The Dutch, along with dried clams, carried seawant to the interior for trade with the Iroquois. The shell heaps of the Long Island hamlets became "the mine of New Netherland"; and wampum, with its auxiliary currency of beaver-skins, became the only money besides silver and gold that would pass current in all the American colonies. Accounts were reckoned in fathoms of it; unstrung beads afforded small change; in several colonies Indian money was a legal tender, and the price of bread was sometimes regulated in this coin by law; very rich men hoarded it in their cellars by the hogshheadful; rogues—Indian and white—counterfeited or debased it; and people disposed of uncurrent beads by rattling them into the church plate on Sundays.

So long as it took a day's labor of an Indian to produce fifteen cents' worth of wampum, and so long as a definite number of fathoms of wampum measured by the stature of a man could be exchanged for a certain number of beaver-skins, and so long as beaver-skins were prized in European markets, and passed

current for money in every American colony, the value of the shell money could not depreciate. In the Indian country the wampum-beaver currency was preferred to gold and silver, and for more than thirty years it held an unbroken sway among the colonists. But when people of fashion in Europe no longer bought beaver with avidity, the wampum began to decline, and the financial system of the American coast suffered derangement. And when at length the lathes

of the Dutch at Hackensack and Albany produced a great deal of seawant better polished than that of the Indians, wampum gradually lost its rank as a standard, through inflation.

Owing to the scarcity of money in England, trade was often carried on by barter, and rents were often paid in kind. So in New England a fat wether, a fat hog, and a bushel of apples appear in early rentals. In 1644 each family was required to pay a peck of corn to help poor scholars at Harvard; and one reads of fines collected in malt, of taxes that might be paid in beef, pork, grain, cheese, hides, leather, tallow, beeswax, bayberry wax, dry fish, whalebones, and even in live cattle and boards. In 1687 Hingham paid its rate in milk-pails, and the constable



ROSA AMERICANA PENNY.

of Springfield in 1693 undertook to carry a hundred and thirty bushels of peas around by river and sea to Boston to pay a town rate. There was a lawsuit on the Delaware in 1679 about a debt payable in "pompkins," and all the principal kinds of produce were legal tender in Pennsylvania in 1683. In one, at least, of the Long Island grazing towns, the assessors fixed a rate at which cattle of various kinds should pass current.

Where there was one great staple of pretty uniform value, this mode of payment was simpler. In the English colony of Barbadoes, the merchants kept accounts and the public officers were paid in sugar;—a grant of "a million of sugar" was made to the Crown in a certain emergency. In South Carolina rice was used in paying taxes, accounts were sometimes kept in it, debts were often paid with

it, and "rice orders" for one hundred pounds each were issued by the provincial government and made a legal tender at thirty shillings apiece. In Virginia and Maryland, from a very early period until many years after the Revolution, the hogshead of tobacco was the unit of value. Foreigners smiled to hear a gentleman declare that his watch cost ten hogsheads of tobacco, or boast that he had only paid twelve hogheads for a certain horse which was worth twenty. For about a hun-



ROSA AMERICANA FARTHING.

dred and seventy-five years debts were discharged, public officers paid, the clergy supported, taxes levied, and wagers laid at the gaming-table in tobacco. This currency had the disadvantage of fluctuating in value with the abundance or scarcity of the staple in successive years. Parishes that grew mean tobacco were always vacant; and when the crop was too abundant, no one could be persuaded to accept the sheriff's office. In Maryland it was sufficient to notify a creditor that his tobacco was ready for him at any place in the county; this constituted a legal tender; but the debtor must store the amount for twelve months, if it were not sooner called for.

To avoid the inconveniences of a money so cumbersome, there grew up the certificate system. The first public store-house was founded in 1633, but the perfected system was the slow growth of a century, having been finally adopted in Virginia in 1730, when thirty-two



LORD BALTIMORE Groat.

rolling-houses were recognized, and in 1748 the example was followed by Maryland. For every hogshead deposited in one of these a numbered certificate was issued, which ultimately served to draw out this identical hogshead; but the certificate was itself a legal tender throughout the peninsula in which the rolling-house was situated. In case of fire or flood the provincial government paid for all tobacco destroyed in the warehouse. The



LORD BALTIMORE SIXPENCE.

keeper of the rolling-house was held to strict account as a financial officer, and forbidden to be a candidate for the Assembly or to meddle with elections. No more convenient money was ever devised on the basis of an agricultural product. Its great deficiency was a lack of small change—a fault which profoundly affected Virginia and Maryland life.

While the amount of gold and silver current in the colonies was small, there was the greatest variety of pieces. Commonest of all was the "lion dollar" of Holland, so called from the device upon it, but playfully nicknamed the "dog dollar." There were also crusadoes and moldores of Portugal, pillar ducatoons of Flanders, Mexican "pieces of



LORD BALTIMORE SHILLING.

eight," old rix dollars, silver louis, French crowns, gold pistoles, or louis d'or, of France, Spanish doubloons, "chequeens" Arabian gold pieces with inscriptions quite undecipherable to the American, and many other pieces brought in by ships to bother our simple-minded ancestors in that day of imperfect exchanges. Rogues sought to squeeze what they could of the precious metals from the few coins a-going by processes known as "washing, clipping, rounding, filing, and scaling," so that it was necessary for families to keep



VIRGINIA SHILLING.

money scales to find the real value of each piece. Queen Anne tried by proclamation to enforce in the several colonies a uniformity of value for foreign coins of full weight, based on calculations made by Sir Isaac Newton; but colonial assemblies believed that they could "keep money in the country" by putting a fictitious nominal value upon the coins.

In 1651 Massachusetts, presuming, perhaps, on the overthrow of royal power at home,



FIRST FORM OF NEW ENGLAND SHILLING.

set up a mint in a wooden building sixteen feet square and ten feet high, and proceeded not only to stamp upon light-weight foreign coins their value, but also to coin bullion which had been taken from the Spaniards by the buccaneers, and from them had passed by the West India trade into New England hands. These pieces at first bore only the letters N. E., for New England, on one side, and on the other Roman numerals to distinguish the three-penny, six-penny, and shilling pieces. Legends and inscription were added with a device of a tree, which on some of the pieces bears a weak resemblance to a pine, on others to a willow, and so on; but the pieces of "Boston Bay money" came to be known also as "pine-tree" shillings, sixpences, and three-pences. An agent of the colony, seeking to appease the wrath of Charles II. against



PINE-TREE SHILLING.

Massachusetts for infringing the royal prerogative of coinage, assured the King that the tree was the royal oak that had saved his Majesty's life; whereupon the easy-tempered Charles laughed and said that the colonists were "honest dogs." The pine-tree coins,

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MASSACHUSETTS "WILLOW-TREE" SHILLING.

though equal in fineness, were lighter in weight than sterling pieces of the same name; it was thought that this cheapening of the coins would keep them from exportation. A ridiculous charge was made by the enemies of Massachusetts, after the Restoration, that in melting down the king's money the New Englanders had gained threepence in the shilling and lowered his Majesty's coin a fourth. There were English emigrants who believed that since seventy-seven pounds of English money might be exchanged for a hundred in Boston Bay coins, they thereby gained enough on the money brought over with them to pay their ship expenses.

Virginia had anticipated Massachusetts in enacting a law, in 1645, for the establishment of a mint; but in a land destitute of artisans, and without other commerce than what was necessary to sell the produce of its own fields and purchase articles for domestic use, it was probably as impossible to find a mint-master to make coins as to procure bullion. Lord Baltimore met a similar difficulty by setting



MASSACHUSETTS OAK-TREE SIXPENCE.

up his Maryland mint in London about 1659. Every Maryland householder was compelled to "take up" ten shillings of this cheapened coin for every taxable poll in his family, and to pay for it with tobacco at twopence the pound. This coinage was probably soon driven out of circulation by the tobacco currency.

Capital married to virgin land is so productive that interest is usually exorbitant in a new state. To all the other expensive outputs of a new community, there was added in the colonies the purchase of laborers, white or black. In South Carolina planters could afford to pay more than twenty-five per cent.

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Rev. E. G. L.

REVERSE OF CONNECTICUT BILL, 1776. (IN THE COLLECTION OF HON. S. J. HODLEY.)

per annum for money to buy negroes for rice-culture. The Legislature probably only reduced the supply when it passed a usury law in 1721. Not only were residents of the colonies obliged to pay taxes in country produce for want of money, but in New Jersey, at least, so late as 1723, they broke up their plate and paid in their jewelry in order to meet the demands of the provincial government.

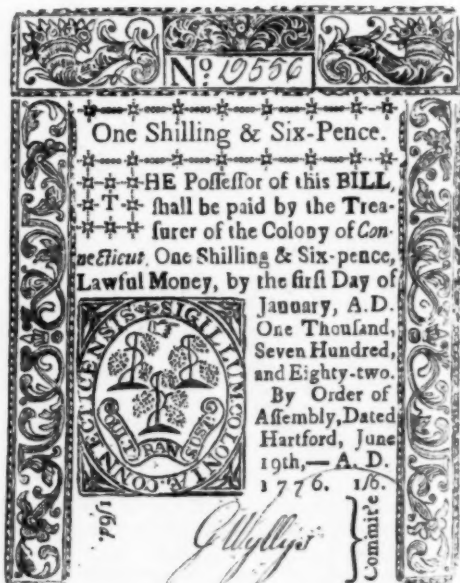
In 1690 Massachusetts had, with evident misgiving, led the way into a dangerous path in issuing paper money to pay the wages of the distressed and half-mutinious soldiers who had come back from Sir William Phipps's unsuccessful expedition against Quebec without the booty which had been counted on to meet the charges. The province allowed five per cent. premium on these bills in the payment of taxes, and this provision kept Massachusetts paper money of the earlier issues at par or above for twenty years—so long as the amount was small. But the exigencies of the French wars, and the clamors of the near-sighted populace desirous of the temporary relief which comes from an increase of currency and a consequent depreciation of debts, dragged Massachusetts farther on the downward road, and other colonies followed the example. In every province the earlier issues were a benefit to trade; in almost every case a ruinous

inflation followed. The years before and after 1720 were the bubble period of European finance; the Mississippi bubble of France and the South Sea bubble of London were attended by innumerable other financial schemes equally airy. The sanest financiers lost their heads in the contagious delirium. It is no wonder that the colonies caught the fever, and that innumerable "land banks" and other projects for evolving something out of nothing were started; it is not surprising that many of the colonies issued paper money until the currency lost all relation to its original sterling basis. In South Carolina, for forty years, seven shillings of paper bought but one of sterling; indeed, it is said that exchange once rose to a thousand per cent. Massachusetts, distressed by her exertions in the French wars, sunk her paper into depths of depreciation and confusion lower even than that of South Carolina, if lower depths are conceivable; and it is now all but impossible to thread the labyrinth of values produced by "old tenor," "middle tenor," and "new tenor" bills. The almanac-maker in 1749

tells how

"The country maids with sauce to market come,
And carry loads of tattered money home."

But in that year Massachusetts led the re-



CONNECTICUT BILL OF 1776. (IN THE COLLECTION OF HON. S. J. HODLEY.)

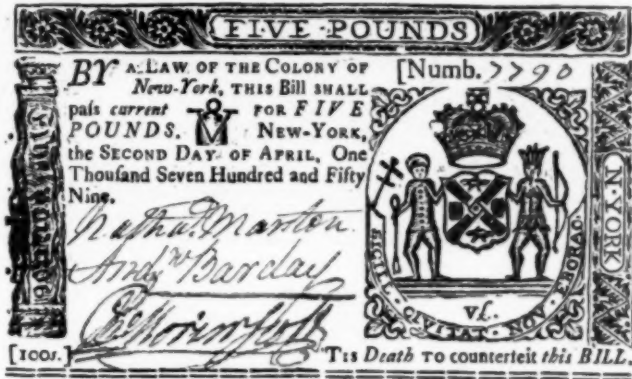
turn to a sound currency by redeeming her bills at one-tenth their face value.

While wampum was available for currency, the separate beads furnished small money. In 1635 the Massachusetts General Court, remembering perhaps the leaden tokens used in England in the preceding reign, made musket-bullets current for a farthing. In all the colonies the larger coins, such as the "dog dollar," were cut into halves and quarters, and the fractions were known as "sharp-shins." The Virginians were so impressed with the inconvenience they suffered from the absence of coin to pay small debts that they undertook to encourage artisans by ordaining that dollars of base metal should be good currency. They hastily repealed this measure in 1655; it having

been found that artisans did not press into a colony which tendered bad money for good work. But even in the tobacco currency of the Chesapeake colonies, some provision was made for money of a smaller denomination than the hogshead, by issuing rolling-house certificates for "transfer to-bacco," as small packages were called. Yet the general lack of small change in the tobacco country fixed in the people an habitual contempt for retail trade and small economies, that has never been quite outgrown.

Many attempts were made to supply small coin to the colonists. In 1694 somebody made copper pieces with an elephant on one side, and "God preserve New England" on the other; and similar pieces were struck for Carolina. In 1701 Massachusetts merchants stamped brass and tin tokens for change. In 1703 private speculators imported to New England five thousand dollars, worth of copper half-pence. The "Rosa Americana" coins were made between 1720 and 1730 by William Wood, whose attempt to make Irish half-pence in partnership with one of the King's mistresses turned out unfortunately, through the powerful opposition of Dean Swift. It was perhaps in hope of receiving some of these Rosa Americana pieces that the Virginia Assembly fixed a rate for copper coins in 1727. Wood's coins appear to have circulated chiefly in the southern colonies. But in 1737 the province of New

York was alarmed by the influx of these or some other copper pieces, and forbade any ship's bringing more than ten shillings in copper coins for each person on board. When the paper currency became common, it was often halved and quartered to make change, until some of the colonies issued little bills of various shapes for small sums.

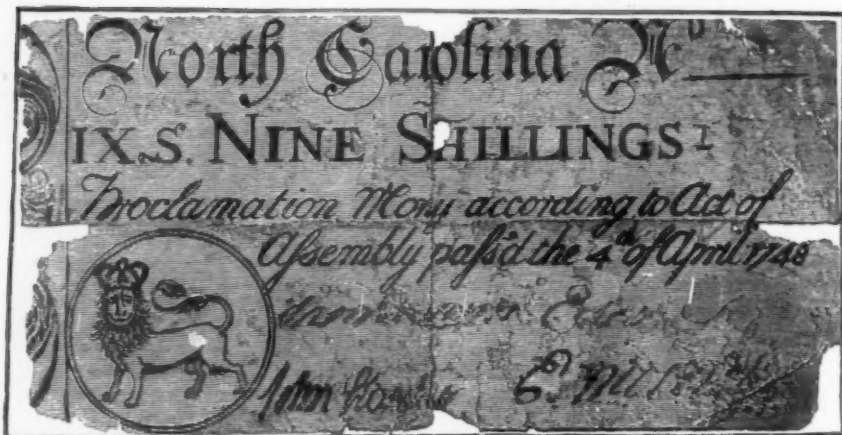


NEW YORK COLONIAL CURRENCY. (IN THE COLLECTION OF HON. S. J. ROADLEY.)

VI.

CANOE, PACK-HORSE, AND WAGON.

THE creative cause of a town is a facility for trade with a tributary country. Great cities in the modern sense were hardly possible before railways. The colonial ports lacked even the canals and wagon-roads of Europe. We are a nation of land-traffickers, but our ancestors in the colonies traded and traveled almost entirely by water. There were but twelve miles of land-carriage in all the province of New York; beyond Albany the Indian trade was carried on by "three-" or "four-handed batteaus," sharp at both ends, like the Adirondack boat of to-day. Yachts, with bottoms of black oak and sides of red cedar, brought wheat in bulk and peltries down the Hudson; other craft carried on the domestic trade of New York town with the shores of Long Island, Staten Island, and the little ports beyond the Kill von Kull. Fire-wood was floated to the beach; marketing came to New York, as to Philadelphia, by water-carriage; in Savannah it was retailed directly from the canoe to the people on shore. In South Carolina laws were made to break up the practice of "keeping shop or store" on shipboard. The first regular wagon-carriage from the Connecticut River to Boston did not begin until 1697; Massachusetts had then been settled seventy years.



NORTH CAROLINA PAPER MONEY. (IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.)

The flat-bottomed boat, which has since played so important a part in the trade of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and whose form was probably suggested by that of the "west country barges" of England, appears to have been used for floating produce down the Delaware before 1685. In the Chesapeake colonies, until late in the provincial period, there were almost no roads but the numerous bays and water-courses, and almost no vehicles but canoes, row-boats, pinnaces, and barks. Places of resort for worship or business were usually near the water-side; the counties in Virginia were rearranged so that they might, for the most part, front each on but a single one of the great rivers.

But of all means of travel or trade the Indian canoe was the chief. In the extreme northern colonies these were of birch-bark, of the utmost lightness and swiftness, sometimes of great size, and when used on salt water were now and then decked in and fitted with sails. The dug-out, hewed from the whole tree, prevailed more widely. Those of red cedar were lightest, and the most of them could carry about six men. Canoes from the great tulip-tree, capable of taking forty men, seem not to have been very uncommon; there are stories of dug-outs with twice that capacity. No boat of the same burthen could go so swiftly. Large cypress canoes, fitted with mast and sail, took cargoes of thirty or forty, or even fifty, barrels of tar from the North Carolina waters by the open sea to Norfolk. To increase the burthen and seaworthiness, the South Carolina Huguenots hit upon the plan of sawing one of these great canoes in twain lengthwise, and inserting a plank in the bottom between the two halves, to which was

attached a small keel. Eighty or a hundred barrels of pitch were the normal cargo of a canoe thus enlarged. An adventurous Carolinian was only prevented from setting sail for Barbadoes in one of them by the refusal of the customs officer to clear such a ship. In the shallow Carolina inlets, and in rivers, these light-draught vessels were propelled by setting-poles of prickly ash; and the earliest American projectors of steam-boats sought to drive them, after the manner of these canoes, by poles or paddles.

On the Virginia rivers above tide-water, two canoes of large size were lashed together in catamaran fashion, to carry eight or nine one-thousand-pound hogsheds of tobacco, which were rolled crosswise upon them—"an almost incredible weight for such slender embarkations," says one who had often seen these top-heavy cargoes guided by a single steersman down stream, or poled toilsomely against the current by one man in each canoe.



MASSACHUSETTS THREE-PENNY BILL. (IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.)

Besides the canoes, there was for shoal-water navigation the periaqua, oftener called the periauger or "pettyauger," a long, flat-bottomed boat, usually of from twenty to thirty tons, with fore-castle and cabin, but no deck, propelled by sails on two masts, which could be struck; in a calm the boatmen moved it with two oars, great sweeps, perhaps, such as are used on rafts and river flat-boats.

Roads in the colonies were hardly ever laid out, but were left where Indian trail or chance cart-track in the woods had marked them. Many of them were "blazed" by cutting a strip a foot long out of the bark of a tree, now on the right, now on the left, at every thirty or forty yards. In Maryland there was an elaborate system of distinguishing marks for roads going to Annapolis, for tracks leading to a church or to a court-house, and so on. Such roads as there were usually preferred to hug the coast. Until near the Revolution, travelers by land from New York to Philadelphia were wont to cross to Long Island, thence over the Narrows to Staten Island, from the other end of which they ferried over the Kill to New Jersey. Roads in parts of New England were left forty rods wide, that one might have additional chances of finding some passable way through the general badness. The hindrances of a bad road were often increased by swinging gates where the track ran through fields, and by clumsy ferries over numerous streams. In Virginia the mill-dams were required to be made ten feet wide on top for crossing; remote planters had to be compelled by law to keep open a track by which their houses might be reached on horseback. The colonists came legitimately by their bad roads. Common-carriers in England were forbidden, in 1629, to have more than two wheels to their wains, lest they should cut up the roads; and so late as 1685 the Royal Society inspected a newly invented chariot made to run on ten rollers with "a prodigious noise," but which had the virtue of not overturning in the roads of the time.

From England, along with bad roads, the colonists brought the pack-horse which, in Devon and Cornwall, at the close of the last century, still did the carrying, even of building-stones and cord-wood. Most of the inland traffic of the colonial period was done by packing; the innumerable and unscrupulous peddlers that beset our ancestors went up and down the whole back country with the pack-horse carrying long sacks that drooped on each side. The colonies with a sparse and rustic population were the peddler's paradise. Tinkers, glaziers, coopers, plumbers, and tailors went about selling their wares or their

skill. There were even "doctors" who peddled their remedies, hawking them from high platforms in places of public concourse; and "contemptible wretches, called horse-jockeys," plagued the land from end to end; against these last the Marylanders and Virginians, smarting from their knavery, made laws in vain.

The Germans, whose ancestors had four-wheeled vehicles in the days of Julius Cæsar, made good roads wherever they planted themselves. While their English neighbors were content to travel on horseback and to ford and swim streams, the Salzburgers in Georgia began by opening a wagon-road twelve miles long, with seven bridges, "which surprised the English mightily." Pennsylvania, the home of the Germans, alone of the colonies built good straight roads; and the facility which these afforded to ten thousand freight-wagons was the main advantage that gave Philadelphia the final preëminence among the colonial sea-ports, and made Lancaster the only considerable inland mart in North America.

VII.

SEA-PORTS AND SEA-TRAFFIC.

It is hard to bring the imagination down to the scale of the colonial time, when the most conspicuous sea-ports were not so large as many a third-rate inland town of to-day, and when vessels sailing over seas were smaller than respectable coasting schooners of our time. A modern seaman would consider it a perilous feat to cross the ocean in midsummer in one of the pinnaces used at the outset of American planting. Some of the ships were not decked throughout, the method of rigging was less efficient than that of to-day, and scientific navigation was little understood. One reads of a seventeenth-century ship sailing from the West Indies for Virginia and fetching up in New England, and of a "pilot" who thought his landfall was in Spain when he was on the English coast. Captains prepared to bear away from other ships without speaking, for fear of Turks, pirates, or privateers. Every man aboard was expected to stand by the guns in case of an encounter.

Twenty millions of our money was the aggregate annual value of exports from all the provinces at their best; even if we add a half to this for clandestine trade, we have but thirty millions. And yet, so small was the world's commerce in that time that this colonial trade was a considerable element in

it; it was said that all the foreign money brought into Great Britain beyond the price of her woolen goods came from the productions of her American and West Indian colonies. Local conditions produced local variations in colonial commerce. The lack of a sufficient agricultural staple together with the profitable fisheries made New Englanders carriers, shippers, and factors for the coast at large, as well as the leaders in manufacturing industry. Proximity to the wampum-making savages at one end of Hudson River navigation and to the beaver-catchers at the other made New York the chief seat of the fur trade. Wagon-roads, soil, climate, and an industrious people made Philadelphia the principal center of the traffic in bread and meat. The never-ending line of convenient shore that bordered the peninsulas of Maryland and Virginia, and gave a good landing-place at every man's door, with a tobacco currency, rendered it difficult to build towns or develop trade among the easy-going planters of the Chesapeake and Albemarle regions. A different coast-line, and rivers less convenient, made Charleston the rich and urbane commercial and social center of southern Carolina.

Until about 1750 Boston was the leading sea-port, and its long wharf, two thousand feet in length with warehouses on one side of it, was the New World wonder of travelers. Five or six hundred vessels annually cleared out of Boston in the middle of the eighteenth century for the foreign trade alone, and the city contained between twenty and thirty thousand people at the outbreak of the Revolution. But Newport, with its thirty distilleries to make rum of the molasses brought from the islands, and its seventeen sperm-oil and candle factories to work up the results of the whaling industry, had nearly half as many ships in foreign trade as Boston, and three or four hundred craft of all sorts in the coast-wise carrying trade. He was thought a bold prophet who said then that "New York might one day equal Newport"; for about 1750 New York sent forth fewer ships than Newport, and not half so many as Boston, though Manhattan Island was rapidly becoming a trade center—a main point for distributing to other ports on the continent the finest wares and the choicest wines. The adventurous Dutch, who were its leading merchants, sent ships on longer voyages than those made from other ports. Yet there are many single firms in the metropolis to-day whose business exceeds that of the whole city before 1776, with all its sending of breadstuffs, flaxseed, onions, staves, horses, and even pickled oysters and lobsters, to exchange for cotton at Surinam and St. Thomas, lime-juice and dye-

wood in Curaçoa, logwood in the dangerous bay of Honduras, and the ill-gotten booty of pirates in Madagascar. All this trade was necessary to find means to balance its half million pounds of purchases in England, and to pay for the "osnaburgs" and checked linens that were smuggled from Holland, in the teeth of prohibitory laws.

But Philadelphia—planted late in the seventeenth century—outstripped all rivals, and for the last twenty years of the colonial period was the chief port of North America, sending out about four hundred ships annually, with an export trade of more than seven hundred thousand pounds sterling a year—nearly one-half greater than that of all the New England ports together, though if we could add the clandestine trade of New England and its immense carrying and inter-colonial traffic, the comparison would no doubt result differently. But the clear predominance of Philadelphia in exports was rightly attributed at the time to the liberal character of the Pennsylvania government, which had drawn a multitude of diligent hands from Europe to develop the grain lands of the interior, by which means the province became the chief source of bread to the fisheries of Newfoundland and the sugar plantations of the West Indies. Let us beware, however, of exaggerating the intrinsic greatness of a city whose population at the beginning of the Revolution was but about thirty thousand, perhaps a third larger than that of New York, and some thousands ahead of Boston.

The imports and exports of the two tobacco colonies together were far larger than those of Philadelphia, but their profits were far less. The one million and forty thousand pounds sterling of exports from Virginia and Maryland in 1769 went, for the most part, to enrich English factors, farmers of the customs, English and New England ship-owners, and others who got honest profits or downright plunder out of the tobacco shipped by the planters. A bill of return has been preserved in which just three-fourths of the gross price of a hogshead of tobacco is deducted for charges, the other fourth being sent back to the planter; and there were even instances in which the charges exceeded the returns, and the owner was brought into debt to his agent. As for the import trade of the Chesapeake and James River, almost every piece of fabric, every hat and coat and pot and pan, and—though the people lived among forests—every chair and table worthy the name, came from England. As the ships seeking to win the favor of the planters and secure a cargo made little or no charge for freight on the return voyage, and as the

wide-mouthed rivers furnished a convenient port almost everywhere, the goods could be delivered more cheaply at the door of a Virginian than to a gentleman five miles from town in England. Indeed, the Virginia legislature early discriminated against ships that brought no freight, in order to keep the rate low. Depressed by competition with London and Bristol, and by the long credits that came of a tobacco currency, the business of the merchant in Virginia and Maryland was of a "miserable peddling sort." But this was compensated for by a profit sometimes as high as one hundred and fifty per cent.; one merchant even advertised in the "Maryland Gazette," as a prodigy of cheapness, that he would sell his goods at only a hundred per cent. advance. In addition to these scattered local traders, peddling sloops frequented the rivers of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, exchanging wine, sugar, salt, tin candlesticks, and wicker chairs, with other petty wares, for pork, tobacco, peltries, maize, or Spanish coin. These wandering dealers were mostly from New England, and were sneeringly called "saints" by the planters, who resented their knack of sharp dealing. Some of their tricks are preserved, as that of the captain who kept a fiddler, and was accustomed to set the loungers dancing on the deck, in order to shake down the Indian corn as it was measured to him. But the great day in the calendar was that on which all the inhabitants of a wide region relieved the tedium of plantation life by hurrying afoot, on horseback, and in canoes to the landing-place of the ship which brought them clothing, delicacies, gew-gaws, and news from London or Bristol.

An almost entire dependence on foreign ship-owners and merchants characterized the commerce of the whole Chesapeake and Albemarle region. The local traders were mostly Scotchmen or New Englanders. Of the four thousand seamen in the tobacco ships, few lived in the tobacco colonies. The Virginian was always in debt to the merchant, paying eight per cent. interest. In vain did kings in council, governors, and assemblies ordain towns and forbid ships to break bulk elsewhere. The port was everywhere; the plantation house, with its assemblage of quarters, served for a small distributing-point, and the "paper towns," set up by law in Maryland and Virginia, never had any heart in them. But the ships on their return were required to sail in a fleet under convoy of a man-of-war to protect them from pirates, and especially to make sure that all their cargo was landed and paid duty at an English port. Hampton, at the confluence of many waters, was a convenient starting-

point. From Hampton the ships could reach the open sea with the first wind; and by 1715 it was "the place of the greatest trade in all Virginia," though it had but a hundred houses. "Norfolktown at Elizabeth River" had a small traffic in the bay in 1705, and by 1728 it had become "the most city-like place in Virginia," and had a West India trade. Its population never exceeded seven thousand. About the time that Norfolk was recognized as the chief town of Virginia, Baltimore was founded in Maryland; and having a grain trade, as well as a traffic in tobacco, it reached, at the close of the colonial epoch, a population of about fifteen thousand people.

North Carolina, like New Jersey, found its ports mostly beyond its own bounds. A part of its tobacco was shipped from the waters of the Nansemond in Virginia, or was sent in the canoes and periaugers that took its pitch to Norfolk's long wharves of pine logs; cattle and hogs from the back country of North Carolina were driven along forest trails to the James river, while rice and indigo, and especially pork, were sent from the southern counties to Charleston.

In South Carolina one found large plantations, and therefore few villages, and no manufactures; rich planters, who were nevertheless ever in debt to the merchant for supplies and for money, borrowed to increase to the utmost the stock of slaves. There were no deep and wide river mouths as in Virginia; the commerce, therefore, sought a common center at Charleston, and social life took on an urban character. The factors were resident merchants, though few were natives of the province. As they got at one time twenty-five per cent. per annum for their money, and at a later period ten per cent., they swiftly grew rich, bought negroes, and became planters and borrowers. Georgia after 1750 followed in the track of South Carolina, and by 1770 its exports had reached nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

VIII.

NAVIGATION LAWS AND SMUGGLING.

IN the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the theory that national protection must be given to the industries of a country was carried to barbarous lengths. Dependencies and colonies were accounted of little use except in so far as they could be made tributary to the wealth of the metropolis.

To avoid the oppressive extortions of the English customs, the Virginia Company in 1621 sent the whole tobacco product to Holland; but the King met this by ordaining that

no product of the colony should go to foreign ports until it had been first landed and had paid duty in England. This order contained the principle of all subsequent restrictive acts, and with it began the long struggle between the commercial interest of the mother country and the ingenuity of the colonists. As tobacco was sent to the Low Countries in evasion of the law, new regulations were made so complete as to threaten to kill the goose that laid the egg; until the King at length despoiled and abolished the Virginia Company, and set out to work the colony for all it was worth by becoming himself the sole purchaser of a staple which he held in sentimental abhorrence. He died before he got his tobacco trade on foot, but Charles I. soon proposed a similar monopoly. The policy of Charles in this, as in all other affairs, was vacillating; and with the rise of parliamentary power, the prevalent theory with regard to the colonies was modified. It was no longer the King who was to have the fleece; the English merchant now took the shears that had fallen from the powerless hands of the sovereign. In 1651 the Rump Parliament gratified English shippers, and struck a blow at the Dutch at the same time, by enacting that henceforth no merchandise of Asia, Africa, or America might come into England in other than English ships, and that European goods could go to the plantations only in English bottoms. But Virginia surrendered to the Commonwealth on condition of having an unrestrained trade, and the province openly invited the ships of every nation to come into her river. The memory of this period of free trade was probably one of the sources of discontent in Virginia in the time of Bacon's rebellion. Taking advantage of the confusion at home, the colonies generally disregarded the law of 1651.

But after the restoration of Charles II. a more severe law was enacted; this was kept in force, with various modifications, until the time of the American Revolution, and it was the most exasperating and impolitic fetter of all. It gave the colonists for generations a reason to complain of the vexatious restrictions put upon them by the imperial power, and it fixed in the commercial class habits of evasion and defiance. By this act, and those which followed, England secured a more or less complete monopoly of the tobacco, rice, sugar, cotton, indigo, and other agricultural staples, except breadstuffs, that were produced in the colonies. The "enumerated commodities" must first be landed in England and pay an English duty, while the English merchant and shipper levied a yet heavier tariff. Two years after the first navigation act of Charles II., the rein was drawn tighter by putting foreign

buying under the ban: no European goods could be imported except from Great Britain, and in English or colonial ships.

It is difficult to see how the necessities of the royal exchequer and the greed of the English merchant could, by restrictions, have wrung a larger tribute from the new communities in America. Such relaxations of the law as were made from time to time, by which certain of the "enumerated commodities" might be taken, under bond in twice the value of the ship and her cargo, to ports south of Cape Finisterre, were in the interest of the merchants who sold to the colonies, and who perceived that unless some such outlet for colonial trade were provided, the demand for English goods in America would fall off for want of means to pay for them. The captain who sailed to the Mediterranean with rice or indigo must needs return by way of England to cancel his bond, having thus a chance to lay in a return cargo of English goods according to law.

The weakness of all artificial dikes for commerce lies in their tendency to give way in unexpected places. Shut out of the open market, the colonists began to make things for themselves. The building of forges in America brought American bar iron into England. But not only the owners of iron-forges in England, but also the men who annually sold to them, in those days before coal, a hundred and ninety-eight thousand cords of coppice wood, combined to secure a prohibitory duty on all but pig iron from America. Then the colonists took to working up part of their iron for home use, making pots, kettles, andirons, shovels, tongs, and pokers, to the grief of English iron manufacturers. To save these last from such competition, a little breathing-place was made for American bar iron, which was suffered to come into London, but which must on no account be carried ten miles into the country, for fear of wounding the feelings of the owners of coppice woods, by bringing the American forests into competition with English brush hedges. But in 1757 the general voice of the people in England prevailed to sweep away this whimsical restriction.

Americans could not in decency be forbidden to use the spinning-wheel and the loom to clothe their own bodies; but in 1699 they were estopped from carrying such manufactures from one province to another, nor were they allowed to improve their breed of sheep. In 1732 an attempt was made to repress hat-making, which the cheap supply of furs made profitable in most of the colonies. Heavy penalties were imposed on a hatter for loading his wares on a horse or cart with intent to carry them to another plantation; no colo-

nists might carry on the trade who had not served an apprenticeship of seven years; no American hatter might keep more than two apprentices; and no slave was permitted to make hats. In spite of these measures, Boston made hats equal to the English; and the London felt-makers in 1731 begged that the colonists should not be allowed to wear any hats but those from British shops.

While the English subordinated their colonies to the prosperity of English manufactures, the French enacted even severer laws in regard to their West India islands; repressing the exportation of rum, for example, lest it should interfere with the market for French brandies. The waste molasses from the sugar factories—raw material for rum—was poured into the sea, or allowed to stand in offensive fermentation and evaporation in some remote depression in the earth. But there was nothing the northern and middle English colonies wanted so much as rum. With rum they supplied their fishing-vessels and whale-ships; with rum they traded to Newfoundland, and bought negroes on the Guinea coast; with rum they trafficked for corn and illicit tobacco in the Virginia rivers, and for peltries and corn in the North Carolina inlets; with rum they cajoled the Indian out of his wampum and beaver-skins; and with rum they cheered the homely festivities and solemnities of pioneer life—weddings, house-raising, huskings, funerals, and the ordinations of new ministers. There were solemn stipulations in every treaty between France and England, from 1686 onward, forbidding the subjects of one king from trading in the colonies of the other under penalty of confiscation of the ship and cargo. But there lay the waste molasses in the French islands, where even light-weight coins passed by tale in the absence of money scales, and the Yankee captains early found means of overcoming the scruples of the French governors, by paying a liberal impost to the governor's privy purse—a hundred livres on every mule taken into Martinique, for example. By 1731 it was said that twenty thousand hogsheads of French molasses was made into rum annually by the New England distilleries, which rose in number to sixty. By this time a bitter quarrel had broken out between the English sugar islands, which insisted on having a monopoly of the molasses trade and the continental provinces. This was only brought to a close by the levying of a duty on the foreign rum, sugar, and molasses carried into the American colonies.

So many restrictions brought forth their natural fruit in an enormous growth of smuggling and official corruption. Governors were expected to watch the collectors; the result

in many cases was that shippers were put to the trouble of paying two bribes instead of one, and official exile in the colonies became a pretty sure road to wealth. Some shrewd traders, like Flipson in New York, are reported to have solved difficulties once for all by taking royal governors into secret and lucrative partnerships. New England merchants evaded or defied the law wherever this was possible; John Hancock's uncle made a fortune by importing contraband tea from St. Eustatius in molasses hogsheads. New Yorkers ran in goods on the coast of Long Island to the value of one-third their legal imports, and they were wont to unload at New York the most valuable forbidden cargoes in the face and eyes of a corrupt officer, who would declare his inability to interfere with an armed ship. Sometimes with a tardy show of zeal the officer would save appearances by seizing the last boat-loads that were brought ashore. Forged cockets were a common device for cheating the law. In rare cases, where the governor was honest, the members of his council were chief offenders, asserting their right to trade with all the world. In the last years of the colonial period it was thought that one-fourth of all importations were smuggled.

Of exports, tobacco was the chief sufferer from the law; from it the English Government derived a larger revenue than from any other article. The devices for evading the duties were therefore numerous. One-fourth of all the tobacco used in England was "run in"; some was exported in order to draw a rebate, and then run back. To avoid landing it in England, a Dutch skipper would collect a cargo in the name of an English captain, and then send his ship direct to Holland, while he went home by way of New Netherland. Ships were wont to clear from the Virginia rivers for some English island with a partial cargo of provisions or lumber; then, in some lone-creek or cove near the river's mouth, a quantity of tobacco would be put aboard, to be left at one of the Dutch islands before the ship should deliver her staves and pork at the place mentioned in her papers. Other methods were to pack tobacco in barrels and pass it for pork, and to bury it under a holdful of corn, and to ship it from North Carolina for fish. Tobacco carried to sea in various ways was transferred to Dutch ships in the open ocean. The little shallops which peddled in bays and creeks too remote to be watched by collectors took much to New England. While the Dutch remained in possession of New Netherland, such quantities of the staple were rolled in hogsheads out of Maryland across the Dutch boundary, or sent to New Amsterdam in boats, as to involve an

estimated loss of ten thousand pounds sterling to the English revenue.

No odium appears to have attached to the contraband trade. No church discountenanced it, and no man lost standing by the practice. Courageous or ingenious smuggling was probably accounted more honorable than tame submission to inequitable laws; it was even defended in Parliament by Edmund Burke.

VII.

PIRATES.

THE most significant phenomenon in the civilization of the seventeenth century was, perhaps, the rise of the buccaneers and the multitude of the pirates. This flourishing piracy may be traced to causes that lay deep in the state of society, in the despotic tyranny of governments, in the severity and inequality of criminal laws, in the hard lot of the poor, in the ignorance and brutality of the common sailor and fisherman, in religious hatreds, and in the predatory character of the wars that formed the pastime of gentlemen and the profitable trade of professional soldiers. The Spaniards at first sought to exterminate ruthlessly the crews of all trading ships other than Spanish that should venture into the West Indies; and the English, Dutch, and French ships in those parts undertook to repay extermination in kind. About the year 1600 these latter formed a kind of confederacy as "Brothers of the Coast," or filibusters. Plunder easily took the place of revenge as a motive. More could be made in capturing treasure-ships than by trade. The Spaniards, by their fierce cruelty to the French *boucaniers*, or wild-cattle hunters, on Santo Domingo, drove them also to take to the sea, and thus raised up a new foe more terrible even than the filibusters, with whom the buccaneers soon associated themselves.

The "Brothers of the Coast" carried the flag of whatever power chanced to be at open blows with Spain. Failing other authority, one of them, Bartholomew Sharp, escaped hanging as a pirate by showing a commission from an Indian chief who was styled "the King of Darien." But with or without legitimate authority, they performed incredible deeds of valor in capturing treasure-bearing galleons and sacking fortified cities, blackening their fame at the same time with cruelties as unutterable as those of the Spaniards themselves. They carried about with them certain tatters of religion, offering devout prayers for rich booty before an engagement, and singing Te Deums in the churches of the cities that they had sacked and ruined. The Protestants and Catholics among them sometimes

fell asunder from theological differences, the English pirates showing the truly reformed state of their religion by shooting at images in the Spanish churches or defiling the altars with licentious orgies. The filibuster Daniel, on the other hand, displayed the ardor of his piety somewhat ostentatiously by shooting one of his men in church for irreverent behavior during the mass. One French gentleman who has left a book of his experience went a-filibustering in order to pay his debts, "as an honest man should"; and Monbars, "the exterminator," pursued the life of a buccaneer disinterestedly, in order to wreak vengeance on the Spanish people for the cruelties inflicted by some of them on the American Indians. Buccaneering was but one of many tokens of the confusion into which the world's moral judgments had fallen.

From the buccaneers there came out ships' crews, who, throwing off the slender pretense to legitimate war, took rank among the common pirates, preying not alone upon the Spanish, but upon all, while tales recounted in Europe and in the colonies of the fabulous wealth won by freebooters in lucky onslaughts set many seamen on like courses. The common practice of privateering and the brutalizing slave-trade were prosperous schools for outlaws. Legitimate war was so much a matter of plunder at that day that the seaman's conscience was not able to make the distinction between taking prizes under sanction of letters of marque and taking them without. "I am a free prince," said the pirate Bellamy, "and have as much right to make war on all the world as he who has a hundred sail at sea." The love of adventure and the sentimentalism left over from the times of chivalry, which made every bold fighter a hero, led a few men of social standing to "sail upon the grand account," and even two Amazonian women achieved fame as fighting pirates. The ultra-democratic sentiment, which broke into revolution in the eighteenth century, found its home in the seventeenth among the sea-rovers. The code which governed the relations of the buccaneers to one another was at first very democratic and equitable, and some of the pirates set up for political theorists and social reformers. Such was the Frenchman Misson, who, with the aid of an ex-priest from Italy, founded a Utopian state upon the coast of Madagascar a century before the outbreak of the French Revolution. This democracy lived by plunder, but gave liberty, fraternity, and equality to the men of various nations who composed it; the negroes captured in slave-ships were freely admitted to the brotherhood, and there was even a dash of puritanism about its

laws which prohibited swearing and drunkenness.

But most of the later pirates assumed an attitude of melodramatic heroism, or tried to play the incarnate fiend. Roberts, who took four hundred sail before his own capture, wore in fighting a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, and a gold chain about his neck with a diamond cross attached. All true pirate captains carried their great pistols on a silken cord slung over their shoulders, that in any encounter it might not be a question of expedition in "drawing." Captain Teach, better known as Blackbeard, added to the native ferocity of his aspect by wearing, when in action, a lighted match-cord conveniently bound about his head. Some of the pirates believed, or affected to believe, themselves favorites of the devil; one Lewis, when his topmast was carried away while chasing a Carolina ship, ran up aloft and tore a lock of hair from his head, throwing it to the winds and crying, "Take that, good devil, till I come!" Another compelled certain New England fishermen whom he had captured to jump up three times and say, "Curse Cotton Mather."

The same confusion of moral ideas that carried so many seamen into outlawry existed on shore, and the pirates easily found places in which to trade or enjoy their gains. Earl Bellomont, on his arrival at New York as royal governor, pronounced the town "a nest of pirates." Fletcher, the preceding governor, had fixed the price of immunity to pirate seamen at a hundred dollars a head, though it could now and then be cheapened a little. Men enriched by an unlawful trade with the "Red Sea men," or the Madagascar pirate settlements, sat at the governor's council board. South Carolina was "a common receptacle" for sea-rovers for many years; the courts of justice and public sentiment were debauched by their lavish expenditures, and some of them settled there with their spoils. The Rhode Island ports were also resorts for men "from the seas," who preferred to be tried and acquitted by friendly courts as a sort of immunity from further molestation. Blackbeard is said to have secretly frequented the taverns and to have bought supplies in Philadelphia. The small ports and convenient creeks of eastern Long Island were pirate-haunted. But the shallow inlets of North Carolina were the last stronghold of the pirates in American waters. Blackbeard had the governor of that province for partner, and stored his booty in the secretary's barn. Sea-outlaws found the more sympathy because the people generally were demoralized by resistance to the navigation laws and by smuggling.

Throughout the seventeenth century piracy acted as a depressing influence on the nascent trade of the colonies, and as commerce became more extensive and offered more tempting prizes the evil increased in proportion. The pirates captured nearly forty vessels off the Carolina coast between 1717 and 1721. Rice culture was unprofitable, because it was impossible to export the product. The audacious Blackbeard, holding leading citizens as hostages, once sent up to Charleston to demand medicines. Vessels were captured within the capes of Virginia; others were taken out of the Delaware; Philadelphia trembled lest its reputation for non-resistance should tempt some bold rover, like Teach, to sack the town. A watch was therefore set in the lower bay to give warning of the arrival of suspicious vessels. Even the poverty-stricken fisher people of the Isles of Shoals were plundered. Piracy became a sort of epidemic; privateers, failing of an enemy, plundered what they found; ships seeking treasure in a wreck without success made profitable wrecks of other ships rather than return bootless. Settlements of pirates were made on the Island of New Providence and at Cape Fear. Promises of pardon brought many pirates, about 1717, to reform and settle on the coast, Blackbeard among the rest. When their money was spent, most of these penitents, having gained valuable information and secured accomplices, betook them again to the high seas, becoming a greater terror than before.

One of the earliest efforts to put down the pirates was the sending out of a respectable privateer, Captain William Kid, in 1695, to win fame and find fortune for himself and the gentleman who had fitted him out, by making prizes of the pirates that frequented the Indian Ocean, many of whom were from the American coast. Failing to find those whom he sought, Kid was easily drawn into piracy himself to satisfy the greedy crew of scoundrels who had flocked to him out of New York and New Jersey in hopes of getting booty. He expiated his crimes at Execution Dock, near London, and became immediately a hero of melodramatic stories and street ballads, though he was but a half-hearted outlaw. To such governors as Bellomont and Spotswood the suppression of piracy was chiefly due. Virginia and Massachusetts always set their faces against it. There was a trial for piracy in Virginia as early as 1694, and Boston had some great and imposing executions of pirates, who were hanged at the water's edge with much preaching and praying, and in sight of great multitudes on land and in boats. One of them, named Fly, was in 1726 left hanging in chains, in full view of all



CAPTAIN EDWARD TEACH, COMMONLY CALLED BLACKBEARD, AS REPRESENTED IN THE "HISTORY OF THE PIRATES,"
BY CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHNSON, 1734.

mariners who sailed in and out of the port, "to be a spectacle, and so a warning, to others." In 1718 Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, sent Lieutenant Maynard to capture Blackbeard. The battle in Ocracoke Inlet was most desperate. One of Blackbeard's men stood with lighted match ready to blow up his ship, while the pirates and Maynard fought hand to hand with cutlass and pistol on the deck of Maynard's vessel until Blackbeard was slain. The victorious officer went back to James River in triumph with his prisoners and his booty, and with the pirate's head dangling at the bowsprit. About the same time Colonel William Rhett sailed out of Charleston and chased the pirate Steed Bonnett to bay at his haunt in Cape Fear River. In the battle Rhett was wounded, but he took Bonnett and about forty men. These were hanged at wholesale, below high-water mark, as became those whose

crimes were committed at sea. Governor Robert Johnson, of South Carolina, personally pursued the pirate Worley's sloop into the same waters, and fought until the pirates, refusing to surrender, were all killed, except the leader and one man, and these were both so desperately cut up that they were expeditiously hanged to save their dying more honorably of their wounds. In 1723 twenty-eight pirates were hanged in a batch at Gravelly Beach, near Newport, and buried between high and low water mark.

Such vigorous courses made piracy less attractive, and the commerce of the colonies was little molested by freebooters after 1725. They still lingered along the whole coast in legends and ballads, and to this day the credulous continue to dig the sands, now here, now there, from New England to Carolina, in search of doubloons and pieces of eight hidden by Kid or Blackbeard.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XXXVII.

"I MUST BE CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND."

THE plague grew sated and feeble. One morning frost sent a flight of icy arrows into the town, and it vanished. The swarthy girls and lads that sauntered homeward behind their mothers' cows across the wide suburban stretches of marshy commons heard again the deep, unbroken, cataract roar of the re-awakened city.

We call the sea cruel, seeing its waters dimple and smile where yesterday they dashed in pieces the ship that was black with men, women, and children. But what shall we say of those billows of human life, of which we are ourselves a part, that surge over the graves of its own dead with dances and laughter and many a coquetry, with panting chase for gain and preference, and pious regrets and tender condolences for the thousands that died yesterday — and need not have died?

Such were the questions Dr. Sevier asked himself as he laid down the newspaper full of congratulations upon the return of trade's and fashion's boisterous flow, and praises of the deeds of benevolence and mercy that had abounded throughout the days of anguish.

Certain currents in these human rapids had driven Richling and the Doctor wide apart. But at last, one day, Richling entered the office with a cheerfulness of countenance something overdone, and indicative to the Doctor's eye of inward trepidation.

"Doctor," he said, hurriedly, "preparing to leave the office? It was the only moment I could command —"

"Good morning, Richling."

"I've been trying every day for a week to get down here," said Richling, drawing out a paper. "Doctor —" with his eyes on the paper, which he had begun to unfold.

"Richling —" It was the Doctor's hardest voice. Richling looked up at him as a child looks at a thunder-cloud. The Doctor pointed to the document:

"Is that a subscription-paper?"

"Yes."

"You needn't unfold it, Richling." The

Doctor made a little pushing motion at it with his open hand. "From whom does it come?"

Richling gave a name. He had not changed color when the Doctor looked black, but now he did; for Dr. Sevier smiled. It was terrible.

"Not the little preacher that lisps?" asked the physician.

"He lisps sometimes," said Richling, with resentful subsidence of tone and with dropped eyes, preparing to return the paper to his pocket.

"Wait," said the Doctor, more gravely, arresting the movement with his index finger. "What is it for?"

"It's for the aid of an asylum overcrowded with orphans in consequence of the late epidemic." There was still a tightness in Richling's throat, a faint bitterness in his tone, a spark of indignation in his eye. But these the Doctor ignored. He reached out his hand, took the folded paper gently from Richling, crossed his knees, and, resting his elbows on them and shaking the paper in a prefatory way, spoke:

"Richling, in old times we used to go into monasteries; now we subscribe to orphan asylums. Nine months ago I warned this community that if it didn't take the necessary precautions against the foul contagion that has since swept over us, it would pay for its wicked folly in the lives of thousands and the increase of fatherless and helpless children. I didn't know it would come this year, but I knew it might come any year. Richling, we deserved it!"

Richling had never seen his friend in so forbidding an aspect. He had come to him boyishly elated with the fancied excellence and goodness and beauty of the task he had assumed, and a perfect confidence that his noble benefactor would look upon him with pride and upon the scheme with generous favor. When he had offered to present the paper to Dr. Sevier, he had not understood the little rector's marked alacrity in accepting his service. Now it was plain enough. He was well-nigh dumbfounded. The responses that came from him came mechanically, and in the manner of one who wards

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off unmerited buffetings from one whose unkindness may not be resented.

"You can't think that only those died who were to blame?" he asked, helplessly; and the Doctor's answer came back instantly:

"Ho, no! look at the hundreds of little graves! No, sir. If only those who were to blame had been stricken, I should think the Judgment wasn't far off. Talk of God's mercy in times of health! There's no greater evidence of it than to see him, in these awful visitations, refusing still to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty! Richling, only Infinite Mercy joined to Infinite Power, with infinite command of the future, could so forbear!"

Richling could not answer. The Doctor unfolded the paper and began to read:—"God in his mysterious providence"—oh, sir!"

"What!" demanded Richling.

"Oh, sir, what a foul, false charge! There's nothing mysterious about it! We've trampled the book of Nature's laws in the mire of our streets, and dragged her penalties down upon our heads! Why, Richling,"—he shifted his attitude, and laid the edge of one hand upon the paper that lay in the other, with the air of commencing a demonstration,—"*you're a Bible man, eh? Well, yes, I think you are; but I want you never to forget that the book of Nature has its commandments, too; and the man who sins against them is a sinner. There's no dispensation of mercy in that scripture to Jew or Gentile, though the God of Mercy wrote it with his own finger. A community has got to know those laws and keep them, or take the consequences—and take them here and now—on this globe—presently!*"

"You mean, then," said Richling, extending his hand for the return of the paper, "that those whose negligence filled the asylums should be the ones to subscribe."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "yes!" drew back his hand with the paper still in it, turned to his desk, opened the list, and wrote. Richling's eyes followed the pen; his heart came slowly up into his throat.

"Why, Doc—Doctor, that's more than any one else has —"

"They've probably made some mistake," said Dr. Sevier, rubbing the blotting-paper with his finger. "Richling, do you think it's your mission to be a philanthropist?"

"Isn't it everybody's mission?" replied Richling.

"That's not what I asked you."

"But you ask a question," said Richling, smiling down upon the subscription-paper as

he folded it, "that nobody would like to answer."

"Very well, then, you needn't answer. But, Richling,"—he pointed his long finger to the pocket of Richling's coat, where the subscription-list had disappeared,—"*this sort of work—whether you distinctly propose to be a philanthropist or not—is right, of course. It's good. But it's the mere alphabet of beneficence. Richling, whenever philanthropy takes the guise of philanthropy, look out. Confine your philanthropy—you can't do it entirely, but as much as you can—confine your philanthropy to the motive. It's the temptation of philanthropists to set aside the natural constitution of society wherever it seems out of order, and substitute some philanthropic machinery in its place. It's all wrong, Richling. Do as a good doctor would. Help nature.*"

Richling looked down askance, pushed his fingers through his hair perplexedly, drew a deep breath, lifted his eyes to the Doctor's again, smiled incredulously, and rubbed his brow.

"You don't see it?" asked the physician, in a tone of surprise.

"O Doctor,"—throwing up a despairing hand,—"*we're miles apart. I don't see how any work could be nobler. It looks to me —*" But Dr. Sevier interrupted.

"—From an emotional stand-point, Richling. Richling!"—he changed his attitude again,—"*if you want to be a philanthropist, be cold-blooded.*"

Richling laughed outright, but not heartily.

"Well!" said his friend, with a shrug, as if he dismissed the whole matter. But when Richling moved, as if to rise, he restrained him. "Stop! I know you're in a hurry, but you may tell Reisen to blame me."

"It's not Reisen so much as it's the work," replied Richling, but settled down again in his seat.

"Richling, human benevolence—public benevolence—in its beginning was a mere nun on the battle-field, binding up wounds and wiping the damp from dying brows. But since then it has had time and opportunity to become strong, bold, masculine, potential. Once it had only the knowledge and power to alleviate evil consequences; now it has both the knowledge and the power to deal with evil causes. Now, I say to you, leave this emotional A B C of human charity to nuns and mite societies. It's a good work; let them do it. Give them money, if you can."

"I see what you mean—I think," said Richling, slowly, and with a pondering eye.

"I'm glad if you do," rejoined the Doctor, visibly relieved.

"But that only throws a heavier responsibility upon strong men, if I understand it," said Richling, half interrogatively.

"Certainly! Upon strong spirits, male or female. Upon spirits that can drive the axe low down into the causes of things, again and again and again, steadily, patiently, until at last some great evil towering above them totters and falls crashing to the earth, to be cut to pieces and burned in the fire. Richling! gather fagots for pastime if you like, though it's poor fun; but don't think that's your mission! *Don't* be a fagot-gatherer! What are you smiling at?"

"Your good opinion of me," answered Richling. "Doctor, I don't believe I'm fit for anything but a fagot-gatherer. But I'm willing to try."

"Oh, bah!" The Doctor admired such humility as little as it deserved. "Richling, reduce the number of helpless orphans! Dig out the old roots of calamity! A spoon is not what you want; you want a *mattock*. Reduce crime and vice! Reduce squalor! Reduce the poor man's death-rate! Improve his tenements! improve his hospitals! carry sanitation into his workshops! Teach the trades! Prepare the poor for possible riches, and the rich for possible poverty! Ah—ah—Richling, I preach well enough, I think, but in practice I have missed it myself! Don't repeat my error!"

"Oh, but you haven't missed it!" cried Richling.

"Yes, but I have," said the Doctor. "Here I am, telling you to let your philanthropy be cold-blooded; why, I've always been hot-blooded."

"I like the hot best," said Richling, quickly.

"You ought to hate it," replied his friend. "It's been the root of all your troubles. Richling, God Almighty is unimpassioned. If he wasn't, he'd be weak. You remember Young's line: 'A God all mercy is a God unjust.' The time has come when beneficence, to be real, must operate scientifically, not emotionally. Emotion is good; but it must follow, not guide. Here! I'll give you a single instance. Emotion never sells where it can give: that is an old-fashioned, *effete* benevolence. The new, the cold-blooded, is incomparably better: it never—to individual or to community—gives where it can sell. Your instincts have applied the rule to yourself; apply it to your fellow-man."

"Ah!" said Richling, promptly, "that's another thing. It's not my business to apply it to them."

"It *is* your business to apply it to them. You have no right to do less."

"And what will men say of me?—At least—not that, but—"

The Doctor pointed upward. "They will say, 'I know thee, that thou art an hard man.'" His voice trembled. "But, Richling," he resumed with fresh firmness, "if you want to lead a long and useful life,—you say you do,—you must take my advice; you must deny yourself for a while; you must shelve these fine notions for a time. I tell you once more, you must endeavor to reestablish your health as it was before—before they locked you up, you know. When that is done, you can commence right there if you choose; I wish you would. Give the public—sell would be better, but it will hardly buy—a prison system less atrocious, less destructive of justice, and less promotive of crime and vice than the one it has. By the by, I suppose you know that Raphael Ristofalo went to prison last night again?"

Richling sprang to his feet. "For what? He hasn't—"

"Yes, sir; he has discovered the man who robbed him, and has killed him."

Richling started away, but halted as the Doctor spoke again, rising from his seat and shaking out his legs.

"He's not suffering any hardship. He's shrewd, you know;—has made arrangements with the keeper by which he secures very comfortable quarters. The star-chamber, I think they call the room he is in. He'll suffer very little restraint. Good-day."

He turned, as Richling left, to get his own hat and gloves. "Yes," he thought, as he passed slowly down-stairs to his carriage, "I have erred." He was not only teaching, he was learning. To fight evil was not enough. People who wanted help for orphans did not come to him—they sent. They drew back from him as a child shrinks from a soldier. Even Alice, his buried Alice, had wept with delight when he gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at his frown. To fight evil is not enough. Everybody seemed to feel as though that were a war against himself. Oh for some one always to understand—never to fear—the frowning good intention of the lonely man!

XXXVIII.

"PETTENT PRATE."

It was about the time, in January, when clerks and correspondents were beginning to write '59 without first getting it '58, that Dr. Sevier, as one morning he approached his office, noticed with some grim amusement, standing among the brokers and speculators

of Carondelet street, the baker, Reisen. He was earnestly conversing with and bending over a small, alert fellow in a rakish beaver and very smart coat, with the blue flowers of modesty bunched saucily in one button-hole.

Almost at the same moment Reisen saw the Doctor. He called his name aloud, and for all his ungainly bulk would have run directly to the carriage in the middle of the street, only that the Doctor made believe not to see, and in a moment was out of reach. But when two or three hours later the same vehicle came, tipping somewhat, sidewise against the sidewalk at the Charity Hospital gate, and the Doctor stepped from it, there stood Reisen in waiting.

"Tactor," he said, approaching and touching his hat, "I like to see you a minudt, uff you bleace, shstrict prifut."

They moved slowly down the unfrequented sidewalk, along the garden wall.

"Before you begin, Reisen, I want to ask you a question. I've noticed for a month past that Mr. Richling rides in your bread-carts alongside the drivers on their rounds. Don't you know you ought not to require such a thing as that from a person like Mr. Richling? Mr. Richling's a gentleman, Reisen, and you make him mount up in those bread-carts, and jump out every few minutes to deliver bread!"

The Doctor's blood was not cold.

"Vell, now!" drawled the baker, as the corners of his mouth retreated toward the back of his neck, "endt tat teh funn'est ting, ennahow! Vhy, tat iss yoost teh ferra ting fot I comin' to shpeak mit you apowdt udt!" He halted and looked at the Doctor to see how this coincidence struck him; but the Doctor merely moved on. "I toant make him too udt," he continued, starting again; "he cumps to me sindts apowdt two-o-o mundts aco—ven I shtill feelin' a liddle veak, yet, fun teh yalla-feewa—undt yoost paygs me to let um too udt. 'Mr. Richlun,' sayss I to him, 'I toandt kin untershtayndt for vot you vawnts to too sich a ritickliss, Mr. Richlun!' Ovver he sayss, 'Mr. Reisen,'—he always callss me 'Mister,' undt tat iss one dting in puttickly vot I always tit li-i-iked apowt Mr. Richlun,—'Mr. Reisen,' he sayss, 'toandt you ask me te reason, ovver yoost let me co ahate undt too udt!' Undt I voss a coin' to kiff udt up, alrety; ovver ten cumps in Missess Reisen,—who iss a heap shmarter mayn as fot Reisen iss, I yoost tell you te ectsectly troot,—and she sayss, 'Reisen, you yoost tell Mr. Richlun, Mr. Richlun, you toandt coin' to too sich a ritickliss!'"

The speaker paused for effect.

"Undt ten Mr. Richlun, he talks!—

Schweedt?—O yendlemans, toandt say nutting!" The baker lifted up his palm and swung it down against his thigh with a blow that sent the flour out in a little cloud. "I tell you, Tactor Tseweer, ven tat mayn vawndts to too udt, he kin yoost talk te mo-ust like a Christun fun enna mayn I neffia he-ut in mine li-i-ife! 'Missess Reisen,' he sayss, 'I vawndts to too udt pecauce I vawndts to too udt.' Vell, how you coin' to arg-y ennating eagval mit Mr. Richlun? So teh upshodt iss he coes owdt in teh prate-cawts tristripputin te prate!" Reisen threw his arms far behind him, and bowed low to his listener.

Dr. Sevier had learned him well enough to beware of interrupting him, lest when he resumed it would be at the beginning again. He made no answer, and Reisen went on:

"Bressently—" He stopped his slow walk, brought forward both palms, shrugged, dropped them, bowed, clasped them behind him, brought the left one forward, dropped it, then the right one, dropped it also, frowned, smiled, and said:

"Bressently"—then a long silence—"effrapotty in my estepitchmendt"—another long pause—"hef yoost teh same ettechmendt to Mr. Richlun,"—another interval,—"*tey hef yoost too much effection fur him*"—another silence—"ass *tey hef*"—another, with a smile this time—"fur—te teffle himpselluf!" An oven opened in the baker's face, and emitted a softly rattling expiration like that of a bursted bellows. The Doctor neither smiled nor spoke. Reisen resumed:

"I seen udt. I seen udt. Ovver I toandt coult untershtayndt udt. Ovver one tay cumps in mine liddle poy in to me fen te pak-ers voss all ashleep. 'Pap-a, Mr. Richlun sayss you shoudlt come into teh offuss.' I kumpt in. Mr. Richlun voss tare, shtayndt-ing yoost so—yoost so—py teh shtofe; undt, Tactor Tseweer, I yoost tell you te ectsectly troot, he toaldt in fife minudts—six minudts—seven minudts, udt may pe—undt shoadt me how effrapotty, high undt low, little undt pick, Tom, Tick, undt Harra, pin ropping me sindts more ass fife years!"

The longest pause of all followed this disclosure. The baker had gradually backed the Doctor up against the wall, spreading out the whole matter with his great palms turned now upward and now downward, the bulky contents of his high-waisted, barn-door trowsers now bulged out and now withdrawn, to be protruded yet more a moment later. He recommenced by holding out his down-turned hand some distance above the ground.

"I yoompt tot hoigh!" He blew his cheeks out, and rose a half-inch off his heels

in recollection of the mighty leap. "Ovver Mr. Richlun sayss,—he sayss, 'Kip shtill, Mr. Reisen!' undt I kibt shtill."

The baker's auditor was gradually drawing him back toward the hospital gate; but he continued speaking.

"Py undt py, vun tay, I kot something to say to Mr. Richlun, yet. Undt I sendts vert to Mr. Richlun tat he shouldt come into teh offuss. He cumps in. 'Mr. Richlun,' I sayss, sayss I to him, 'Mr. Richlun, I kot udt!'" The baker shook his finger in Dr. Sevier's face. "'I kot udt, udt layst, Mr. Richlun! I yoost het a *suspish'n* sindts teh first tay fot I employedt you, ovver now I *know* I kot udt!'" Vell, sir, he yoost turnun so rate ass a flennen shirt! — 'Mr. Reisen,' sayss he to me, 'fot iss udt fot you kot?' — Undt sayss I to him, 'Mr. Richlun, udt iss you! Udt is you fot I kot!'"

Dr. Sevier stood sphinx-like, and once more Reisen went on.

"'Yes, Mr. Richlun,'" still addressing the Doctor as though he were his book-keeper, "'I yoost layin' on my pett effra nightd — effra nightd, vi-i-ite ava-a-ake! undt in apowdt a veek I make udt owdt ut layst tot you, Mr. Richlun,' — I lookt um shtraight in te eye, undt he lookt me shtraight te same, — 'tot, Mr. Richlun, *you*,' sayss I, 'not dtose fellehs fot pin py me sindts more ass fife yearss, put *you*, Mr. Richlun, iss teh mayn! — teh mayn fot I — kin *trust*!'" The baker's middle parts bent out and his arms were drawn akimbo. Thus for ten seconds.

"'Undt now, Mr. Richlun, do you kot teh shtrengdt for to shtart a noo pissness?' — Pe-cause, Tector, udt pin seem to me Mr. Richlun kitten more undt more shecklun, undt toandt take tot meticine fot you kif um (ovver he sayss he toos). — So ten he sayss to me, 'Mister Reisen, I am yoost so sollut undt shtrong like a pilly-coat! Fot is teh noo pissness?' — 'Mr. Richlun,' sayss I, 've coin' to make pettent prate!'"

"What?" asked the Doctor, frowning with impatience and venturing to interrupt at last.

"*Pet-tent prate!*"

The listener frowned heavier and shook his head.

"*Pettent prate!*"

"Oh! patent bread; yes. Well?"

"Yes," said Reisen, "prate mate mit a mutcheen; mit copponic-essut kass into udt ploat pefore udt iss paked. I pought teh pettent tiss mawning fun a yendleman in Garontelet shtreedt, alretty, naympt Kknox."

"And what have I to do with all this?" asked the Doctor, consulting his watch, as he had already done twice before.

"Vell," said Reisen, spreading his arms abroad, "I yoost taught you like to herr udt."

"But what do you want to see me for? What have you kept me all this time to tell me — or ask me?"

"Tector, — you excuse me — ovver" — the baker held the Doctor by the elbow as he began to turn away — "Tector Tseweer," — the great face lighted up with a smile, the large body doubled partly together, and the broad left hand was held ready to smite the thigh, — "you shouldt see Mr. Richlun ven he fowndt owdt udt iss coin' to lower teh price of prate! I taught he iss coin' to kiss Mississ Reisen!"

XXXIX.

SWEET BELLS JANGLED.

THOSE who knew New Orleans just before the civil war, even though they saw it only along its river-front from the deck of some steam-boat, may easily recall a large sign painted high up on the side of the old "Triangle Building," which came to view through the dark web of masts and cordage as one drew near St. Mary's Market. "Steam Bakery," it read. And such as were New Orleans householders, or by any other chance enjoyed the experience of making their way in the early morning among the hundreds of baskets that on hundreds of elbows moved up and down along and across the quaint gaslit arcades of any of the market-houses, must remember how, about this time or a little earlier, there began to appear on one of the tidiest of bread-stalls in each of these market-houses a new kind of bread. It was a small, densely compacted loaf of the size and shape of a badly distorted brick. When broken, it divided into layers each of which showed — "teh bprindt of teh kkneading-mutcheen," said Reisen to Narcisse; "yoost like a tsoda-crecker!"

These two persons had met by chance at a coffee-stand one beautiful summer dawn in one of the markets, — the Tréiné, most likely, — where, perched on high stools at a zinc-covered counter, with the smell of fresh blood on the right and of stale fish on the left, they had finished half their cup of *café au lait* before they awoke to the exhilarating knowledge of each other's presence.

"Yessh," said Narcisse, "now since you 'ave wemawk the mention of it, I think I have saw that va'iety of bwad."

"Oh, surely you poundt to a-seedt udt. A uckly little prawn dting —"

"But cook well," said Narcisse.

"Yayss," drawled the baker. It was a fact that he had to admit.

"An' good flou'," persisted the Creole.

"Yayss," said the smiling manufacturer. He could not deny that either.

"An' hon'es' weight!" said Narcisse, planting his empty cup in his saucer, with the energy of his asseveration; "an', Mr. Bison, thass a ve'y seldom thing."

"Yayss," assented Reisen, "ovver tat prate iss mighty dtry, undt shtickin' in teh dtroat."

"No, seh!" said the flatterer, with a generous smile. "Egscuse me—I diffeh fum you. 'Tis a beacheouz bwead. Yessch. And eve'y loaf got the name beacheouzly pwint' on the top, with 'Patent'—sich an' sich a time. 'Tis the tooth, Mr. Bison, I'm boun' to congwatulate you on that bwead."

"O-o-oh! tat iss not *mine* prate," exclaimed the baker. "Tat iss not fun mine etsteplitchmendt. Oh, no! Tatt iss te prate—I'm yoost dtellin' you—tat iss te prate fun tat fellah pyteh Sunk-Mary's Morriket-house! Tat's teh shteam prate.' I to-udt know for vot effrapotty puyts tat prate, ennahow! Ovver you yoost vait dtill you see *mine* prate!"

"Mr. Bison," said Narcisse, "Mr. Bison,"—he had been trying to stop him and get in a word of his own, but could not,—“I don't know if you—Mr.—Mr. Bison, in fact, you din unde'stood me. Can that be poss'ble that you din notiz that I was speaking in my i'ony about that bwead? Why, of co'sel! Thass juz my i'oniuous custum, Mr. Bison. Thass one thing I dunno if you 'ave notiz about that 'steam bwead,' Mr. Bison, but with me that bwead always stick in my th'roat; an' yet I kin swallow mose anything, in fact. No, Mr. Bison, yo' bwead is deztyned to be the bwead; and I tell you how 'tes with me, I juz gladly eat yo' bwead eve'y time I kin git it! Mr. Bison, in fact you don't know me ve'y intimately, but you will oblige me ve'y much indeed to baw me five dollahs till tomaw—save me fum d'awing a check!"

The German thrust his hand slowly and deeply into his pocket. "I alvayss like to oplyche a yendleman,"—he smiled benignly, drew out a tooth-pick, and added,—“ovver I nivveh bporrah or lend to ennabodda."

"An' then," said Narcisse, promptly, "'tis imposs'ble faw anybody to be offended. Thass the bess way, Mr. Bison."

"Yays," said the baker, "I dtink udt iss." As they were parting, he added: "Ovver you vait dtill you see *mine* prate!"

"I'll do it, seh!—And, Mr. Bison, you muzn' think anything about that, my not bawing that five dollahs fum you, Mr. Bison, because that don't make a bit o' dif'ence; an' thass one thing I like about you, Mr. Bison,

you don't baw yo' money to eve'y Dick, Tom, an' Hawwy, do you?"

"No, I dtoandt. Ovver, you yoost vait —"

And certainly, after many vexations, difficulties, and delays, that took many a pound of flesh from Reisen's form, the pretty, pale-brown, fragrant white loaves of "aërated bread" that issued from the Star Bakery in Benjamin street were something pleasant to see, though they did not lower the price.

Richling's old liking for mechanical apparatus came into play. He only, in the establishment, thoroughly understood the new process, and could be certain of daily, or rather nightly, uniform results. He even made one or two slight improvements in it, which he contemplated with ecstatic pride, and long accounts of which he wrote to Mary.

In a generous and innocent way Reisen grew a little jealous of his accountant, and threw himself into his business as he had not done before since he was young, and in the ardor of his emulation ignored utterly a state of health that was no better because of his great length and breadth.

"Toctor Tseweer!" he said, as the physician appeared one day in his office. "Vell, now, I yoost pet finfy tawllars tat iss Mississ Reisen sendts for you tat I'm tsick! Ven udt iss not such a dting!" He laughed immoderately. "Ovver I'm gladt you come, Toctor, ennahow, for you pin yoost in time to see ever'ting runnin'. I vish you yoost come undt see udt!" He grinned in his old, broad way; but his face was anxious, and his bared arms were lean. He laid his hand on the Doctor's arm, then jerked it away, and tried to blow off the floury print of his fingers. "Come!" He beckoned. "Come; I show you somedting putiful. Toctor, I *vish* you come!"

The Doctor yielded. Richling had to be called upon at last to explain the hidden parts and processes.

"It's yoost like putt'n' te shpirudt into teh potty," said the laughing German. "Now, tat prate kot life in udt yoost teh same like your own selluf, Doctor. Tot prate kot yoost so much sense ass Reisen kot. Ovver, Toctor—Toctor"—the Doctor was giving his attention to Richling, who was explaining something—"Toctor, toandt you come here uxpectin' to see nopoty sick, less-n udt iss Mr. Richlun." He caught Richling's face roughly between his hands, and then gave his back a caressing thwack. "Toctor, vot you dtink? Ve coin' to run teh prate-cawts mit copponic-essut kass. Tispense mit hawes!" He laughed long but softly, and smote Richling again as the three walked across the bakery yard abreast.

"Well?" said Dr. Sevier to Richling, in a low tone, "always working toward the one happy end."

Richling had only time to answer with his eyes, when the baker, always clinging close to them, said: "Yes. If I toandt look oudt yet, he pe rich pefore Reisen."

The Doctor looked steadily at Richling, stood still, and said, "Don't hurry."

But Richling swung playfully half around on his heel, dropped his glance, and jerked his head sidewise, as one who neither resented the advice nor took it. A minute later he drew from his breast-pocket a small, thick letter stripped of its envelope, and handed it to the Doctor, who put it into his pocket, neither of them speaking. The action showed practice. Reisen winked one eye laboriously at the Doctor and chuckled.

"See here, Reisen," said the Doctor, "I want you to pack your trunk, take the late boat, and go to Biloxi or Pascagoula, and spend a month fishing and sailing."

The baker pushed his fingers up under his hat, scratched his head, smiled widely, and pointed at Richling.

"Sendt him."

The Doctor went and sat down with Reisen, and used every form of inducement that could be brought to bear; but the German had but one answer: Richling, Richling, not he. The Doctor left a prescription, which the baker took until he found it was making him sleep while Richling was at work, whereupon he amiably threw it out of his window.

It was no surprise to Dr. Sevier that Richling came to him a few days later with a face all trouble.

"How are you, Richling? How's Reisen?"

"Doctor," said Richling, "I'm afraid Mr. Reisen is ——" Their eyes met.

"Insane," said the Doctor.

"Yes."

"Does his wife know whether he has ever had such symptoms before — in his life?"

"She says he hasn't."

"I suppose you know his pecuniary condition perfectly; has he money?"

"Plenty."

"He'll not consent to go away anywhere, I suppose, will he?"

"Not an inch."

"There's but one sensible and proper course, Richling; he must be taken at once, by force if necessary, to a first-class insane hospital."

"Why, Doctor, why? can't we treat him better at home?"

The Doctor gave his head its well-known swing of impatience. "If you want to be criminally in error, try that!"

"I don't want to be in error at all," retorted Richling.

"Then don't lose twelve hours that you can save, but send him off as soon as process of court will let you."

"Will you come at once and see him?" asked Richling, rising up.

"Yes, I'll be there nearly as soon as you will. Stop; you had better ride with me; I have something special to say." As the carriage started off the Doctor leaned back in its cushions, folded his arms, and took a long, meditative breath. Richling glanced at him and said:

"We're both thinking of the same person."

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "and the same day, too, I suppose; the first day I ever saw her; the only other time that we ever got into this carriage together. Hmm, hmm! With what a fearful speed time flies!"

"Sometimes," said the yearning husband, and apologized by a laugh. The Doctor grunted, looked out the carriage window, and suddenly turning asked:

"Do you know that Reisen instructed his wife about six months ago, in the event of his death or disability, to place all her interests in your hands, and to be guided by your advice in everything?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Richling, "he can't do that! He should have asked my consent."

"I suppose he knew he wouldn't get it. He's a cunning simpleton."

"But, Doctor, if you knew this ——" Richling ceased.

"Six months ago. Why didn't I tell you?" said the physician. "I thought I would, Richling, though Reisen bade me not, when he told me; I made no promise. But time, that you think goes slow, was too fast for me."

"I shall refuse to serve," said Richling, soliloquizing aloud. "Don't you see, Doctor, the delicacy of the position?"

"Yes, I do; but you don't. Don't you see it would be just as delicate a matter for you to refuse?"

Richling pondered, and presently said, quite slowly:

"It will look like coming down out of the tree to catch the apples as they fall," he said. "Why," he added with impatience, "it lays me wide open to suspicion and slander."

"Does it?" asked the Doctor, heartlessly. "There's nothing remarkable in that. Did any one ever occupy a responsible position without those conditions?"

"But, you know, I have made some unscrupulous enemies by defending Reisen's interests."

"Um-hmm; what did you defend them for?" Richling was about to make a reply, but

of Carondelet street, the baker, Reisen. He was earnestly conversing with and bending over a small, alert fellow in a rakish beaver and very smart coat, with the blue flowers of modesty bunched saucily in one button-hole.

Almost at the same moment Reisen saw the Doctor. He called his name aloud, and for all his ungainly bulk would have run directly to the carriage in the middle of the street, only that the Doctor made believe not to see, and in a moment was out of reach. But when two or three hours later the same vehicle came, tipping somewhat, sidewise against the sidewalk at the Charity Hospital gate, and the Doctor stepped from it, there stood Reisen in waiting.

"Toctor," he said, approaching and touching his hat, "I like to see you a minudt, uff you bleace, shtrict prifut."

They moved slowly down the unfrequented sidewalk, along the garden wall.

"Before you begin, Reisen, I want to ask you a question. I've noticed for a month past that Mr. Richling rides in your bread-carts alongside the drivers on their rounds. Don't you know you ought not to require such a thing as that from a person like Mr. Richling? Mr. Richling's a gentleman, Reisen, and you make him mount up in those bread-carts, and jump out every few minutes to deliver bread!"

The Doctor's blood was not cold.

"Vell, now!" drawled the baker, as the corners of his mouth retreated toward the back of his neck, "endt tat teh funn'est ting, ennahow! Vhy, tat iss yoost teh ferra ting fot I comin' to shpeak mit you apowdt udt!" He halted and looked at the Doctor to see how this coincidence struck him; but the Doctor merely moved on. "I toant make him too udt," he continued, starting again; "he cumps to me sindts apowdt two-o-o mundts aco—ven I shtill feelin' a liddle veak, yet, fun teh yalla-feewa—undt yoost paygs me to let um too udt. 'Mr. Richlun,' sayss I to him, 'I toandt kin untershtayndt for vot you vawnts to too sich a ritickliss, Mr. Richlun!' Ovver he sayss, 'Mr. Reisen,'—he always callss me 'Mister,' undt tat iss one dting in puttickly vot I always tit li-i-iked apowt Mr. Richlun,—'Mr. Reisen,' he sayss, 'toandt you ask me te reason, ovver yoost let me co ahate undt too udt!' Undt I voss a coin' to kiff udt up, alretty; ovver ten cumps in Missess Reisen,—who iss a heap shmarter mayn as fot Reisen iss, I yoost tell you te ectsectly troot,—and she sayss, 'Reisen, you yoost tell Mr. Richlun, Mr. Richlun, you toandt coin' to too sich a ritickliss!'"

The speaker paused for effect.

"Undt ten Mr. Richlun, he talks!—

Schweedt?—O yendlemans, toandt say nutting!" The baker lifted up his palm and swung it down against his thigh with a blow that sent the flour out in a little cloud. "I tell you, Tdoctor Tseweer, ven tat mayn vawndts to too udt, he kin yoost talk te mo-ust like a Christun fun enna mayn I nefia he-ut in mine li-i-life! 'Missess Reisen,' he sayss, 'I vawndts to too udt pecauce I vawndts to too udt.' Vell, how you coin' to arg-y ennating eagval mit Mr. Richlun? So teh upshodt iss he coes owdt in teh prate-cawts tistripputin te prate!" Reisen threw his arms far behind him, and bowed low to his listener.

Dr. Sevier had learned him well enough to beware of interrupting him, lest when he resumed it would be at the beginning again. He made no answer, and Reisen went on:

"Bressently——" He stopped his slow walk, brought forward both palms, shrugged, dropped them, bowed, clasped them behind him, brought the left one forward, dropped it, then the right one, dropped it also, frowned, smiled, and said:

"Bressently"—then along silence—"effrapotty in my etsteplitchmendt"—another long pause—"hef yoost teh same ettechmendt to Mr. Richlun,"—another interval,—"*tey hef yoost too much effection fur him*"—another silence—"ass *tey hef*"—another, with a smile this time—"fur—te tefle himpselluf!" An oven opened in the baker's face, and emitted a softly rattling expiration like that of a bursted bellows. The Doctor neither smiled nor spoke. Reisen resumed:

"I seen udt. I seen udt. Ovver I toandt coult untershtayndt udt. Ovver one tay cumps in mine little poy in to me fen te pakkers voss all ashleep. 'Pap-a, Mr. Richlun sayss you shoudt come into teh ofuss.' I kumpt in. Mr. Richlun voss tare, shtayndt-ing yoost so—yoost so—py teh shtofe; undt, Tdoctor Tseweer, I yoost tell you te ectsectly troot, he toaldt in fife minudts—six minudts—seven minudts, udt may pe—undt shoadt me how effrapotty, high undt low, little undt pick, Tom, Tick, undt Harra, pin ropping me sindts more ass fife years!"

The longest pause of all followed this disclosure. The baker had gradually backed the Doctor up against the wall, spreading out the whole matter with his great palms turned now upward and now downward, the bulky contents of his high-waisted, barn-door trowsers now bulged out and now withdrawn, to be protruded yet more a moment later. He recommenced by holding out his down-turned hand some distance above the ground.

"I yoompt tot hoigh!" He blew his cheeks out, and rose a half-inch off his heels

in recollection of the mighty leap. "Ovver Mr. Richlun sayss,—he sayss, 'Kip shtill, Mr. Reisen!' undt I kibst shtill."

The baker's auditor was gradually drawing him back toward the hospital gate; but he continued speaking.

"Py undt py, vun tay, / kot something to say to Mr. Richlun, yet. Undt / sendts vert to Mr. Richlun tat he shouldt come into teh offuss. He cumps in. 'Mr. Richlun, I sayss, sayss I to him, 'Mr. Richlun, I kot udt!' The baker shook his finger in Dr. Sevier's face. "'I kot udt, udt layst, Mr. Richlun! I yoost het a *suspish'n* sindts teh first tay fot I employedt you, ovver now I *know* I kot udt!' Vell, sir, he yoost turnun so rate ass a flennen shirt!—'Mr. Reisen,' sayss he to me, 'fot iss udt fot you kot?'—Undt sayss I to him, 'Mr. Richlun, udt iss you! Udt iss you fot I kot!'"

Dr. Sevier stood sphinx-like, and once more Reisen went on.

"'Yes, Mr. Richlun,'" still addressing the Doctor as though he were his book-keeper, "'I yoost layin' on my pett effra nightd — effra nightd, vi-i-ite ava-a-ake! undt in apowdt a veek I make udt owdt udt layst tot you, Mr. Richlun,'—I lookt um shtraight in te eye, undt he lookt me shtraight te same,—'tot, Mr. Richlun, *you*,' sayss I, 'not dose fellehs fot pin py me sindts more ass fife yearss, put *you*, Mr. Richlun, iss teh mayn!—teh mayn fot I—kin *trust*!' " The baker's middle parts bent out and his arms were drawn akimbo. Thus for ten seconds.

"'Undt now, Mr. Richlun, do you kot teh shtrengdt for to shtart a noo pissness?'—Pecause, Tector, udt pin seem to me Mr. Richlun kitten more undt more shecklun, undt toandt take tot meticine fot you kif um (ovver he sayss he toos).—So ten he sayss to me, 'Mister Reisen, I am yoost so sollut, undt shtrong like a pilly-coat! Fot is teh noo pissness?'—'Mr. Richlun,' sayss I, 've coin' to make pettent prate!'"

"What?" asked the Doctor, frowning with impatience and venturing to interrupt at last. "*Pet-tent prate!*"

The listener frowned heavier and shook his head.

"*Pettent prate!*"

"Oh! patent bread; yes. Well?"

"Yes," said Reisen, "prate mate mit a mutcheen; mit copponic-essut kass into udt ploat before udt iss paked. I pought teh pettent tiss mawning fun a yendleman in Garontelet shtreedt, alretty, naympt Kknnox."

"And what have I to do with all this?" asked the Doctor, consulting his watch, as he had already done twice before.

"Vell," said Reisen, spreading his arms abroad, "I yoost taught you like to herr udt."

"But what do you want to see me for? What have you kept me all this time to tell me—or ask me?"

"Tector,—you excuse me—ovver"—the baker held the Doctor by the elbow as he began to turn away—"Tector Tseweer,"—the great face lighted up with a smile, the large body doubled partly together, and the broad left hand was held ready to smite the thigh,—"*you* shouldt see Mr. Richlun ven he fowndt owdt udt iss coin' to lower teh price of prate! I taught he iss coin' to kiss Mississ Reisen!"

XXXIX.

SWEET BELLS JANGLED.

THOSE who knew New Orleans just before the civil war, even though they saw it only along its river-front from the deck of some steam-boat, may easily recall a large sign painted high up on the side of the old "Triangle Building," which came to view through the dark web of masts and cordage as one drew near St. Mary's Market. "Steam Bakery," it read. And such as were New Orleans householders, or by any other chance enjoyed the experience of making their way in the early morning among the hundreds of baskets that on hundreds of elbows moved up and down along and across the quaint gaslit arcades of any of the market-houses, must remember how, about this time or a little earlier, there began to appear on one of the tidiest of bread-stalls in each of these market-houses a new kind of bread. It was a small, densely compacted loaf of the size and shape of a badly distorted brick. When broken, it divided into layers each of which showed—"teh bprindt of teh kknneading-mutcheen," said Reisen to Narcisse; "yoost like a tsoda-crecker!"

These two persons had met by chance at a coffee-stand one beautiful summer dawn in one of the markets,—the Tréiné, most likely,—where, perched on high stools at a zinc-covered counter, with the smell of fresh blood on the right and of stale fish on the left, they had finished half their cup of *café au lait* before they awoke to the exhilarating knowledge of each other's presence.

"Yessch," said Narcisse, "now since you 'ave wemawk the mention of it, I think I have saw that va'ietty of bwead."

"Oh, surely you poundt to a-seedt udt. A uckly little prawn dting—"

"But cook well," said Narcisse.

"Yayss," drawled the baker. It was a fact that he had to admit.

"An' good flou'," persisted the Creole.

"Yayss," said the smiling manufacturer. He could not deny that either.

"An' hon'es' weight!" said Narcisse, planting his empty cup in his saucer, with the energy of his asseveration; "an', Mr. Bison, thass a ve'y seldom thing."

"Yayss," assented Reisen, "ovver tat prate iss mighdy dtry, undt shtickin' in teh dtroat."

"No, seh!" said the flatterer, with a generous smile. "Egscuse me—I difieh fum you. 'Tis a beaucheouz bwead. Yessch. And eve'y loaf got the name beaucheouzly pwint' on the top, with 'Patent'—sich an' sich a time. 'Tis the tooth, Mr. Bison, I'm boun' to congwatulate you on that bwead."

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"How are you, Richling? How's Reisen?"

"Doctor," said Richling, "I'm afraid Mr. Reisen is ——" Their eyes met.

"Insane," said the Doctor.

"Yes."

"Does his wife know whether he has ever had such symptoms before — in his life?"

"She says he hasn't."

"I suppose you know his pecuniary condition perfectly; has he money?"

"Plenty."

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"Not an inch."

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"Sometimes," said the yearning husband, and apologized by a laugh. The Doctor grunted, looked out the carriage window, and suddenly turning asked:

"Do you know that Reisen instructed his wife about six months ago, in the event of his death or disability, to place all her interests in your hands, and to be guided by your advice in everything?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Richling, "he can't do that! He should have asked my consent."

"I suppose he knew he wouldn't get it. He's a cunning simpleton."

"But, Doctor, if you knew this ——" Richling ceased.

"Six months ago. Why didn't I tell you?" said the physician. "I thought I would, Richling, though Reisen bade me not, when he told me; I made no promise. But time, that you think goes slow, was too fast for me."

"I shall refuse to serve," said Richling, soliloquizing aloud. "Don't you see, Doctor, the delicacy of the position?"

"Yes, I do; but you don't. Don't you see it would be just as delicate a matter for you to refuse?"

Richling pondered, and presently said, quite slowly:

"It will look like coming down out of the tree to catch the apples as they fall," he said. "Why," he added with impatience, "it lays me wide open to suspicion and slander."

"Does it?" asked the Doctor, heartlessly. "There's nothing remarkable in that. Did any one ever occupy a responsible position without those conditions?"

"But, you know, I have made some unscrupulous enemies by defending Reisen's interests."

"Um-hmm; what did you defend them for?"

Richling was about to make a reply, but

the Doctor wanted none. "Richling," he said, "the most of men have burrows. They never let anything decoy them so far from those burrows but they can pop into them at a moment's notice. Do you take my meaning?"

"Oh, yes," said Richling, pleasantly; "no trouble to understand you this time. I'll not run into any burrow just now. I'll face my duty, and think of Mary."

He laughed.

"Excellent pastime," responded Dr. Sevier. They rode on in silence.

"As to," began Richling again — "as to such matters as these, once a man confronts the question candidly, there is really no room, that I can see, for a man to choose; a man, at least, who is always guided by conscience."

"If there were such a man," responded the Doctor.

"True," said John.

"But for common stuff, such as you and I are made of, it must sometimes be terrible."

"I dare say," said Richling. "It sometimes requires cold blood to choose aright."

"As cold as granite," replied the other.

They arrived at the bakery.

"O Doctor," said Mrs. Reisen, proffering her hand as he entered the house, "my poor hussband iss crazy." She dropped into a chair and burst into tears. She was a large woman with a round, red face and triple chin, but with a more intelligent look and a better command of English than Reisen. "Doctor, I want you to cure him aas quick aas possible."

"Well, madam, of course; but will you do what I say?"

"I will, certain shure. I do it yust like you tellin' me."

The Doctor gave her such good advice as became a courageous physician.

A look of dismay came upon her. Her mouth dropped open. "Oh, no, Doctor!" She began to shake her head. "I'll never do tha-at; oh, no; I'll never send my poor hussband to the crazy-house! Oh, no, sir; I'll do not such a thing!" There was some resentment in her emotion. Her nether lip went up like a crying babe's, and she breathed through her nostrils audibly.

"Oh, yes, I know," said the poor creature, turning her face away from the Doctor's kind attempts to explain, and lifting it incredulously as she talked to the wall,—"I know all about it. I'm not a-goin' to put no sich a disgrace on my poor hussband; no, indeed." She faced around suddenly and threw out her hand to Richling, who leaned against a door twisting a bit of string between his thumbs. "Why, he wouldn't go, nohow, even if I gave my consents. You caynt coax

him out of his room yet. Oh, no, Doctor; it's my duty to keep him wid me an' try to cure him first a little while here at home. That aint no trouble to me; I don't never mind no trouble if I can be any help to my hussband." She addressed the wall again.

"Well, madam," replied the physician, with unusual tenderness of tone, and looking at Richling while he spoke, "of course you'll do as you think best."

"Oh! my poor Reisen!" exclaimed the wife, wringing her hands.

"Yes," said the physician, rising and looking out a window, "I'm afraid it will be ruin to Reisen."

"No, it wont be such a thing," said Mrs. Reisen, turning this way and that in her chair as the physician moved from place to place.

"Mr. Richlin',"—turning to him,—"*Mr. Richlin' an' me kin run the business yust so good as Reisen.*" She shifted her distressed gaze back and forth from Richling to the Doctor. The latter turned to Richling:

"I'll have to leave this matter to you."

Richling nodded.

"Where is Reisen?" asked the Doctor. "In his own room, upstairs?" The three passed through an inner door.

MIRAGE.

"This spoils some of your arrangements, doesn't it?" asked Dr. Sevier of Richling, stepping again into his carriage. He had already said the kind things concerning Reisen that physicians commonly say when they have little hope. "Were you not counting on an early visit to Milwaukee?"

Richling laughed.

"That illusion has been just a little beyond reach for months." He helped the Doctor shut his carriage door.

"But now, of course——" said the physician.

"Of course, it's out of the question," replied Richling; and the Doctor drove away, with the young man's face in his mind bearing an expression of simple emphasis that pleased him much.

Late at night Richling, in his dingy little office, unlocked a drawer, drew out a plump package of letters, and began to read their pages—transcripts of his wife's heart, pages upon pages, hundreds of precious lines, dates crowding closely one upon another. Often he smiled as his eyes ran to and fro, or drew a soft sigh as he turned the page, and looked behind to see if any one had stolen in and was reading over his shoulder. Sometimes his smile broadened; he lifted his glance from the sheet and fixed it in pleasant reverie on

the blank wall before him. Often the lines were taken up with mere utterances of affection. Now and then they were all about little Alice, who had fretted all the night before, her gums being swollen and tender on the upper left side near the front; or who had fallen violently in love with the house-dog, by whom, in turn, the sentiment was reciprocated; or whose eyes were really getting bluer and bluer and her cheeks fatter and fatter, and who seemed to fear nothing that had existence. And the reader of the lines would rest one elbow on the desk, shut his eyes in one hand, and see the fair young head of the mother drooping tenderly over that smaller head in her bosom. Sometimes the tone of the lines was hopefully grave, discussing in the old tentative, interrogative key the future and its possibilities. Some pages were given to reminiscences—recollections of all the droll things and all the good and glad things of the rugged past. Every here and there, but especially where the lines drew toward the signature, the words of longing multiplied, but always full of sunshine; and just at the end of each letter love spurned its restraints, and rose and overflowed with sweet confessions.

Sometimes these re-read letters did Richling good; not always. Maybe he read them too often. It was only the very next time that the Doctor's carriage stood before the bakery that the departing physician turned before he reëntered the vehicle, and—whatever Richling had been saying to him—said abruptly:

"Richling, are you falling out of love with your work?"

"Why do you ask me that?" asked the young man, coloring.

"Because I no longer see that joy of deliverance with which you entered upon this humble calling. It seems to have passed like a lost perfume, Richling. Have you let your toil become a task once more?"

Richling dropped his eyes and pushed the ground with the toe of his boot.

"I didn't want you to find that out, Doctor."

"I was afraid, from the first, it would be so," said the physician.

"I don't see why you were."

"Well, I saw that the zeal with which you first laid hold of your work was not entirely natural. It was good, but it was partly artificial. The more credit to you on that account. But I saw that by and by you would have to keep it up mainly by your sense of necessity and duty. 'That'll be the pinch,' I said, and now I see it's come. For a long time you idealized the work; but at last its real dullness has begun to overcome you, and

you're discontented—and with a discontentment that you can't justify, can you?"

"But I feel myself growing smaller again."

"No wonder. Why, Richling, it's the discontent makes that."

"Oh, no! The discontent makes me long to expand. I never had so much ambition before. But what can I do here? Why, Doctor, I ought to be—I might be——"

The physician laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Stop, Richling. Drop those phrases and give us a healthy 'I am,' and 'I must,' and 'I will.' Don't—*don't* be like so many! You're not of the many. Richling, in the first illness in which I ever attended your wife, she watched her chance and asked me privately—implored me—not to let her die, for your sake. I don't suppose that tortures could have wrung from her, even if she realized it—which I doubt—the true reason. But don't you feel it? It was because your moral nature needs her so badly. Stop—let me finish. You need Mary back here now to hold you square to your course by the tremendous power of her timid little 'don't you think?' and 'doesn't it seem?'"

"Doctor," replied Richling, with a smile of expostulation, "you touch one's pride."

"Certainly I do. You're willing enough to say that you love her and long for her, but not that your moral manhood needs her. And yet isn't it true?"

"It sha'n't be true," said Richling, swinging a playful fist; "'forewarned is forearmed;' I'll not allow it. I'm man enough for that." He laughed, with a touch of pique.

"Richling,"—the Doctor laid a finger against his companion's shoulder preparing at the same time to leave him,—"*don't* be misled. A man who doesn't need a wife isn't fit to have one."

"Why, Doctor," replied Richling, with sincere amiability, "you're the man of all men I should have picked out to prove the contrary."

"No, Richling, no. I wasn't fit, and God took her."

In accordance with Dr. Sevier's request, Richling essayed to lift the mind of the baker's wife, in the matter of her husband's affliction, to that plane of conviction where facts and not feelings should become her motive; and when he had talked until his head reeled, as though he had been blowing a fire, and she would not blaze for all his blowing—would be governed only by a stupid sentimentality; and when at length she suddenly flashed up in silly anger and accused him of interested motives; and when he had demanded instant retraction or release from her employment; and when she

humbly and affectionately apologized and was still as deep as ever in hopeless, clinging sentimentalisms, repeating the dictums of her simple and ignorant German neighbors and intimates, and calling them in to argue with him, the feeling that the Doctor's exhortation had for the moment driven away came back with more force than ever, and he could only turn again to his ovens and account-books with a feeling of annihilation.

"Where am I? What am I?" Silence was the only answer. The separation that had once been so sharp a pain had ceased to cut, and was bearing down upon him now with that dull, grinding weight that does the damage in us.

Presently came another development: the lack of money, that did no harm while it was merely kept in the mind, settled down upon the heart.

"It may be a bad thing to love, but it's a good thing to have," he said, one day, to the little rector, as this friend stood by him at a corner of the high desk where Richling was posting his ledger.

"But not to seek," said the rector.

Richling posted an item and shook his head doubtfully.

"That depends, I should say, on how much one seeks it, and how much of it he seeks."

"No," insisted the clergyman. Richling bent a look of inquiry upon him, and he added:

"The principle is bad, and you know it, Richling. 'Seek ye first'—you know the text—and the assurance that follows with it—'all these things shall be added'—"

"Oh, yes; but still——"

"'But still!'" exclaimed the little preacher; "why must everybody say 'but still'? Don't you see that that 'but still' is the refusal of Christians to practice Christianity?"

Richling looked, but said nothing; and his friend hoped the word had taken effect. But Richling was too deeply bitten to be cured by one or two good sayings. After a moment he said:

"I used to wonder to see nearly everybody struggling to be rich, but I don't now. I don't justify it, but I understand it. It's flight from oblivion. It's the natural longing to be seen and felt."

"Why isn't it enough to be felt?" asked the other. "Here, you make bread and sell it. A thousand people eat it from your hand every day. Isn't that something?"

"Yes; but it's all the bread. The bread's everything; I'm nothing. I'm not asked to do or to be. I may exist or not; there will be bread all the same. I see my remark pains you, but I can't help it. You've never tried

the thing. You've never encountered the mild contempt that people in ease pay to those who pursue the 'industries.' You've never suffered the condescension of rank to the ranks. You don't know the smart of being only an arithmetical quantity in a world of achievements and possessions."

"No," said the preacher, "maybe I haven't. But I should say you are just the sort of man that ought to come through all that unsoured and unhurt. Richling,"—he put on a lighter mood,—"you've got a moral indigestion. You've accustomed yourself to the highest motives, and now these new notions are not the highest, and you know and feel it. They don't nourish you. They don't make you happy. Where are your old sentiments? What's become of them?"

"Ah!" said Richling, "I got them from my wife. And the supply's nearly run out."

"Get it renewed!" said the little man, quickly, putting on his hat and extending a farewell hand. "Excuse me for saying so. I didn't intend it; I dropped in to ask you again the name of that Italian whom you visit at the prison—the man I promised you I'd go and talk to. Yes; Ristofalo; that's it. Good-bye."

That night Richling wrote to his wife. What he wrote goes not down here; but he felt as he wrote that his mood was not the right one, and when Mary got the letter she answered by first mail:

"Will you not let me come to you? Is it not surely best? Say but the word, and I'll come. It will be the steamer to Chicago, railroad to Cairo, and a St. Louis boat to New Orleans. Alice will be both company and protection, and no burden at all. Oh, my beloved husband, I am just ungracious enough to think, some days, that these times of separation are the hardest of all. When we were suffering sickness and hunger together—well, we were *together*. Darling, if you'll just say come, I'll come in an *instant*. Oh, how gladly! Surely, with what you tell me you've saved, and with your place so secure to you, can't we venture to begin again? Alice and I can live with you in the bakery. Oh, my husband, if you but say the word, a little time—a few days will bring us into your arms. And yet, do not yield to my impatience; I trust your wisdom, and know that what you decide will be best. Mother has been very feeble lately, as I have told you; but she seems to be improving, and now I see what I've half suspected for a long time, and ought to have seen sooner, that my husband—my dear, dear husband—needs me most; and I'm coming—I'm *coming*, John, if you'll only say come.

Your loving
MARY."

RISTOFALO AND THE RECTOR.

BE Richling's feelings what they might, the Star Bakery shone in the retail firmament of the commercial heavens with new and growing brilliancy. There was scarcely time to talk

even with the tough little rector who hovers on the borders of this history, and he might have become quite an alien had not Richling's earnest request made him one day a visitor, as we have seen him express his intention of being, in the foul corridors of the parish prison, and presently the occupant of a broken chair in the apartment apportioned to Raphael Ristofalo and two other prisoners. "Easy little tasks you cut out for your friends," said the rector to Richling when next they met. "I got preached to — not to say edified. I'll share my edification with you!" He told his experience.

It was a sinister place, the prison apartment. The hand of Kate Ristofalo had removed some of its unsightly conditions and disguised others; but the bounds of the room, walls, ceiling, windows, floor, still displayed, with official unconcern, the grime and decay that is commonly thought good enough for men charged, rightly or wrongly, with crime.

The clergyman's chair was in the center of the floor. Ristofalo sat facing him a little way off on the right. A youth of nineteen sat tipped against the wall on the left, and a long-limbed, big-boned, red-shirted young Irishman occupied a poplar table, hanging one of his legs across a corner of it and letting the other down to the floor. Ristofalo remarked, in the form of polite acknowledgment, that the rector had preached to the assembled inmates of the prison on the Sunday previous.

"Did I say anything that you thought was true?" asked the minister.

The Italian smiled, in the gentle manner that never failed him.

"Didn't listen much," he said. He drew from a pocket of his black velveteen pantaloons a small crumpled tract. It may have been a favorite one with the clergyman, for the youth against the wall produced its counterpart, and the man on the edge of the table lay back on his elbow, and, with an indolent stretch of the opposite arm and both legs, drew a third one from a tin cup that rested on a greasy shelf behind him. The Irishman held his between his fingers and smirked a little toward the floor. Ristofalo extended his toward the visitor, and touched the caption with one finger: "Mercy Offered."

"Well," asked the rector, pleasantly, "what's the matter with that?"

"Is no use yeh. Wrong place — this prison."

"Um-hm," said the tract distributor, glancing down at the leaf and smoothing it on his knee while he took time to think. "Well? Why shouldn't mercy be offered here?"

"No," replied Ristofalo, still smiling; "ought offer justice first."

"Mr. Preacher," asked the young Irish-

man, bringing both legs to the front, and swinging them under the table, "d'ye vote?"

"Yes; I vote."

"D'ye call yerself a cidizen — with a cidizen's rights an' djuties?"

"I do."

"That's right." There was a deep sea of insolence in the smooth-faced, red-eyed smile that accompanied the commendation. "And how many times have ye bean in this prison?"

"I don't know; eight or ten times. That rather beats you, doesn't it?"

Ristofalo smiled, the youth uttered a high rasping cackle, and the Irishman laughed the heartiest of all.

"A little," he said; "a little. But niver mind. Ye say ye've been here eight or ten times; yes. Well, now, will I tell ye what I'd do afore and iver I'd kim back here agin, — if I was you, now? Will I tell ye?"

"Well, yes," replied the visitor, amiably; "I'd like to know."

"Well, surr, I'd go to the mair of this city, and to the judge of the criminal coort, and to the gov'nor of the Sta-ate, and to the ligislatur, if needs be, and I'd say, 'Gintlemin, I can't go back to that prison! There is more crimes a-bein' committed by the people outside ag'in the fellies in theyre than — than — than the — the fellies in theyre has committed ag'in the people! I'm ashamed to preach theyre! I'm afeered to do ud!' The speaker slipped off the table, upon his feet.

"There's murder a-goun' on in theyre! There's more murrder a-bein' done in theyre nor there is outside! Justice is a-bein' murdered theyre ivery hour of day and night!"

He brandished his fist with the last words, but dropped it at a glance from Ristofalo, and began to pace the floor along his side of the room, looking with a heavy-browed smile back and forth from one fellow-captive to the other. He waited till the visitor was about to speak, and then interrupted, pointing at him suddenly.

"Ye're a Prodez'n preacher! I'll bet ye fifty dollars ye have a rich cherch! Full of 'leadin' cidizens!"

"You're correct."

"Well, I'd go to thim! I'd go an' — an' — an' I'd say, 'Dawn't ye niver ax me to go into that place ag'in a-pallaverin' about mercy, until ye gid ud chaynged from the hell on earth it is to a house of justice, wheyre min gits the sentences that the coorts decrees!' I don't complain in here. He don't complain," pointing to Ristofalo; "ye'll niver hear a complaint from him. But go look in that yaird!" He threw up both hands with a grimace of disgust — "Aw!" — and ceased again, but continued his walk, looked at his fellows, and resumed.

"I listened to yer sermon. I heerd ye talkin' about the souls of uz. Do ye think ye kin make anny of thim min believe ye cayre for the souls of uz whin ye do nahthing for the *bodies* that's before yer eyes clothed in rraggs and stairved, and made to sleep on beds of brick and stone, and to receive a hundred abuses a day that was nivver intended to be a pairt of *annybody's* sintence — and manny of 'm not tried yit, an' nivver a-goun' to have annythin' proved ag'in 'm? How *can* ye come offerin' uz merrcy? For ye don't come out o' the tloister, like a poor Cat'lic priest or Sister. Ye come rright out o' the hairt o' the community that's a-committin' more crimes ag'in uz in here than all of uz together has iver committed outside. Aw! — Bring uz a better airticle of yer own justice ferst — I doan't cayre how *crool* it is, so ut's *justice* — an' *thin* preach about God's mercy. I'll listen to ye."

Ristofalo had kept his eyes for the most of the time on the floor, smiling sometimes more and sometimes less. Now, however, he raised them and nodded to the clergyman. He approved all that had been said. The Irishman went and sat again on the table and swung his legs. The visitor was not allowed to answer before, and must answer now. He would have been more comfortable at the rectory.

"My friend," he began, "suppose, now, I should say that you are pretty nearly correct in everything you've said."

The prisoner, who, with hands grasping the table's edge on either side of him, was looking down at his swinging brogans, simply lifted his lurid eyes without raising his head, and nodded. "It would be right," he seemed to intimate, "but nothing great."

"And suppose I should say that I'm glad I've heard it, and that I even intend to make good use of it."

His hearer lifted his head, better pleased, but not without some betrayal of the distrust which a lower nature feels toward the condescensions of a higher. The preacher went on:

"Would you try to believe what I have to add to that?"

"Yes, I'd try," replied the Irishman, looking facetiously from the youth to Ristofalo. But this time the Italian was grave, and turned his glance expectantly upon the minister, who presently replied:

"Well, neither my church nor the community has sent me here at all."

The Irishman broke into a laugh.

"Did God send ye?" He looked again to his comrades, with an expanded grin. The youth giggled. The clergyman met the attack with serenity, waited a moment, and then responded:

"Well, in one sense, I don't mind saying — yes."

"Well," said the Irishman, still full of mirth, and swinging his legs with fresh vigor, "He'd aht to 'a' sint ye to the legislatur!"

"I'm in hopes He will," said the little rector; "but" — checking the Irishman's renewed laughter — "tell me, why should other men's injustice in here stop me from preaching God's mercy?"

"Because it's pairt *your* injustice! Ye *do* come from yer cherch, an' ye *do* come from the community, an' ye can't deny ud, an' ye'd ahtn't to be comin' in here with yer sweet tahk and yer eyes tight shut to the crimes that's bein' committed agin uz for want of an outcry against 'em by you preachers an' prayers an' thract distributors!" The speaker ceased and nodded fiercely. Then a new thought occurred to him, and he began again abruptly:

"Look ut here! Ye said in yer serrmon that as to Him" — he pointed through the broken ceiling — "we're all criminals alike, didn't ye?"

"I did," responded the preacher, in a low tone.

"Yes," said Ristofalo; and the boy echoed the same word.

"Well, thin, what rights has some to be out an' some to be in?"

"Only one right that I know of," responded the little man; "still, that is a good one."

"And that is —?" prompted the Irishman.

"Society's right to protect itself."

"Yes," said the prisoner, "to protect itself. Thin what right has it to keep a prison like this, where every man an' woman as goes out of ud goes out a blacker devil, and a cunninger devil, and a more dangerous devil nor when he came in. Is that anny protection? Why shouldn't such a prison tumble down upon the heads of thim as built it? Say!"

"I expect you'll have to ask somebody else," said the rector. He rose.

"Ye're not a-goun'?" exclaimed the Irishman, in broad affectation of surprise.

"Yes."

"Ah! come, now! Ye're not gown' to be beat that a-way by a wild Mick o' the woods?" He held himself ready for a laugh.

"No, I'm coming back," said the smiling clergyman, and the laugh came.

"That's right! But" — as if the thought was a sudden one — "I'll be dead by thin, willn't I? Of coorse I will."

"Yes?" rejoined the clergyman. "How's that?"

The Irishman turned to the Italian.

"Mr. Ristofalo, we're a-goun' to the pini-tintary, aint we?"

Ristofalo nodded.

"Of coorse we air! Ah! Mr. Preechur, that's the place!"

"Worse than this?"

"Worse? Oh, no! It's better. This is slow death, but that's quick and short — and sure. If it don't git ye in five year', ye're an allygatur. This place? It's heaven to ud!"

SHALL SHE COME OR STAY?

RICHLING read Mary's letter through three times without a smile. The feeling that he had prompted the missive — that it was partly his — stood between him and a tumult of gladness. And yet when he closed his eyes he could see Mary, all buoyancy and laughter, spurning his claim to each and every stroke of the pen. It was all hers, all!

As he was slowly folding the sheet, Mrs. Reisen came in upon him. It was one of those excessively warm spring evenings that sometimes make New Orleans fear it will have no May. The baker's wife stood with her immense red hands thrust into the pockets of an expansive pinafore, and her three double chins glistening with perspiration. She bade her manager a pleasant good-evening.

Richling inquired how she had left her husband.

"Kviet, Mr. Richlin', kviet. Mr. Richlin', I pelief Reisen kittin' petter. If he toant kittin' petter, how come he'ss every dway a little more kviet, and sit' still and toant say nutting to nopotty?"

"Mrs. Reisen, my wife is asking me to send for her" — Richling gave the folded letter a little shake as he held it by one corner — "to come down here and live again."

"Now, Mr. Richlin'!"

"Yes."

"Well, I will shwear!" She dropped into a seat. "Right in de mekinning o' summer time! Vell, vell, vell! Andt you dtolt me Mrs. Richlin' iss a sentsible voman! Vell, I toant belief dat I efer see a young voman w'at aindt de pickest kindt o' fool apowt her husspandt! Vell, vell! — Andt she comin' dtown heah 'n' choost kittin' all your money shpent, 'n' den her mudter kittin' vorse 'n' she got 'o goin' pack akin!"

"Why, Mrs. Reisen," exclaimed Richling, warmly, "you speak as if you didn't want her to come." He contrived to smile as he finished.

"Vell,—uff—course! *You* toant vant her to come, tdo you?"

Richling forced a laugh.

"Seems to me 'twould be natural if I did, Mrs. Reisen. Didn't the preacher say,

when we were married, 'Let no man put asunder'?"

"Oh, now, Mr. Richlin', dthere aindt nopotty a-koin' to put you undter! — 'less'n it's your wife. Vot she vants to come dtown for? Toant I takin' koot care you?" There was a tear in her eye as she went out.

An hour or so later the little rector dropped in.

"Richling, I came to see if I did any damage the last time I was here. My own words worried me."

"You were afraid," responded Richling, "that I would understand you to recommend me to send for my wife."

"Yes."

"I didn't understand you so."

"Well, my mind's relieved."

"Mine isn't," said Richling. He laid down his pen and gathered his fingers around one knee. "Why shouldn't I send for her?"

"You will, some day."

"But I mean now."

The clergyman shook his head pleasantly.

"I don't think that's what you mean."

"Well, let that pass. I know what I do mean. I mean to get out of this business. I've lived long enough with these savages." A wave of his hand indicated the whole *personnel* of the bread business.

"I would try not to mind their savageness, Richling," said the little preacher, slowly. "The best of us are only savages hid under a harness. If we're not, we've somehow made a loss." Richling looked at him with amused astonishment, but he persisted. "I'm in earnest! We've had something refined out of us that we shouldn't have parted with. Now, there's Mrs. Reisen. I like her. She's a good woman. If the savage can stand you, why can't you stand the savage?"

"Yes, true enough. Yet — well, I must get out of this, anyway."

The little man clapped him on the shoulder.

"Climb out. See here, you Milwaukeee man," — he pushed Richling playfully, — "what are *you* doing with these Southern notions of ours about the 'yoke of menial service,' anyhow?"

"I was not born in Milwaukeee," said Richling.

"And you'll not die with these notions, either," retorted the other. "Look here, I am going. Good-bye. You've got to get rid of them, you know, before your wife comes. I'm glad you're not going to send for her now."

"I didn't say I wasn't."

"I wouldn't."

"Oh, you don't know what you'd do," said Richling.

The little preacher eyed him steadily for a moment, and then slowly returned to where he still sat holding his knee.

They had a long talk in very quiet tones. At the end the rector asked:

"Didn't you once meet Dr. Sevier's two nieces—at his house?"

"Yes," said Richling.

"Do you remember the one named Laura? The dark, flashing one?"

"Yes."

"Well,—oh, pshaw! I could tell you something funny, but I don't care to do it."

What he did not care to tell was that she had promised him five years before to be his wife any day when he should say the word. In all that time, and this very night, one letter, one line almost, and he could have ended his waiting.

They smiled together. "Well, good-bye again. Don't think I'm always going to persecute you with my solicitude."

"I'm not worth it," said Richling, slipping slowly down from his high stool and letting the little man out into the street.

A little way down the street some one coming out of a dark alley just in time to confront the clergyman, extended a hand in salutation.

"Good-evening, Mr. Blank."

He took the hand. It belonged to a girl of eighteen, bareheaded and barefooted, holding in the other hand a small oil-can. Her eyes looked steadily into his.

"You don't know me," she said, pleasantly. "Why, yes, now I remember you. You're Maggie."

"Yes," replied the girl. "Don't you recollect—in the mission-school? Don't you recollect you married me and Larry? That's two years ago." She almost laughed out with pleasure.

"And where's Larry?"

"Why, don't you recollect? He's on the sloop-o'-war *Preble*." Then she added more gravely: "I aint seen him in twenty months. But I know he's all right. I aint a-scared about *that*—only if he's alive and well; yes, sir. Well, good-evenin', sir. Yes, sir; I think I'll come to the mission nex' Sunday—and I'll bring the baby, will I? All right, sir. Well, so long, sir. Take care of yourself, sir."

What a word that was! It echoed in his ear all the way home. "Take care of *yourself*." What boast is there for the civilization that refines away the unconscious heroism of the unfriended poor?

He was glad he had not told Richling all his little secret. But Richling found it out later from Dr. Sevier.

(To be continued.)

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARTIES.

"PARTIES," says Tocqueville, "are a necessary evil in free governments." "We acknowledge with gratitude," says Sir Thomas Erskine May, "that we owe to party most of our rights and liberties." Behind these two sayings lies the political history of two great nations. It is not possible for the Frenchman to discern the uses of party as they appear to the Englishman; the best thing that he can say about it is that it is a "necessary evil"; "to recognize in party the very life-blood of freedom," as the English historian does, appears to him almost a paradox. Yet any one who will carefully read the first chapter of the second volume of May's "Constitutional History," in which he outlines the services of party to liberty in England during the last hundred years, will acknowledge that the Englishman's faith has a solid foundation.

There is not a little indiscriminating denunciation of parties in this country. Tocqueville's dictum expresses a common belief.

Doubtless the parties now existing have much to answer for, and it may be an open question whether both of them might not usefully be superseded by other organizations, with better methods and more definite principles; yet the fact that government in a free country can be carried on only by parties is a fact that the critics must not overlook. "Government without party," as May has vigorously said, "is absolutism. Rulers without opposition may be despots." There is no worse tyranny than that of an absolute democracy. The administration of the government must be conducted by officers who are agreed upon certain lines of public policy, and who work together for certain ends. To these a large number of citizens naturally adhere. The government is stable only when a majority of the citizens support the administration. But history makes nothing in statecraft plainer than that the administration, in any free government, needs to be constantly held in check in the exercise of its power,

to be constantly criticised in its measures and policies, to be constantly watched in the use of its patronage. This opposition ought to be strong enough to be respectable, and even formidable; it ought to be organized, so that it can make its criticisms and its protests effective. A weak opposition breeds tyranny and corruption. No government is likely to remain long in a healthy condition unless the parties are nearly equal numerically, and ready to take advantage of each other's mistakes. It is by the discussions that arise between parties that policies are sifted, public opinion formed, and the people fitted for their public duties.

Tocqueville distinguishes between great and small parties, the great parties being "those which cling to principles more than to consequences; to general, and not to especial, cases; to ideas, and not to men." He seems to think that such parties are not likely to exist except in times of revolution. But it cannot be denied that the two historical parties of England are both great parties; and they have maintained their organization, and, in the main, have adhered to their distinctive ideas in peace and in war, now for more than two hundred years. It is true that when great structural changes are rapidly taking place in governments, the more vital questions come into greater prominence, and matters of secondary moment are kept in the background. Nevertheless, in a progressive state of society there must be constant changes of form; upon the desirability of these changes there will be differences of opinion; and there is, therefore, a good basis for great parties even in times of peace.

Perhaps the most natural political division is that which distinguishes the great parties in England. Lord Macaulay urges, with some justice, that this distinction is one grounded in human nature; that it "had its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty."

The well-known passage in which this master of antithesis contrasts these two great tendencies of human nature indicates the historical basis of the two English parties: "Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find, also, everywhere another class of men sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks which attend

improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement."

These two classes of men are found everywhere, and there is no free government in which both of them are not needed. Changes must be made from time to time; yet there is danger that these changes will be rashly made. The liberals are wanted to push forward the car of progress, and the conservatives to steady its movements. It is in the just balancing of these two opposite tendencies that the order and healthful growth of society are secured.

When parties are formed around these two principles of human nature, a wise man may join the one to which his traditions guide him or his temperament inclines him, and be sure that he will find in either of them a good field for patriotic service. There is something to be said and done for the state on both sides. The tendency of the one party is toward absolutism, and of the other toward lawless individualism; but it is only a small section of either party that pushes toward these logical extremes. Macaulay says of the two English parties that, through all their history, "the great majority of those who fought for the crown were averse to despotism, and the great majority of the champions of popular rights were averse to anarchy." The man of moderation who unites with the conservatives will stand with them against innovations for which the time is not ripe; and will resist, also, the reactionary tendencies of extreme men in his own party. The man of just judgment who joins the liberals will unite with them in promoting the changes that ought to be made, while he helps to restrain the radicals whose zeal is untempered by experience.

In the evolution of free society this distinction of parties appears to be the most natural one; and if, as history seems to show, this distinction of the two great national parties, under various names, has been substantially preserved for more than two centuries in England, this fact will help to explain the peaceful progress of constitutional reform in that country.

In our own country the party lines originally followed distinctions less profoundly philosophical, and more obviously political, though it would not be difficult to show the presence in the two historical parties of our early history of organizing forces quite akin to those which gathered the English parties. With us, however, the opposing tendencies were the centralization and the diffusion of political power. The one party sought to strengthen the national government, the other to maintain the rights of the States. The stability of our political system depends on the proper balancing of these two forces. Certain powers

are reserved to the States, other powers are vested in the Federal Government; the coördination of these powers may well be the task of two great political parties. Here, too, there is something to be said on both sides. So long as the parties divide on this line, the patriotic citizen may safely attach himself to either of them. National authority needs to be strengthened; municipal liberties need to be preserved; there is room for good work in both directions. While these questions formed the staple of political discussion there was still fierce party spirit, and much unseemly and bitter controversy, in our political life; but there was also dignity in its debates, and meaning in its movements.

Other issues on which the parties have divided have been legitimate and fruitful. The tariff question is a question with two sides. That revenue is to be raised from imports everybody allows; the method of raising it, and the principles on which duties should be imposed, are matters worth discussion. I suppose that the ethical basis of free trade is the Christian law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; and on this a good argument may be rested, forbidding all restrictions upon commerce, and all discriminations against the industries of other nations. But the protectionist may well reply that the Christian law enjoins a rational self-love as the measure of our love to our neighbor; that it applies to nations not less than to individuals; and that the nation which neglects the development of its own resources can be of small service to the world. There are self-regarding virtues for peoples, as well as for persons; and it is as true of a nation as of a man, that by making the most of itself it can do the most for its neighbors. This line of thinking can easily be pushed to the extreme of international pharisaism, just as the doctrine of free trade may degenerate into an unpractical sentimentality; my contention is for neither of these doctrines, but only for the proposition that the issue which they make is one on which there may be honest difference and profitable discussion.

The one great question of our later history was, however, an illegitimate political issue; and the division of the people into two great parties about such a question could only result in disaster. Slavery in a democratic republic is an abnormity; the question whether slavery shall be extended or suppressed is like the question whether a malignant tumor on the human body shall be cultivated or reduced. Doubtless most political questions are more or less involved with ethical principles; but a question like this, which raises an enormous wrong into a political issue, and ranges half the people of the land among its

supporters and apologists, must work vast demoralization. To those who believe in the supremacy of the Power that makes for righteousness, by whatever name that Power may be called, it must be evident that a nation so divided is in a state of very unstable equilibrium. But, neglecting the ethical aspects of the case, the question about slavery struck at the organic ideas of the national life. Slavery may be a beneficent institution; but if so, this nation has no right to exist. To this complexion it came at last, and was sure to come from the first. The slavery question was not, therefore, a legitimate political issue, because it had not two sides, unless the question of the national existence has two sides. The thrusting of such an issue into political discussion works mischief in many ways: it damages those who support the anomaly; it renders many of those who oppose it fierce and pharisaical; the worst passions are aroused, and when the smouldering strife breaks out, as it surely will, in the horrible conflagration of civil war, a condition has been reached from which it is not easy to lead political discussion back to sober ways.

This is the difficulty in which our politics has been floundering now for fifteen years. The slavery question was settled by the war and the constitutional amendments. For a few years the obligation of the nation to care for the freedmen furnished the Republican party with a cry; slavery was dead, but the sequences of slavery prolonged the conflict. Of late, however, it has been evident enough to all sagacious Republicans that the negro at the South is better off without their championship; that his social condition is improving quite as fast as could be expected; that the only remedies now needed at the South are the development of its industries and the promotion of intelligence and morality. The Southern question, which in one form or another has been the burning question ever since the Republican party was organized, has now dropped out of politics. A leader of that faction which struggled to perpetuate this contest — a Stalwart of the Stalwarts — comes to the Presidency, and in his first message there is absolutely not one word about the Southern question! If there were a Southern question, could President Arthur have failed to discuss it before now? It is not only dead, it is so completely forgotten that he has even omitted to drop a tear upon its grave.

And now where are we? What political issue has survived the burial of the Southern question? On what lines of policy, on what doctrines of statecraft, are the two great parties divided. Precisely what does the Republican party now stand for, and what the Democratic

party? A thorough study of the platforms of the two parties and of the utterances of the party organs and of the party leaders for the last ten years would fail to afford any clear answer to these questions. On finance, while finance was an issue, neither party maintained any consistent policy; the Democrats, turning their backs on all their traditions, flirted most with the Greenback faction; but there were hard-money Democrats and soft-money Republicans, all in good standing in their respective parties. The same thing may be said of the tariff question. What intellectual change a man would be required to make in passing from one of these parties to the other it would be hard to tell. Who are the men most prominent as political leaders during the last twelve years, and what are their opinions on questions of legislation?

The lack of significance in the opinions of the men who have been of late the accredited leaders of the two parties, together with the studied ambiguities of their platforms, show that there is now no intelligible doctrinal difference between them. There is a difference, however, and it is easy to formulate: the Republican party exists for the purpose of retaining and distributing the offices; the Democratic party exists for the purpose of regaining and distributing the offices.

The mental change required of the voter who passes from one party to another involves, therefore, simply the substitution of one letter of the alphabet for another. Perhaps the moral change is not much greater.

It is no exaggeration, it is the simple truth, to say that the *raison d'être* of each of the two great political parties to-day is the government patronage—the possession of it in the one case, the hope of it in the other. Principles on which the two parties differ there are none to speak of; policies about which they disagree they rarely mention; the strife is simply for the spoils of office. Each party is ready to read its own record backward for the sake of carrying an election.

In the contest that arose respecting the Louisiana election returns in 1876, the Republicans in Congress insisted that the certificate of the State officers was final; that Congress had no right to go behind the returns. The Democrats, on the other hand, maintained the obligation of Congress to reopen the whole subject, and investigate the election. Thus the Republicans exalted State rights and the Democrats national supremacy, each party renouncing its own traditional principles, and espousing those of its antagonist, for the sake of counting in its candidates! A little more than a year after this hot debate, a Democrat came to Congress from Florida,

bearing the certificate of the State officers, but followed by a Republican contestant. And now the Republicans, to a man, insisted that Congress ought to go behind the returns; and the Democrats, to a man, contended that the certificate of the Governor must always be final! It would have been amusing, if it had not been painful, to sit in the gallery and hear these honorable gentlemen read extracts from one another's speeches of the year before, in which each one had flatly contradicted all that he then was saying. What was consistency when an office was at stake?

Here are two noteworthy facts in our recent political history: the dearth of principles, the strife for patronage. Which of these is cause, and which is effect? Perhaps the relation is reciprocal. In the disappearance of the old issues the mind of the manager has lightly turned to thoughts of spoil; while the enormous growth of government patronage has offered to ambition a prize so large as to withdraw the attention of all but the soberest men from the business of statesmanship. Certain it is that the presence of this element has greatly retarded the finding of new questions for discussion and new measures for advocacy. Questions there must be of grave importance to this nation at the present juncture; questions that admit of honest difference of opinion; measures that affect the enlightenment, the peace, the order, the prosperity of the whole country. Now that a fair beginning has been made in the reform of the civil service, we may hope that such questions will receive a little more attention. But in order that our future political discussions may have dignity and meaning, the good work thus begun must be completed. There will never again be any assignable difference of principle or policy between the two political parties, until the belittling and warping influence of the spoils shall cease to be paramount in political life. If we would have parties that stand for something, and campaigns that enlighten instead of mislead and corrupt the voters, let us make haste to establish an unpartisan civil service in all branches of the government.

It may be added in passing—though this wisdom will seem foolishness to the machinist—that the intellectual bond of a common belief in certain clearly expressed political principles will hold a party together much more firmly than the possession of political spoil. "The cohesive power of public plunder" is a misnomer; the principle is one of repulsion rather than of attraction; by this force parties are oftener rent than compacted. The English parties never stood together so solidly as they have done since there has been no patronage to divide among the victors.

Our discussion has taken us over familiar fields; but it may have helped us to a clearer understanding of the uses and abuses of political parties. That they may be the instruments of justice is evident; and it is not less clear that they may be the weapons of selfishness.

"Party," says Burke, "is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular principle upon which they are agreed." "National interests," says Bolingbroke, speaking of certain supposed combinations of men, "would sometimes be sacrificed and always made subordinate to personal interests; and that, I think, is the true character of faction."

Just so long as a party answers Burke's definition, just so long as it is bound together by a common attachment to principles and a supreme regard for the national welfare, its existence is justified; the moment it becomes a machine for the dispensation of patronage, it is a menace to the state. The question whether the two great political organizations of this country are best described by Burke's or by Bolingbroke's definition is a question which good Americans would do well to ponder.

They will not smell any too sweet, no matter by what name we call them. In the rank and file there is patriotism enough, but the management is often selfish and venal. What, then, is the duty of intelligent and patriotic men respecting them? To this question various answers are given.

1. Keep out of political life. It is hopelessly corrupt. You can do nothing to purify it. Let it alone.

This is the argument of despair, lightly urged by many frivolous and faithless souls, but not to be entertained by any patriot.

2. Vote always, but belong to no party. Join the unorganized mob of Independents; take your place on what Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls "the center of the tilting-board," and put your votes in every election where they will do the most good—voting always for the best men, or, at any rate, against the worse rascals.

This is a comfortable way of doing political duty; the practical difficulty is in determining which rascal is the worse. Both are sometimes so bad that it is hard to choose.

3. Maintain a loose relation to one party or the other, but take no part in the primary meetings, and bolt when they offer you bad candidates or bad measures. The theory is that in this semi-attached condition you will influence somewhat the nominations; that the party managers will be thinking of you when they make up the ticket.

This, too, is apt to leave the voter simply a choice of two evils. The gentlemen left by

you in charge of the primary meetings are not sure to think of you, and if they do, they console themselves with the reflection that the other fellows will probably nominate a worse man than theirs.

4. Join one party or the other. Go into the caucuses, if you can get in. Take your pluck and your independence along with you. Tell the gentlemen in charge that you are interested in the success of the party, and that you want to help keep it in a shape in which it will deserve to succeed. Give them distinctly to understand that while you ask nothing for yourself, you intend to take a hand in shaping the party policy and in making the nominations; and that you will be guided in all this by a supreme regard for national interests rather than personal interests. If, in spite of your protests, they make bad nominations, bolt the nominations, and return to the charge the next time, taking with you as many as you can of your well-intentioned neighbors. If you preserve your temper, and use reason, and keep standing up for men and things that are honest and of good report, peradventure they will listen to you at length, and you may succeed in lifting up the standards and in purifying party management.

This last method appears to me by far the wisest one. Of course there are communities where men of independent judgment are not tolerated in caucuses. In New York City, for example, until recently no man could vote in a Republican caucus unless he were a member of a Republican "Association," and no man could join a Republican "Association" unless he pledged himself beforehand to vote for every regular Republican candidate. Certainly no man is fit to be intrusted with the franchise who will thus sell his vote beforehand to a political club for the price of admission to its membership. But the party organizations throughout the country are not all of this character; and there is generally a chance for respectable men, who are determined to maintain their independence, to gain a hearing in the caucuses. Of course many of the gentlemen in charge would much prefer to have them stay away; but these gentlemen will commonly contrive to conceal their displeasure, and will endure the irruption as gracefully as they can.

It is by this active and personal interest in political affairs that men of intelligence and virtue can best serve their country. The government will continue to be administered by parties, and it is in the caucuses that party character is formed and party action shaped. Not to attend the caucus is to neglect the supreme duty of citizenship. By reforming the

civil service, one chief cause of party corruption will be removed. But the warfare will not then be accomplished; it will only just be well begun. The need of beginning at the sources of political activity and cleansing the stream that issues therefrom should be obvious to every public-spirited citizen. When every voter recognizes the truth that the obligation to attend the caucus can no more be shirked than the obligation to vote, the character of the parties will speedily show signs of improvement. The man who always votes, but never attends the primary meeting, is much like the man who always eats, but takes no pains to secure wholesome food, or like the man who always shoots, but lets somebody else direct his aim.

Since government in a free country is and must be by parties, the purity of the government depends on the purity of the party organizations. And the party organizations will

not be kept pure if the business of managing them is left to a few professional politicians. Mr. Stickney urges that this business is now become so vast that it cannot be done by ordinary citizens, who have their ordinary daily callings to follow; and that it must be attended to by professionals, who give to it their whole time and thought. I do not think that this is true; I believe that the intelligent and prosperous citizens can afford to give the necessary time to practical politics. They must do it, or lose their liberties.

The simple question is whether the intelligent and prosperous citizens will make up their minds to use the political parties as the instruments of patriotism, or whether the political managers shall continue to use the intelligent and prosperous citizens as the instruments of knavery. The abuses of party will cease when good men use the parties instead of being used by them.

Washington Gladden.



THE RED SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

THE yellow afternoon sun came in through the long blank windows of the room wherein the Superior Court of the State of New York, Part II., Gillespie, Judge, was in session. The hour of adjournment was near at hand; a dozen court loungers slouched on the hard benches in the attitudes of cramped carelessness which mark the familiar of the halls of justice. Beyond the rail sat a dozen lawyers and lawyers' clerks, and a dozen weary jurymen. Above the drowsy silence rose the nasal voice of the junior counsel for the defense, who, in a high monotone, with his faint eyes fixed on the paper in his hand, was making something like a half-a-score of "requests to charge."

Nobody paid attention to him. Two lawyer's clerks whispered like mischievous school-

boys, hiding behind a pile of books that towered upon a table. Junior counsel for the plaintiff chewed his pencil and took advantage of his opportunity to familiarize himself with certain neglected passages of the New Code. The crier, like a half-dormant old spider, sat in his place and watched a boy who was fidgeting at the far end of the room, and who looked as though he wanted to whistle.

The jurymen might have been dream-men, vague creations of an autumn afternoon's doze. It was hard to connect them with a world of life and business. Yet, gazing closer, you might have seen that one looked as if he were thinking of his dinner, and another as if he were thinking of the lost love of his youth; and that the expression on the faces of the

others ranged from the vacant to the inscrutable. The oldest juror, at the end of the second row, was sound asleep. Every one in the court-room, except himself, knew it. No one cared.

Gillespie, J., was writing his acceptance of an invitation to a dinner set for that evening at Delmonico's. He was doing this in such a way that he appeared to be taking copious and conscientious notes. Long years on the bench had whitened Judge Gillespie's hair, and taught him how to do this. His seeming attentiveness much encouraged the counsel for the defense, whose high-pitched tone rasped the air like the buzzing of a bee that has found its way through the slats of the blind into some darkened room of a summer noon, and that as it seeks angrily for egress raises its shrill scandalized protest against the idleness and the pleasant gloom.

"We r'quest y'r Honor t' charge — First: 't forcible entry does not const'oot trespass, 'nless intent 's proved. Thus—'f a man rolls down a bank —"

But the judge's thoughts were in the private supper-room at Delmonico's. He had no interest in the sad fate of the hero of the supposititious case, who had been obliged, by a strange and ingenious combination of accidents, to make violent entrance, incidentally damaging the person and property of others, into the lands and tenements of his neighbor.

And further away yet the droning lawyer had set a-traveling the thoughts of Horace Walpole, clerk for Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather; for the young man sat with his elbows on the table, his head in his hands, a sad half-smile on his lips, and his brown eyes looking through vacancy to St. Lawrence County, New York.

He saw a great shabby old house, shabby with the awful shabbiness of a sham grandeur laid bare by time and mocked of the pitiless weather. There was a great sham Grecian portico at one end; the white paint was well-nigh washed away, and the rain-streaked wooden pillars seemed to be weeping tears of penitence for having lied about themselves and pretended to be marble.

The battened walls were cracked and blistered. The Grecian temple on the hillock near looked much like a tomb, and not at all like a summer-house. The flower-garden was so rank and ragged, so overgrown with weed and vine, that it was spared the mortification of revealing its neglected maze, the wonder of the county in 1820. All was sham, save the decay. That was real; and by virtue of its decrepitude, the old house seemed to protest against modern contempt, as though it said: "I have had my day. I was built

when people thought this sort of thing was the right sort of thing; when we had our own little pseudo-classic renaissance in America. I lie between the towns of Aristotle and Sabine Farms. I am a gentleman's residence, and my name is Montevista. I was built by a prominent citizen. You need not laugh through your lattices, you smug new Queen Anne cottage, down there in the valley! What will become of you when the falsehood is found out of your imitation bricks, and your tiled roof of shingles, and your stained glass that is only a sheet of transparent paper pasted on a pane? You are a young sham; I am an old one. Have some respect for age!"

Its age was the crowning glory of the estate of Montevista. There was nothing new on the place except a third mortgage. Yet had Montevista villa put forth a juster claim to respect, it would have said: "I have had my day. Where all is desolate and silent now, there was once light and life. Along these halls and corridors, the arteries of my being, pulsed a hot blood of joyous humanity, fed with delicate fare, kindled with generous wine. Every corner under my roof was alive with love and hope and ambition. Great men and dear women were here; and the host was great and the hostess was gracious among them all. The laughter of children thrilled my gaudily decked stucco. To-day an old man walks up and down my lonely drawing-rooms, with bent head, murmuring to himself odds and ends of tawdry old eloquence, wandering in a dead land of memory, waiting till Death shall take him by the hands and lead him out of his ruinous house, out of his ruinous life."

Death had, indeed, come between Horace and the creation of his spiritual vision. Never again should the old man walk, as to the boy's eyes he walked now, over the creaking floors, from where the Nine Muses simpered on the walls of the south parlor to where Homer and Plutarch, equally simpering, yet simpering with a difference,—severely simpering,—faced each other across the north room. Horace saw his father stalking on his accustomed round, a sad familiar figure, tall and bent. The hands were clasped behind the back, the chin was bowed on the black stock; but every now and then the thin form drew itself straight, the fine, clean-shaven, aquiline face was raised, beaming with the ghost of an old enthusiasm, and the long right arm was lifted high in the air as he began, his sonorous tones a little tremulous in spite of the restraint of old-time pomposity and deliberation:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise —" or "If your Honor please —"

The forlorn, helpless earnestness of this mockery of life touched Horace's heart; and yet he smiled to think how different were the methods and manners of his father from those of brother Hooper, whose requests still droned up to the reverberating hollows of the roof, and there were lost in a subdued boom and snarl of echoes such as a court-room only can beget.

Two generations ago, when the Honorable Horace Kortlandt Walpole was the rising young lawyer of the State, when he was known as "the Golden-mouthed Orator of St. Lawrence County," he was in the habit of assuming that he owned whatever court he practiced in; and, as a rule, he was right. The most bullock-brained of country judges deferred to the brilliant young master of law and eloquence, and his "requests" were generally accepted as commands, and obeyed as such. Of course the great lawyer, for form's sake, threw a thin veil of humility over his deliverances; but even that he rent to shreds when the fire of his eloquence once got fairly aglow.

"May it please your Honor! Before your Honor exercises the sacred prerogative of your office—before your Honor performs the sacred duty which the State has given into your hands—before, with that lucid genius to which I bow my head, you direct the minds of these twelve good men and true in the path of strict judicial investigation, I ask your Honor to instruct them that they must bring to their deliberations that impartial justice which the laws of our beloved country—of which no abler exponent than your Honor has ever graced the bench—which the laws of our beloved country guarantee to the lowest as well as to the loftiest of her citizens—from the President in the Executive Mansion to the humble artisan at the forge—throughout this broad land, from the lagoons of Louisiana to where the snow-clad forests of Maine hurl defiance at the descendants of Tory refugees in the barren wastes of Nova Scotia."

Horace remembered every word and every gesture of that speech. He recalled even the quick upward glance from under shaggy eyebrows with which his father seemed to see again the smirking judge catching at the gross bait of flattery; he knew the little pause which the speaker's memory had filled with the applause of an audience long since dispersed to various silent country grave-yards; and he wondered, pityingly, if it were possible that even in his father's prime that wretched allusion to old political hatreds had power to stir the fire of patriotism in the citizen's bosom.

"Poor old father!" said the boy to him-

self. The voice which had for so many years been but an echo was stilled wholly now. Brief victory and long defeat were nothing now to the golden-mouthed orator.

"Shall I fail as he failed?" thought Horace. "No! I can't. Haven't I got *her* to work for?"

And then he drew out of his breast-pocket a red silk handkerchief, and turned it over in his hand with a movement that concealed and caressed at the same time.

It was a very red handkerchief. It was not vermilion, nor "cardinal," nor carmine—no strange Oriental idealization of blood-red which lay well on the soft, fine, luxurious fabric. But it was an unmistakable, a shameless, a barbaric red.

And as he looked at it, young Hitchcock, of Hitchcock & Van Rensselaer, came up behind him and leaned over his shoulder.

"Where did you get the handkerchief, Walpole?" he whispered. "You ought to hang that out for an auction flag, and sell out your cases."

Horace stuffed it back in his pocket.

"You'd be glad enough to buy some of them, if you got the show," he returned; but the opportunity for a prolonged contest of wit was cut short. The judge was folding his letter, and the nasal counsel, having finished his reading, stood gazing in doubt and trepidation at the bench, and asking himself why his Honor had not passed on each point as presented. He found out.

"Are you prepared to submit those requests in writing?" demanded Gillespie, J., sharply and suddenly. He knew well enough that that poor little nasal, nervous junior counsel would never have trusted himself to speak ten consecutive sentences in court without having every word on paper before him.

"Ye-yes," the counsel stammered, and handed up his careful manuscript.

"I will examine these to-night," said his Honor, and, apparently, he made an indorsement on the papers. He was really writing the address on the envelope of his letter. Then there was a stir, and a conversation between the judge and two or three lawyers, all at once, which was stopped when his Honor gave an Olympian nod to the clerk.

The crier arose.

"He' ye! he' ye! he' ye!" he shouted, with perfunctory vigor. "Wah—wah—wah!" the high ceiling slapped back at him; and he declaimed, on one note, a brief address to "awperns han bins" in that court, of which nothing was comprehensible save the words "Monday next at eleven o'clock." And then the court collectively rose, and individually

put on hats for the most part of the sort called queer.

All the people were chattering in low voices; chairs were moved noisily, and the slumbering juror opened his weary eyes and troubled himself with an uncalled-for effort to look as though he had been awake all the time, and didn't like the way things were going, at all. Horace got from the clerk the papers for which he had been waiting, and was passing out when his Honor saw him and hailed him with an expressive grunt.

Gillespie, J., looked over his spectacles at Horace.

"Shall you see Judge Weeden at the office? Yes? Will you have the kindness to give him this—yes? If it's no trouble to you, of course."

Gillespie, J., was not over-careful of the feelings of lawyers' clerks, as a rule; but he had that decent disinclination to act *ultra præscriptum* which marks the attitude of the well-bred man toward his inferiors in office. He knew that he had no business to use Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather's clerk as a messenger in his private correspondence.

Horace understood him, took the letter, and allowed himself a quiet smile when he reached the crowded corridor.

What mattered, he thought, as his brisk feet clattered down the wide stairs of the rotunda, the petty insolences of office *now*? He was Gillespie's messenger to-day; but had not his young powers already received recognition from a greater than Gillespie? If Judge Gillespie lived long enough, he should put his gouty old legs under Judge Walpole's mahogany, and prose over his port. Yes, he should have port, like the relic of mellow old days that he was—of the times "when your father-in-law and I, Walpole, were boys together."

Ah, there you have the spell of the Red Silk Handkerchief.

It was a wonderful tale to Horace; for he saw it in that wonderful light which shall shine on no man of us more than once in his life—on some of us not at all, Heaven help us! But in the telling it is a simple tale:

"The Golden-mouthed Orator of St. Lawrence" was at the height of his fame in that period of storm and stress which had the civil war for its climax. His misfortune was to be drawn into a contest for which he was not equipped, and in which he had little interest. His sphere of action was far from the battle-ground of the day. The intense localism that bounded his knowledge and his sympathies had but one break: he had tasted in his youth the extravagant hospitality of the South, and he held it in grateful remembrance.

So it happened that he was a trimmer,—a moderationist, he called himself,—a man who dealt in optimistic generalities, and who thought that if everybody—the slaves included—would only act temperately and reasonably, and view the matter from the stand-point of pure policy, the differences of South and North could be settled as easily as, through his own wise intervention, the old turnip-field feud of Farmer Oliver and Farmer Bunker had been wiped out of existence.

His admirers agreed with him, and they sent him to Congress to fill the unexpired short term of their representative, who had just died in Washington of what we now know as a malarial fever. It was not to be expected, perhaps, that the Honorable Mr. Walpole would succeed in putting a new face on the great political question in the course of his first term; but they all felt sure that his first speech would startle men who had never heard better than what Daniel Webster had had to offer them.

But the gods were against the Honorable Mr. Walpole. On the day set for his great effort there was what the theatrical people call a counter-attraction. Majah Pike had come up from Mizourah, sah, to cane that demn'd Yankee hound, Chahles Sumnah, sah,—yes, sah, to thrash him like a dawg, begad! And all Washington had turned out to see the performance, which was set down for a certain hour, in front of Mr. Sumner's door.

There was just a quorum when the golden-mouthed member began his great speech,—an inattentive chattering crowd, that paid no attention to his rolling rhetoric and rococo grandiloquence. He told the empty seats what a great country this was, and how beautiful was a middle policy, and he illustrated this with a quotation from Homer, in the original Greek (a neat novelty: Latin was fashionable for parliamentary use in Webster's time), with, for the benefit of the uneducated, the well-known translation by the great Alexander Pope, commencing:

"To calm their passions with the words of Age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage;
Experienced Nestor, in Persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd."

When Nestor and Mr. Walpole closed, there was no quorum. The member from New Jersey, who had engaged him in debate, was sleeping the sleep of honorable intoxication in his seat. Outside, all Washington was laughing and cursing. Majah Pike had not appeared.

It was the end of the golden-mouthed orator. His voice was never heard again in the

House. His one speech was noticed only to be laughed at, and the news went home to his constituents. They showed that magnanimity which the poets tell us is an attribute of the bucolic character. They, so to speak, turned over the pieces of their broken idol with their cow-hide boots, and remarked that they had known it was clay all along, and darn poor clay at that.

So the golden-mouthed went home, to try to make a ruined practice repair his ruined fortune; to give mortgages on his home to pay the debts his hospitality had incurred; to discuss with a few feeble old friends ways and means by which the war might have been averted; to beget a son of his old age, and to see the boy grow up in a new generation, with new ideas, new hopes, new ambitions, and a life-time before him to make memories in.

They had little enough in common, but they came to be great friends as the boy grew older; for Horace inherited all his traits from the old man, except a certain stern energy which came from his silent, strong-hearted mother, and which his father saw with a sad joy.

Mr. Walpole sent his son to New York to study law in the office of Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather, who were a pushing young firm in 1850. Horace found it a very quiet and conservative old concern. Snowden and Gilfeather were dead; Weeden had been on the bench and had gone off the bench at the call of a "lucrative practice"; there were two new partners, whose names appeared only on the glass of the office-door and in a corner of the letter-heads.

Horace read his law to some purpose. He became the managing clerk of Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather. This particular managing clerkship was one of unusual dignity and prospective profit. It meant, as it always does, great responsibility, little honor, and less pay. But the firm was so peculiarly constituted that the place was a fine stepping-stone for a bright and ambitious boy. One of the new partners was a business man, who had put his money into the concern in 1860, and who knew and cared nothing about law. He kept the books and managed the money, and was beyond that only a name on the door and a terror to the office-boys. The other new partner was a young man who made a specialty of collecting debts. He could wring gold out of the stoniest and barrenest debtor; and there his usefulness ended. The general practice of the firm rested on the shoulders of Judge Weeden, who was old, lazy, and luxury-loving, and who, to tell the honest truth, shirked his duties. Such a state of affairs would have wrecked a

younger house; but Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather had a great name, and the consequences of his negligent feebleness had not yet descended upon Judge Weeden's head.

That they would in a few years, that the Judge knew it, and that he was quite ready to lean on a strong young arm, Horace saw clearly.

That his own arm was growing in strength he also saw; and the Judge knew that, too. He was Judge Weeden's pet. All in the office recognized the fact. All, after reflection, concluded that it was a good thing that he was. New blood had to come into the firm sooner or later; and although it was not possible to watch the successful rise of this boy without a little natural envy and heart-burning, yet it was to be considered that Horace was one who would be honorable, just, and generous wherever fortune put him.

Horace was a gentleman. They all knew it. Barnes and Haskins, the business man and the champion collector, knew it down in the shallows of their vulgar little souls. Judge Weeden, who had some of that mysterious ichor of gentleness in his wine-fed veins, knew it and rejoiced in it. And Horace—I can say for Horace that he never forgot it.

He was such a young prince of managing clerks that no one was surprised when he was sent down to Sand Hills, Long Island, to make preparations for the reorganization of the Great Breeze Hotel Company, and the transfer of the property known as the Breeze Hotel and Park to its new owners. The Breeze Hotel was a huge "Queen Anne" vagary which had, after the fashion of hotels, bankrupted its first owners, and was now going into the hands of new people, who were likely to make their fortunes out of it. The property had been in litigation for a year or so, the mechanics' liens were numerous, and the mechanics clamorous; and, although the business was not particularly complicated, it needed careful and patient adjustment. Horace knew the case in every detail. He had drudged over it all the winter, with no especial hope of personal advantage, but simply because that was his way of working. He went down in June to the mighty barracks, and lived for a week in what would have been an atmosphere of paint and carpet-dye, had it not been for the broad sea wind that blew through the five hundred open windows and swept rooms and corridors with salty freshness. The summering folk had not arrived yet; there were only the new manager and his six score of raw recruits of clerks and servants. But Horace felt the warm blood coming back to his cheeks, that the town had somewhat paled, and he was quite content; and every day he

went down to the long, lonely beach and had a solitary swim, although the sharp water whipped his white skin to a biting red. The sea takes a long while to warm up to the summer, and is sullen about it.

He was to have returned to New York at the end of the week, and Haskins was to have taken his place; but it soon became evident to Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather that the young man would attend to all that was to be done at Sand Hills quite as well as Mr. Haskins, or quite as well as Judge Weeden himself, for that matter. He had to shoulder no great responsibility; the work was mostly of a purely clerical nature, vexatious enough, but simple. It had to be done on the spot, however; the original Breeze Hotel and Park Company was composed of Sand-Hillers, and the builders were Sand-Hillers, too, the better part of them. And there were titles to be searched; for the whole scheme was an ambitious splurge of Sand Hills pride, and it had been undertaken and carried out in a reckless and foolish way. Horace knew all the wretched little details of the case, and so Horace was intrusted with duties such as do not often devolve upon a man of his years; and he took up his burden proudly, and with a glowing consciousness of his own strength.

Judge Weeden missed his active and intelligent obedience in the daily routine of office business; but the Judge thought it was just as well that Horace should not know that fact. The young man's time would come soon enough, and he would be none the worse for serving his apprenticeship in modesty and humility. The work intrusted to him was an honor in itself. And then, there was no reason why poor Walpole's boy shouldn't have a sort of half-holiday out in the country, and enjoy his youth.

He was not recalled. The week stretched out. He worked hard, found time for play, hugged his quickened ambitions to his breast, wrote hopeful letters to the mother at Montevista, made a luxury of his loneliness, and felt a bashful resentment when the "guests" of the hotel began to pour in from the outside world.

For a day or two he fought shy of them. But these first comers were lonely, too, and not so much in love with loneliness as he thought he was, and very soon he became one of them. He had found out all the walks and drives; he knew the times of the tides; he had made friends with the fishermen for a league up and down the coast, and he had amassed a store of valuable hints as to where the first blue-fish might be expected to run. Altogether he was a very desirable companion. Besides, that bright, fresh face of his,

and a certain look in it, made you friends with him at once, especially if you happened to be a little older, and to remember a look of the sort, lost, lost forever, in a boy's looking-glass.

So he was sought out, and he let himself be found, and the gregarious instinct in him waxed delightfully.

And then it came. Perhaps I should say She came; but it is not the woman we love; it is our dream of her. Sweet and tender, fair and good, she may be; but let it be honor enough for her that she has that glory about her face which our love kindles to the halo that lights many a man's life to the grave, though the face beneath it be dead or false.

I will not admit that it was only a pretty girl from Philadelphia who came to Sand Hills that first week in July. It was the rosy goddess herself, dove-drawn across the sea, in the warm path of the morning sun — although the tremulous, old-fashioned handwriting on the hotel register only showed that the early train had brought

*Samuel Rittenhouse,
Miss Rittenhouse,*

*Philadelphia.
do.*

It was the Honorable Samuel Rittenhouse, ex-Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, the honored head of the Pennsylvania bar, and the legal representative of the Philadelphia contingent of the new Breeze Hotel and Park Company.

In the evening Horace called upon him in his rooms with a cumbersome stack of papers, and patiently waded through explanations and repetitions until Mr. Rittenhouse's testy courtesy — he had the nervous manner of age apprehensive of youthful irreverence — melted into a complacent and fatherly geniality. Then, when the long task was done and his young guest arose, he picked up the card that lay on the table and trained his glasses on it.

"H. K. Walpole?" he said. "Are you a New Yorker, sir?"

"From the north of the State," Horace told him.

"Indeed, indeed. Why, let me see — you must be the son of my old friend Walpole — of Otsego — wasn't it?" said the old gentleman, still tentatively.

"St. Lawrence, sir."

"Yes, St. Lawrence — of course, of course. Why, I knew your father well, years ago, sir. We were at college together."

"At Columbia?"

"Yes — yes. Why, bless me," Judge Rittenhouse went on, getting up to look at Horace, "you're the image of your poor father at his age. A very brilliant man, sir, a very

able man. I did not see much of him after we left college — I was a Pennsylvanian, and he was from this State; but I have always remembered your father with respect and regard, sir — a very able man. I think I heard of his death some years ago?"

"Three years ago," said Horace. His voice fell somewhat. How little to this old man of success was the poor unnoticed death of failure!

"Three years only," repeated the Judge, half-apologetically. "Ah, people slip away from each other in this world — slip away. But I'm glad to have met you, sir — very much pleased indeed. Rosamond!"

For an hour the subdued creaking of a rocking-chair by the window had been playing a monotonously pleasant melody in Horace's ears. Now and then a coy wisp of bright hair, or the reflected ghost of it, had flashed into view in the extreme lower left-hand corner of a mirror opposite him. Once he had seen a bit of white brow under it, and from time to time the low flutter of turning magazine leaves had put in a brief second to the rocking-chair.

All this time Horace's brains had been among the papers on the table; but something else within him had been swaying to and fro with the rocking-chair, and giving a leap when the wisp of hair bobbed into sight.

Now the rocking-chair accompaniment ceased, and the curtained corner by the window yielded up its treasure, and Miss Rittenhouse came forward, with one hand brushing the wisp of hair back into place as if she were on easy and familiar terms with it. Horace envied her.

"Rosamond," said the Judge, "this is Mr. Walpole, the son of my old friend Walpole. You have heard me speak of Mr. Walpole's father."

"Yes, papa," said the young lady, all but the corners of her mouth. And, oddly enough, Horace did not think of being saddened because this young woman had never heard of his father. Life was going on a new key all of a sudden, with a hint of a melody to be unfolded that ran in very different cadences from the poor old tune of memory.

My heroine, over whose head some twenty summers had passed, was now in the luxuriant prime of her youthful beauty. Over a brow whiter than the driven snow fell clustering ringlets, whose hue —

That is the way the good old novelists and story-tellers of the Neville and Beverley days would have set out to describe Miss Rittenhouse, had they known her. Fools and blind! As if any one could describe — as if a poet,

even, could more than hint at what a man sees in a woman's face when, seeing, he loves.

For a few moments the talkers were constrained, and the talk was meager and desultory. Then the Judge, who had been rummaging around among the dust-heaps of his memory, suddenly recalled the fact that he had once, in stage-coach days, passed a night at Montevista, and had been most hospitably treated. He dragged this fact forth, professed a lively remembrance of Mrs. Walpole, — "a fine woman, sir, your mother; a woman of many charms," — asked after her present health; and then, satisfied that he had acquitted himself of his whole duty, withdrew into the distant depths of his own soul, and fumbled over the papers Horace had brought him, trying to familiarize himself with them, as a commander might try to learn the faces of his soldiers.

Then the two young people proceeded to find the key together, and began a most harmonious duet. Sand Hills was the theme. Thus it was that they had to go out on the balcony, where Miss Rittenhouse might gaze into the brooding darkness over the sea and watch it wink a slow yellow eye with a humorous alternation of sudden and brief red. Thus, also, Horace had to explain how the light-house was constructed. This moved Miss Rittenhouse to scientific research. She must see how it was done. Mr. Walpole would be delighted to show her. Papa was so much interested in those mechanical matters. Mr. Walpole had a team and light wagon at his disposal, and would very much like to drive Miss Rittenhouse and her father over to the light-house. Miss Rittenhouse communicated this kind offer to her father. Her father saw what was expected of him, and dutifully acquiesced, like an obedient American father. Miss Rittenhouse had managed the Rittenhouse household and the head of the house of Rittenhouse ever since her mother's death.

Mr. Walpole really had a team at his disposal. He came from a country where people do not chase foxes, nor substitutes for foxes, but where they know and revere a good trotter. He had speeded many a friend's horse in training for the county fair. When he came to Sand Hills his soundness in the equine branch of a gentleman's education had attracted the attention of a horsey Sand-Hiller, who owned a showy team with a record of 2.37. This team was not to be trusted to the ordinary summer boarder on any terms; but the Sand-Hiller was thrifty and appreciative, and he lured Horace into hiring the turnout at a trifling rate, and thus captured every cent the boy had to spare, and got his horses judiciously exercised.

There was a showy light wagon to match the team, and the next day the light wagon, with Horace and the Rittenhouses in it, passed every carriage on the road to the light-house — where Miss Rittenhouse satisfied her scientific spirit with one glance at the lantern, after giving which glance she went outside and sat in the shade of the white tower with Horace, while the keeper showed the machinery to the Judge. Perhaps she went to the Judge afterward, and got him to explain it all to her.

Thus it began, and for two golden weeks thus it went on. The re-organized Breeze Hotel and Park Company met in business session on its own property, and Horace acted as a sort of honorary clerk to Judge Rittenhouse. The company, as a company, talked over work for a couple of hours each day. As a congregation of individuals, it ate and drank and smoked and played billiards and fished and slept the rest of the two dozen. Horace had his time pretty much to himself, or rather to Miss Rittenhouse, who monopolized it. He drove her to the village to match embroidery stuffs. He danced with her in the evenings when two stolidly soulful Germans, one with a fiddle and the other with a piano, made the vast dining-room ring and hum with Suppé and Waldteufel; and this was to the great and permanent improvement of his waltzing. She taught him how to play lawn-tennis — he was an old-fashioned boy from the backwoods, and he thought that croquet was still in existence, so she had to teach him to play lawn-tennis — until he learned to play much better than she could. On the other hand, he was a fresh-water swimmer of rare wind and wiriness, and a young sea-god in the salt, as soon as he got used to its pungent strength. So he taught her to strike out beyond the surf-line, with broad, breath-long sweeps, and there to float and dive and make friends with the ocean. Even he taught her to fold her white arms behind her back, and swim with her feet. As he glanced over his shoulder to watch her following him, and to note the timorous admiring crowd on the shore, she seemed a sea-bred Venus of Milo in blue serge.

I have known men to be bored by such matters. They made Horace happy. He was happiest, perhaps, when he found out that she was studying Latin. All the girls in Philadelphia were studying Latin that summer. They had had a little school Latin, of course; but now their aims were loftier. Miss Rittenhouse had brought with her a Harkness's Virgil, an Anthon's dictionary, an old Bullions and Morris, and — yes, when Horace asked her, she had brought an Interlinear, but she

didn't mean to use it. They rowed out to the buoy, and put the Interlinear in the sea. They sat on the sands after the daily swim, and enthusiastically labored, with many an unclassic excursus, over P. V. Maronis Opera. Horace borrowed some books of a small boy in the hotel, and got up at five o'clock in the morning to run a couple of hundred lines or so ahead of his pupil, "getting out" a stint that would have made him lead a revolt had any teacher imposed it upon his class a few years before; for he was fresh enough from schooling to have a little left of the little Latin that colleges give.

He wondered how it was that he had never seen the poetry of the lines before. "*For-san et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" — for perchance it will joy us hereafter to remember these things! He saw the wet and weary sailors on the shore, hungrily eating, breathing hard after their exertions; he heard the deep cheerfulness of their leader's voice. The wind blew toward him over the pine barrens as fresh as ever it blew past Dido's towers. A whiff of briny joviality and adventurous recklessness seemed to come from the page on his knee. And to him, also, had not She appeared who saw, hard by the sea, that pious old buccaneer-Lothario, so much tossed about on land and upon the deep?

This is what the moderns call a flirtation; and I do not doubt that it was called a flirtation by the moderns around these two young people. Somehow, though, they never got themselves "talked about," not even by the stranded nomads on the hotel verandas. Perhaps this was because there was such a joyous freshness and purity about both of them that it touched the hearts of even the slander-steeped old dragons who rocked all day in the shade, and embroidered tidies and talked ill of their neighbors. Perhaps it was because they, also, had that about them which the mean and vulgar mind always sneers at, jeers at, affects to disbelieve in, always recognizes and fears, — the courage and power of the finer strain. Envy in spit-curls and jealousy in a false front held their tongues, maybe, because, though they knew that they, and even their male representatives, were safe from any violent retort, yet they recognized the superior force, and shrunk from it as the cur edges away from the quiescent whip.

There is a great difference, too, between the flirtations of the grandfatherless and the flirtations of the grandfathered. I wish you to understand that Mr. Walpole and Miss Rittenhouse did not *sprawl* through their flirtation, nor fall into that slipshod familiarity which takes all the delicate beauty of dignity and mutual respect out of such a friendship.

Horace did not bow to the horizontal, and Miss Rittenhouse did not make a cheese-cake with her skirts when he held open the door for her to pass through; but the bond of courtesy between them was no less sweetly gracious on her side, no less finely reverential on his, than the taste of their grandparents' day would have exacted—no less earnest, I think, that it was a little easier than puff and periwig might have made it.

Yet I also think, whatever was the reason that made the dragons let them alone, that a simple mother, of the plain old-fashioned style, is better for a girl of Miss Rosamond Rittenhouse's age than any such precarious immunity from annoyance.

Ah, the holiday was short! The summons soon came for Horace. They went to the old church together for the second and last time, and he stood beside her, and they held the hymn-book between them.

Horace could not rid himself of the idea that they had stood thus through every Sunday of a glorious summer. The week before he had sung with her. He had a boyish baritone in him, one of those which may be somewhat extravagantly characterized as consisting wholly of middle register. It was a good voice for the campus, and, combined with that startling clearness of utterance which young collegians acquire, had been very effective in the little church. But to-day he had no heart to sing "Byefield" and "Pleyel"; he would rather stand beside her and feel his heart vibrate to the deep lower notes of her tender contralto, and his soul rise with the higher tones that soared upward from her pure young breast. And all the while he was making that act of devotion which—"uttered or unexpressed"—is, indeed, all the worship earth has ever known.

Once she looked up at him as if she asked, "Why don't you sing?" But her eyes fell quickly, he thought with a shade of displeasure in them at something they had seen in his. Yet as he watched her bent head, the cheek near him warmed with a slow, soft blush. He may only have fancied that her clear voice quivered a little with a tremolo not written in the notes at the top of the page.

And now the last day came. When the workaday world thrust its rough shoulder into Arcadia, and the hours of the idyl were numbered, they set to talking of it as though the two weeks that they had known each other were some sort of epitomized summer. Of course they were to meet again, in New York or in Philadelphia; and, of course, there were many days of summer in store for Miss Rittenhouse, at Sand Hills, at Newport, and

at Mount Desert; but Horace's brief season was closed, and somehow she seemed to fall readily into his way of looking upon it as a golden period of special and important value, their joint and exclusive property—something set apart from all the rest of her holiday, where there would be other men and other good times and no Horace.

It was done with much banter and merriment; but through it all Horace listened for delicate undertones that should echo to his ear the earnestness which sometimes rang irrepressibly in his own speech. In that marvelous instrument, a woman's voice, there are strange and fine possibilities of sound that may be the messengers of the subtlest intelligence or the sweet falterings of imperfect control. So Horace, with Love to construe for him, did not suffer too cruelly from disappointment.

On the afternoon of that last day they sat upon the beach and saw the smoke of Dido's funeral pile go up, and they closed the dog-seared Virgil, and looking seaward watched the black cloud from a coaling steamer mar the blinding blue where sea and sky blent at the horizon; watched it grow dull and faint, and fade away, and the illumined turquoise re-assert itself.

Then he was for a farewell walk, and she, with that bright acquiescence with which a young girl can make companionship almost perfect if she will, accepted it as an inspiration, and they set out. They visited together the fishermen's houses, where Horace bade good-bye to mighty-fisted friends who stuck their thumbs inside their waistbands and hitched their trowsers half-way up to their blue-shirted arms, and said to him: "You come up here in Orgust, Mr. Walpole—say 'bout the fus' t' the third week 'n Orgust, 'n' we'll give yer some bloo-fishin' 't'y' wont need t' lie about, neither." They all liked him, and heartily.

Old Rufe, the gruff hermit of the fishers, who lived a half-mile beyond the settlement, flicked his shuttle through the net he was mending, and did not look up as Horace spoke to him.

"Goin'?" he said. "Waal, we've all gotter go, some time or other. The' aint no reel permanen-cy on this uth. Goin'? Waal, I'm —" He paused, and weighed the shuttle in his hand as though to aid him in balancing some important mental process. "Sho! I'm derned 'f I aint sorry. Squall comin' up, an' don't y' make no mistake," he hurried on, not to be further committed to unguarded expression; "better look sharp, or y'll git a wettin'."

A little puff of gray cloud, scurrying along in the south-east, had spread over half the sky, and now came a strong, eddying wind.

A big raindrop made a dark spot on the yellow sand before them; another fell on Miss Rittenhouse's cheek; and then, with a vicious, uncertain patter, the rain began to come down.

"We'll have to run for Poinsett's," said Horace, and stretched out his hand. She took it, and they ran.

Poinsett's was just ahead—a white house on a lift of land, close back of the shore-line, with a long garden stretching down in front, and two or three poplar-trees. The wind was turning up the pale under-sides of grass-blade and flower-leaf, and whipping the shivering poplars silver-white. Cap'n Poinsett, late of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was tacking down the path in his pea-jacket, with his brass telescope tucked under his arm. He was making for the little white summer-house that overhung the shore; but he stopped to admire the two young people dashing up the slope toward him, for the girl ran with a splendid free stride that kept her well abreast of Horace's athletic lope.

"Come in," he said, opening the gate, and smiling on the two young faces, flushed and wet; "come right in out o' the rain. Be'n runnin', aint ye? Go right int' the house. Mother!" he called, "here's Mr. Walpole 'n' his young lady. You'll hev to excuse me; I'm a-goin' down t' my observatory. I can't foller the sea no longer myself, but I can look at them that dooz. There's my old woman—go right in."

He waddled off, leaving both of them redder than their run accounted for, and Mrs. Poinsett met them at the door, her arms folded in her apron.

"Walk right in," she greeted them; "the cap'n he mus' always go down t' his observatory, 's he calls it, 'n' gape through that old telescope of hisn, fust thing the's a squall—jus' 's if he thought he was skipper of all Long Island. But you come right int' the settin'-room 'n' make yourselves to home. Dear me suz! 'f I'd 'a thought I'd 'a had company, I'd 'a tidied things up. I'm jus' 's busy as busy, gettin' supper ready; but don't you mind me—jus' you make yourselves to home." And she drifted chattering away, and they heard her in the distant kitchen, amiably nagging the hired girl.

It was an old-time, low-ceiled room, neat with New England neatness. The windows had many panes of green flint-glass, through which they saw the darkening storm swirl over the ocean and ravage the flower-beds near by.

And when they had made an end of watching Cap'n Poinsett in his little summer-house, shifting his long glass to follow each scudding sail far out in the darkness; and when

they had looked at the relics of Cap'n Poinsett's voyages to the Orient and the Arctic, and at the cigar-boxes plastered with little shells, and at the wax fruit, and at the family trowsers and bonnets in the album, there was nothing left but that Miss Rittenhouse should sit down at the old piano, bought for Amanda Jane in the last year of the war, and bring forth rusty melody from the yellowed keys.

"What a lovely voice she has!" thought Horace as she sang. No doubt he was right. I would take his word against that of a professor of music, who would have told you that it was a nice voice for a girl, and that the young woman had more natural dramatic expression than technical training.

They fished out Amanda Jane's music-books and went through "Juanita," and the "Evergreen Waltz," and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea"; and, finding a lot of war songs, severally and jointly announced their determination to invade Dixie Land and to annihilate Rebel Hordes, and adjured each other to remember Sumter and Baltimore, and many other matters that could have made but slight impression on their young minds twenty odd years before. Mrs. Poinsett, in the kitchen, stopped nagging her aid, and thought of John Tarbox Poinsett's name on a great sheet of paper in the Gloucester post-office, one morning at the end of April, 1862, when the news came up that Farragut had passed the forts.

The squall was going over, much as it had come, only no one paid attention to its movements now; for the sun was out, trying to straighten up the crushed grass and flowers, and to brighten the hurrying waves, and to soothe the rustling agitation of the poplars.

They must have one more song. Miss Rittenhouse chose "Jeannette and Jeannot," and when she looked back at him with a delicious coy mischief in her eyes, and sang

"There is no one left to love me now,
And you, too, may forget,"

Horace felt something flaming in his cheeks and choking in his breast, and it was hard for him to keep from snatching those hands from the keys and telling her she knew better.

But he was man enough not to. He controlled himself, and made himself very pleasant to Mrs. Poinsett about not staying to supper, and they set out for the hotel.

The air was cool and damp after the rain.

"You've been singing," said Horace, "and you will catch cold in this air, and lose your voice. You must tie this handkerchief around your throat."

She took his blue silk handkerchief and tied it around her throat, and wore it until

just as they were turning away from the shore, when she took it off to return to him; and the last gust of wind that blew that afternoon whisked it out of her hand, and sent it whirling a hundred yards out to sea.

"Now, don't say a word," said Horace; "it isn't of the slightest consequence."

But he looked very gloomy over it. He had made up his mind that that silk handkerchief should be the silk handkerchief of all the world to him, from that time on.

It was one month later that Mr. H. K. Walpole received, in care of Messrs. Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather, an envelope post-marked Newport, containing a red silk handkerchief. His initials were neatly—nay, beautifully, exquisitely—stitched in one corner. But there was absolutely nothing about the package to show who sent it, and Horace sorrowed over this. Not that he was in any doubt; but he felt that it meant to say that he must not acknowledge it, and, loyally, he did not.

And he soon got over that grief. The lost handkerchief, whose origin was base and common, like other handkerchiefs, and whose sanctity was purely accidental—what was it to *this* handkerchief, worked by her for him?

This became the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace that had changed the boy's whole life. Before this he had had purposes and ambitions. He had meant to take care of his mother, to do well in the world, and to restore, if he could, the honor and glory of the home his father had left him. Here were duty, selfishness, and an innocent vanity. But now he had an end in life, so high that the very seeking of it was a religion. Every thought of self was flooded out of him, and what he sought he sought in a purer and nobler spirit than ever before.

Is it not strange? A couple of weeks at the sea-side, a few evenings under the brooding darkness of hotel verandas, the going to and fro of a girl with a sweet face, and this ineradicable change is made in the mind of a man who has forty or fifty years before him wherein to fight the world, to find his place, to become a factor for good or evil.

And here we have Horace, with his heart full of love and his head full of dreams, mooning over a silk handkerchief in open court.

Not that he often took such chances. The daws of humor peck at the heart worn on the sleeve; and quite rightly, for that is no place for a heart. But in the privacy of his modest lodging-house room he took the handkerchief out, and spread it before him, and looked at it, and kissed it sometimes, I suppose,—it

seems ungente to pry thus into the sacredness of a boy's love,—and, certainly, kept it in sight, working, studying, or thinking.

With all this the handkerchief became somewhat rumpled, and at last Horace felt that it must be brought back to the condition of neatness in which he first knew it. So, on a Tuesday, he descended to the kitchen of his lodging-house, and asked for a flat-iron. His good landlady, at the head of an industrious, plump-armed Irish brigade, all vigorously smoothing out towels, stared at him in surprise.

"If there's anything you want ironed, Mr. Walpole, bring it down here, and I'll be *more'n* glad to iron it for you."

Horace grew red, and found his voice going entirely out of his control, as he tried to explain that it wasn't for that—it wasn't for ironing clothes; he was sure nobody could do it but himself.

"Do you want it hot or cold?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, puzzled.

"Cold!" said Horace, desperately. And he got it cold, and had to heat it at his own fire to perform his labor of love.

That was of a piece with many things he did. Of a piece, for instance, with his looking in at the milliners' windows and trying to think which bonnet would best become her—and then taking himself severely to task for dreaming that she would wear a ready-made bonnet. Of a piece with his buying two seats for the theater, and going alone and fancying her next him, and glancing furtively at the empty place at the points where he thought she would be amused, or pleased, or moved.

What a fool he was! Yes, my friend, and so are you and I. And remember that this boy's foolishness did not keep him tossing, stark awake, through ghastly nights; did not start him up in the morning with a hot throat and an unrested brain; did not send him down to his day's work with the haunting, clutching, lurking fear that springs forward at every stroke of the clock, at every opening of the door. Perhaps you and I have known folly worse than his.

Through all the winter—the red handkerchief cheered the hideous first Monday in October, and the Christmas holidays, when business kept him from going home to Montevista—he heard little or nothing of her. His friends in the city, or rather his father's friends, were all ingrained New Yorkers, dating from the provincial period, who knew not Philadelphia; and it was only from an occasional newspaper paragraph that he learned that Judge Rittenhouse and his daughter were traveling through the South for the

There was a showy light wagon to match the team, and the next day the light wagon, with Horace and the Rittenhouses in it, passed every carriage on the road to the light-house — where Miss Rittenhouse satisfied her scientific spirit with one glance at the lantern, after giving which glance she went outside and sat in the shade of the white tower with Horace, while the keeper showed the machinery to the Judge. Perhaps she went to the Judge afterward, and got him to explain it all to her.

Thus it began, and for two golden weeks thus it went on. The re-organized Breeze Hotel and Park Company met in business session on its own property, and Horace acted as a sort of honorary clerk to Judge Rittenhouse. The company, as a company, talked over work for a couple of hours each day. As a congregation of individuals, it ate and drank and smoked and played billiards and fished and slept the rest of the two dozen. Horace had his time pretty much to himself, or rather to Miss Rittenhouse, who monopolized it. He drove her to the village to match embroidery stuffs. He danced with her in the evenings when two stolidly soulful Germans, one with a fiddle and the other with a piano, made the vast dining-room ring and hum with Suppé and Waldteufel; and this was to the great and permanent improvement of his waltzing. She taught him how to play lawn-tennis — he was an old-fashioned boy from the backwoods, and he thought that croquet was still in existence, so she had to teach him to play lawn-tennis — until he learned to play much better than she could. On the other hand, he was a fresh-water swimmer of rare wind and wiriness, and a young sea-god in the salt, as soon as he got used to its pungent strength. So he taught her to strike out beyond the surf-line, with broad, breath-long sweeps, and there to float and dive and make friends with the ocean. Even he taught her to fold her white arms behind her back, and swim with her feet. As he glanced over his shoulder to watch her following him, and to note the timorous admiring crowd on the shore, she seemed a sea-bred Venus of Milo in blue serge.

I have known men to be bored by such matters. They made Horace happy. He was happiest, perhaps, when he found out that she was studying Latin. All the girls in Philadelphia were studying Latin that summer. They had had a little school Latin, of course; but now their aims were loftier. Miss Rittenhouse had brought with her a Harkness's Virgil, an Anthon's dictionary, an old Bullions and Morris, and — yes, when Horace asked her, she had brought an Interlinear, but she

didn't mean to use it. They rowed out to the buoy, and put the Interlinear in the sea. They sat on the sands after the daily swim, and enthusiastically labored, with many an unclassic excursus, over P. V. Maronis Opera. Horace borrowed some books of a small boy in the hotel, and got up at five o'clock in the morning to run a couple of hundred lines or so ahead of his pupil, "getting out" a stint that would have made him lead a revolt had any teacher imposed it upon his class a few years before; for he was fresh enough from schooling to have a little left of the little Latin that colleges give.

He wondered how it was that he had never seen the poetry of the lines before. "*For-san et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" — for perchance it will joy us hereafter to remember these things! He saw the wet and weary sailors on the shore, hungrily eating, breathing hard after their exertions; he heard the deep cheerfulness of their leader's voice. The wind blew toward him over the pine barrens as fresh as ever it blew past Dido's towers. A whiff of briny joviality and adventurous recklessness seemed to come from the page on his knee. And to him, also, had not She appeared who saw, hard by the sea, that pious old buccaneer-Lothario, so much tossed about on land and upon the deep?

This is what the moderns call a flirtation; and I do not doubt that it was called a flirtation by the moderns around these two young people. Somehow, though, they never got themselves "talked about," not even by the stranded nomads on the hotel verandas. Perhaps this was because there was such a joyous freshness and purity about both of them that it touched the hearts of even the slander-steeped old dragons who rocked all day in the shade, and embroidered tidies and talked ill of their neighbors. Perhaps it was because they, also, had that about them which the mean and vulgar mind always sneers at, jeers at, affects to disbelieve in, always recognizes and fears, — the courage and power of the finer strain. Envy in spit-curls and jealousy in a false front held their tongues, maybe, because, though they knew that they, and even their male representatives, were safe from any violent retort, yet they recognized the superior force, and shrunk from it as the cur edges away from the quiescent whip.

There is a great difference, too, between the flirtations of the grandfatherless and the flirtations of the grandfathered. I wish you to understand that Mr. Walpole and Miss Rittenhouse did not *sprawl* through their flirtation, nor fall into that slipshod familiarity which takes all the delicate beauty of dignity and mutual respect out of such a friendship.

Horace did not bow to the horizontal, and Miss Rittenhouse did not make a cheese-cake with her skirts when he held open the door for her to pass through; but the bond of courtesy between them was no less sweetly gracious on her side, no less finely reverential on his, than the taste of their grandparents' day would have exacted—no less earnest, I think, that it was a little easier than puff and periwig might have made it.

Yet I also think, whatever was the reason that made the dragons let them alone, that a simple mother, of the plain old-fashioned style, is better for a girl of Miss Rosamond Rittenhouse's age than any such precarious immunity from annoyance.

Ah, the holiday was short! The summons soon came for Horace. They went to the old church together for the second and last time, and he stood beside her, and they held the hymn-book between them.

Horace could not rid himself of the idea that they had stood thus through every Sunday of a glorious summer. The week before he had sung with her. He had a boyish baritone in him, one of those which may be somewhat extravagantly characterized as consisting wholly of middle register. It was a good voice for the campus, and, combined with that startling clearness of utterance which young collegians acquire, had been very effective in the little church. But to-day he had no heart to sing "Byefield" and "Pleyel"; he would rather stand beside her and feel his heart vibrate to the deep lower notes of her tender contralto, and his soul rise with the higher tones that soared upward from her pure young breast. And all the while he was making that act of devotion which—"uttered or unexpressed"—is, indeed, all the worship earth has ever known.

Once she looked up at him as if she asked, "Why don't you sing?" But her eyes fell quickly, he thought with a shade of displeasure in them at something they had seen in his. Yet as he watched her bent head, the cheek near him warmed with a slow, soft blush. He may only have fancied that her clear voice quivered a little with a tremolo not written in the notes at the top of the page.

And now the last day came. When the workaday world thrust its rough shoulder into Arcadia, and the hours of the idyl were numbered, they set to talking of it as though the two weeks that they had known each other were some sort of epitomized summer. Of course they were to meet again, in New York or in Philadelphia; and, of course, there were many days of summer in store for Miss Rittenhouse, at Sand Hills, at Newport, and

at Mount Desert; but Horace's brief season was closed, and somehow she seemed to fall readily into his way of looking upon it as a golden period of special and important value, their joint and exclusive property—something set apart from all the rest of her holiday, where there would be other men and other good times and no Horace.

It was done with much banter and merriment; but through it all Horace listened for delicate undertones that should echo to his ear the earnestness which sometimes rang irrepressibly in his own speech. In that marvelous instrument, a woman's voice, there are strange and fine possibilities of sound that may be the messengers of the subtlest intelligence or the sweet falterings of imperfect control. So Horace, with Love to construe for him, did not suffer too cruelly from disappointment.

On the afternoon of that last day they sat upon the beach and saw the smoke of Dido's funeral pile go up, and they closed the dog-eared Virgil, and looking seaward watched the black cloud from a coaling steamer mar the blinding blue where sea and sky blent at the horizon; watched it grow dull and faint, and fade away, and the illumined turquoise re-assert itself.

Then he was for a farewell walk, and she, with that bright acquiescence with which a young girl can make companionship almost perfect if she will, accepted it as an inspiration, and they set out. They visited together the fishermen's houses, where Horace bade goodbye to mighty-fisted friends who stuck their thumbs inside their waistbands and hitched their trowsers half-way up to their blue-shirted arms, and said to him: "You come up here in Orgust, Mr. Walpole—say 'bout the fus' t' the third week 'n Orgust, 'n' we'll give yer some bloo-fishin' 't'y' wont need t' lie about, neither." They all liked him, and heartily.

Old Rufe, the gruff hermit of the fishers, who lived a half-mile beyond the settlement, flicked his shuttle through the net he was mending, and did not look up as Horace spoke to him.

"Goin'?" he said. "Waal, we've all gotter go, some time or other. The' aint no reel perma-nen-cy on this uth. Goin'? Waal, I'm —" He paused, and weighed the shuttle in his hand as though to aid him in balancing some important mental process. "Sho! I'm derved 'f I aint sorry. Squall comin' up, an' don't y' make no mistake," he hurried on, not to be further committed to unguarded expression; "better look sharp, or y'll git a wettn'."

A little puff of gray cloud, scurrying along in the south-east, had spread over half the sky, and now came a strong, eddying wind.

A big raindrop made a dark spot on the yellow sand before them; another fell on Miss Rittenhouse's cheek; and then, with a vicious, uncertain patter, the rain began to come down.

"We'll have to run for Poinsett's," said Horace, and stretched out his hand. She took it, and they ran.

Poinsett's was just ahead—a white house on a lift of land, close back of the shore-line, with a long garden stretching down in front, and two or three poplar-trees. The wind was turning up the pale under-sides of grass-blade and flower-leaf, and whipping the shivering poplars silver-white. Cap'n Poinsett, late of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was tacking down the path in his pea-jacket, with his brass telescope tucked under his arm. He was making for the little white summer-house that overhung the shore; but he stopped to admire the two young people dashing up the slope toward him, for the girl ran with a splendid free stride that kept her well abreast of Horace's athletic lope.

"Come in," he said, opening the gate, and smiling on the two young faces, flushed and wet; "come right in out o' the rain. Be'n runnin', aint ye? Go right int' the house. Mother!" he called, "here's Mr. Walpole 'n' his young lady. You'll hev to ex-cuse me; I'm a-goin' down t' my observatory. I can't foller the sea no longer myself, but I can look at them that dooz. There's my old woman—go right in."

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Through all the winter—the red handkerchief cheered the hideous first Monday in October, and the Christmas holidays, when business kept him from going home to Montevista—he heard little or nothing of her. His friends in the city, or rather his father's friends, were all ingrained New Yorkers, dating from the provincial period, who knew not Philadelphia; and it was only from an occasional newspaper paragraph that he learned that Judge Rittenhouse and his daughter were traveling through the South for the

Judge's health. Of course he had a standing invitation to call on them whenever he should find himself in Philadelphia; but they never came nearer Philadelphia than Washington, and so he never found himself in Philadelphia. He was not so sorry for this as you might think a lover should be. He knew that, with a little patience, he might present himself to Judge Rittenhouse as something more than a lawyer's managing clerk.

For, meanwhile, good news had come from home, and things were going well with him. Mineral springs had been discovered at Aristotle. Mineral springs may be discovered anywhere in north New York, if you only try, though it is sometimes difficult to fit them with the proper Indian legends. The name of the town had been changed to Avoca, and there was already an Avoca Improvement Company, building a big hotel, advertising right and left, and prophesying that the day of Saratoga, and Sharon, and Richfield was ended. So the barrens between Montevista and Aristotle, skirting the railroad, suddenly took on a value. Hitherto they had been unsalable, except for taxes. For the most part they were an adjunct of the estate of Montevista; and in February Horace went up to St. Lawrence County and began the series of sales that was to realize his father's most hopeless dream, and clear Montevista of all incumbrances.

How pat it all came, he thought, as, on his return trip, the train carried him past the little old station, with its glaring new sign, AVOCA, just beyond the broad stretch of "Squire Walpole's bad land," now sprouting with the surveyors' stakes. After all was paid off on the old home, there would be enough left to enable him to buy out Haskins, who had openly expressed his desire to get into a "live firm," and who was willing to part with his interest for a reasonable sum down, backed up by a succession of easy installments. And Judge Weeden had intimated, as clearly as dignity would permit, his anxiety that Horace should seize the opportunity.

WINTER was still on the Jersey flats on the last day of March; but Horace, waiting at a little "flag-station," found the air full of crude prophecies of spring. He had been searching titles all day in a close and gloomy little town-hall, and he was glad to be out-of-doors again, and to think that he should be back in New York by dinner-time, for it was past five o'clock.

But a talk with the station-master made the prospect less bright. No train would stop there until seven.

Was there no other way of getting home?

The lonely guardian of the gothic shanty thought it over, and found that there was a way. He talked of the trains as though they were whimsical creatures under his charge.

"The's a freight comin' down right now," he said, meditatively, "but I can't do nothin' with her. She's gotter get along mighty lively to keep ahead of the Express from Philadelphia, till she gets to the junction and goes on a siding till the Express goes past. And as to the Express — why, I couldn't no more flag her than if she was a cyclone. But I tell you what you do. You walk right down to the junction — 'bout a mile 'n' a half down — and see if you can't do something with number ninety-seven on the other road. You see, she goes on to New York on our tracks, and she mostly's in the habit of waiting at the junction 'bout — say, five to seven minutes, to give that Express from Philadelphia a fair start. That Express has it pretty much her own way on this road, for a fact. You go down to the junction — walk right down the line — and you'll get ninety-seven; there aint no kind of doubt about it. You can't see the junction; but it's just half a mile beyond that curve down there."

So there was nothing to be done but to walk to the junction. The railroad ran a straight, steadily descending mile on the top of a high embankment, and then suddenly turned out of sight around a ragged elevation. Horace buttoned his light overcoat, and tramped down the cinder-path between the tracks.

Yes, spring was coming. The setting sun beamed a soft, hopeful red over the shoulder of the ragged elevation; light, drifting mists rose from the marshland below him, and the last low rays struck a vapory opal through them. There was a warm, almost prismatic purple hanging over the outlines of the hills and woods far to the east. The damp air, even, had a certain languid warmth in it; and though there was snow in the little hollows at the foot of the embankment, and bits of thin whitish ice in the swampy pools, it was clear enough to Horace that spring was at hand. Spring — and then summer; and, by the sea or in the mountains, the junior partner of the house of Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather might hope to meet once more with Judge Rittenhouse's daughter.

The noise of the freight-train, far up the track behind him, disturbed Horace's spring-time reverie. A forethought of rocking gravel-cars scattering the overplus of their load by the way, and of reeking oil-tanks filling the air with petroleum, sent him down the embankment to wait until the way was once more clear.

The freight-train went by and above him with a long-drawn roar and clatter, and with a sudden fierce crash, and the shriek of iron upon iron at the end, and the last truck of the last car came down the embankment, tearing a gully behind it, and ploughed a grave for itself in the marsh, ten yards ahead of him.

And looking up, he saw a twisted rail raising its head like a shining serpent above the dim line of the embankment. A furious rush took Horace up the slope. A quarter of a mile below him the freight-train was slipping around the curve. The fallen end of the last car was beating and tearing the ties. He heard the shrill creak of the brakes and the frightened whistle of the locomotive. But the grade was steep, and it was hard to stop. And if they did stop, they were half a mile from the junction—half a mile from their only chance of warning the Express.

Horace heard in his ears the station-master's words: "She's gotter get along mighty lively to keep ahead of the Express from Philadelphia."

"Mighty lively—mighty lively,"—the words rang through his brain to the time of thundering car-wheels.

He knew where he stood. He had made three-quarters of the straight mile. He was three-quarters of a mile, then, from the little station. His overcoat was off in half a second. Many a time had he stripped, with that familiar movement, to trunks and sleeveless shirt, to run his mile or his half-mile; but never had such a thirteen hundred yards lain before him, up such a track, to be run for such an end.

The sweat was on his forehead before his right foot passed his left.

His young muscles strove and stretched. His feet struck the soft, unstable path of cinders with strong, regular blows. His tense fore-arms strained upward from his sides. Under his chest, thrown outward from his shoulders, was a constricting line of pain. His wet face burnt. There was a fire in his temples, and at every breath of his swelling nostrils something throbbed behind his eyes. The eyes saw nothing but a dancing dazzle of tracks and ties, through a burning blindness. And his feet beat, beat, beat till the shifting cinders seemed afire under him.

That is what this human machine was doing, going at this extreme pressure; every muscle, every breath, every drop of blood alive with the pain of this intense stress. Looking at it, you would have said: "A fleet, light-limbed young man, with a stride like a deer, throwing the yards under him in fine style." All we know about the running other folks are making in this world!

Half-way in his course Horace stopped

short, panting hard, his heart beating like a crazy drum, a nervous shiver on him. Up the track there was a dull whirr, and he saw the engine of the express-train slipping down on him—past the station already.

The white mists from the marshes had risen up over the embankment. The last rays of the sunset shot through them, brilliant and blinding. Horace could see the engine; but would the engineer see him, waving his hands in futile gestures, in time to stop on that slippery sharp grade? And of what use would be his choking voice when the dull whirr should turn into a roar? For a moment, in his hopeless disappointment, Horace felt like throwing himself in the path of the train, like a wasted thing that had no right to live, after so great a failure.

As will happen to those who are stunned by a great blow, his mind ran back mechanically to the things nearest his heart, and in a flash he went through the two weeks of his life. And then, before the thought had time to form itself, he had brought a red silk handkerchief from his breast and was waving it with both hands, a fiery crimson in the opal mist.

Seen. The whistle shrieked; there was a groan and a creak of brakes, the thunder of the train resolved itself into various rattling noises, the engine slipped slowly by him and slowed down, and he stood by the platform of the last car as the Express stopped.

There was a crowd around Horace in an instant. His head was whirling; but, in a dull way, he said what he had to say. An officious passenger, who would have explained it all to the conductor if the conductor had waited, took the deliverer in his arms—for the boy was near fainting—and enlightened the passengers who flocked around.

Horace hung in his embrace, too deadly weak even to accept the offer of one of the dozen flasks that were thrust at him. Nothing was very clear in his mind; as far as he could make out, his most distinct impression was of a broad, flat beach, a blue sea and a blue sky, a black steamer making a black trail of smoke across them, and a voice soft as an angel's reading Latin close by him. Then he opened his eyes and saw the woman of the voice standing in front of him.

"Oh, Richard," he heard her say, "it's Mr. Walpole!"

Horace struggled to his feet. She took his hand in both of hers and drew closer to him; the crowd falling back a little, seeing that they were friends.

"What can I ever say to thank you?" she said. "You have saved our lives. Not mine only—not mine—but—" she blushed faintly, and Horace felt her hands tremble on

his; "Richard—my husband—we were married to-day, you know—and——"

Something heavy and black came between Horace and life for a few minutes. When it passed away, he straightened himself up out of the arms of the officious passenger, and stared about him, mind and memory coming back to him. The people around looked at him oddly. A brakeman brought him his overcoat, and he stood unresistingly while it was slipped on him. Then he turned away and started down the embankment.

"Hold on!" cried the officious passenger, excitedly; "we're getting up a testimonial——"

Horace did not hear it. How he found his way he never cared to recall; but the gas was dim in the city streets, and the fire was out

in his little lodging-house room when he came home; and his narrow white bed knows all that I cannot tell of his tears and his broken dreams.

"WALPOLE," said Judge Weeden, as he stood between the yawning doors of the office safe, one morning in June, "I observe that you have a private package here. Why do you not use the drawer of our—our late associate, Mr. Haskins? It is yours now, you know. I'll put your package in it." He poised the heavily sealed envelope in his hand. "Very odd feeling package, Walpole. Remarkably so!" he said. "Well, bless me, it's none of my business, of course. Horace, how much you look like your father!"

H. C. Bunner.

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CAIRO, DURING THE WAR OF 1882.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, April 4th, 1884.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

DEAR SIR: My daughter has corrected the proof of her diary which you sent her.

At your request I add a few words of explanation, giving some general account of the circumstances under which the diary was written.

As you are perhaps aware, I was at that time, and had been for a dozen years, the Chief of the General Staff of the Khédive of Egypt. My duties at that critical period required me to be a part of the time in Alexandria and a part of the time in Cairo. On the 6th of July I took the evening train for Alexandria, expecting to return on the 8th. On the 8th I found it impossible to leave, as matters looked very threatening, and I could not telegraph for my family to leave Cairo without creating more panic. I felt that it was probable that the British Admiral would eventually bombard Alexandria, but I could not conceive that he could bombard an open sea-port after having proclaimed that he entered its harbor "as a friend,"—certainly not without giving such clear and timely notice that the thousands of Europeans residing in the interior cities (to whom no notice was given) would have opportunity to leave; for he and all the British authorities must have known perfectly well that the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality.

To my astonishment the notice of only *twenty-four hours* was given, and that notice was given late in the afternoon of the 9th of July, *after the departure from Cairo of the last train on that day for Alexandria*. At the same time the foreign war-ships and ships of refuge were advised to quit the harbor *at noon on the 10th*!

This barbarous disregard on the part of the British of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities caused me, as well as thousands of others, fearful anxiety, and caused the horrible death of scores of Europeans—French, Germans, Austrians, and Italians.

I was forced to decide in a moment the best course to pursue to secure the safety of my wife and daughters a hundred and twenty miles in the interior. There was no train to leave Cairo until 8 o'clock A. M. on the 10th, and that train would be due at Alexandria at 3 o'clock P. M., three hours after the departure of the ships of refuge. I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for a place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city.

Even could they reach Alexandria, the ships would not be there to receive them, and I could find no place of safety for them in a town about to be bombarded. I hastened to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to the senior officer of the Staff at Cairo, informing him that the British were about to act, that I remained at my post, and confided my family to the honor of the Staff. It was a desperate situation, but my decision proved to have been the correct one; for the families that left Cairo by the 8 A. M. train of the 10th arrived too late to get on board the ships, and were subjected to the horrors of the bombardment.

The following morning I placed my son on board the *Lancaster* frigate, and with a heart full of the deepest anxiety went about my duty near the Khédive, with as calm and cheerful a countenance as was possible.

During the day of the 9th of July, the palace of Ras-el-Tin was thronged with European officials of high grade. Even after the announcement of bombardment the English Consul-General, the English Postmaster-General (of Egypt), the English Collector of Customs, and the high functionaries of the various administrations were quietly eating their dinners and suppers in the city they were about to bombard, and jokingly discussing the probable effect of the heavy gun practice, apparently not thinking of or caring for the women and children of nationalities other than British in the interior. All British subjects had been carefully sent away.

On the 10th only five Western officials remained around the Khédive in his palace—one American and four Italians. One of these was myself; another, an Italian rear-admiral; another, the physician to His High-

ness; another, his secretary; the other, his master of the ceremonies. These five, with a few Turkish, Armenian, and Egyptian officers and officials, formed the little court of the Khédive through the scenes of the bombardment and the three days following, during which the palace of Ramleh was surrounded by troops sent to burn it and shoot down all who should attempt to escape.

Then came the British occupation of Alexandria, and the campaign against Arabi. During this campaign I did all of which I was capable to aid the allies of the Khédive; well knowing that while such was my duty, yet the performance of that duty, day by day, and act by act, must necessarily add to the dangers clustering around my family in their isolation. In my position every act was, of course, well known and conspicuous to the enemies of the Khédive.

This situation continued for my family and myself until the 8th day of August, when I had the happiness of receiving them on board the *Dakatiéh* at Port Said.

This happy result was due principally to the prompt decision of Commander Whitehead, United States Navy, who, not fearing to take upon himself responsibility when an American family was in danger, promptly acceded to my request to enter the Suez canal, and at Ismailia to demand of the authorities at Cairo that the family should be brought there and delivered to him on the deck of the U. S. ship *Quinnebaug*.

Means were taken to cause information of his resolve to reach the ears of Arabi, and he acted before being subjected to a demand in the name of the U. S. Government.

Had Admiral Seymour given even forty-eight hours' notice of his intention to bombard, he and his Government would have been spared the frightful responsibility which now weighs upon them of causing the horrible death of European men, women, and children, who perished miserably in the interior, and of hundreds of Egyptian women and children who perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town.

During the so-called "massacre" of June 11th, 1882, in Alexandria, European men were struck down by the infuriated populace, but not a woman or child was injured. During the Christian bombardment of Alexandria scores of Egyptian women and children perished, and their husbands, brothers, and fathers wreaked vengeance, a little later, on the innocent and helpless Europeans at Tintah and Mehallet-el-Kebir.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES P. STONE,

Lieut.-General.

Cairo, July 6th, 1882.—This has been a day of excitement, and mamma looks pale and tired, in spite of her efforts to bear up bravely. This morning papa announced his intention of going by the evening train to Alexandria, and proposed taking Johnny with him. I saw a pained look in mamma's eyes, and knew she would suffer much from the separation from her dear boy, even for two days only, as proposed; but he looked so wistful and longing when she asked him if he would like to go that she gave her consent. I wish she had not. I think that perhaps she would have decided differently, if he had not come to her as she was packing his traveling-satchel, and said, with an affectionate gesture, "If you need me, 'marmee,' or would be happier to have me stay, I shall be much better pleased to be with you." That settled it; and with great tears dropping on his linen, she went on with the packing.

Since the massacre of last month in Alexandria mamma has been terribly anxious when papa has been called there; but as his service requires him to be there to-morrow, there is nothing left us but silent endurance and hope.

I had a wretched foreboding all day that some unhappiness was in store for us. The constant coming and going of the staff-officers, the pale faces of mamma and sister, and the alarming telegrams, all conspired to make me nervous and unhappy.

At about five o'clock I left my chamber, thinking I would go and try to comfort mamma. I met her maid in the corridor, who told me she was in her chamber, reading.

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Sister was with Todas Santas in the morning-room, and papa and Johnny in his cabinet (directly under mamma's room), with a staff-officer, examining a new rifle. While the maid was still speaking there came from below a loud report. I staggered back a few steps, and just then papa and Johnny came dashing upstairs, exclaiming, "Where is your mother?" I pointed to the chamber door, and followed them in. Mamma was sitting before her toilet-table, her book fallen from her hands, her hair covered with plaster from the ceiling, and a great hole a few inches from her feet, where a bullet had pierced the heavy Persian carpet. The bullet had gone up and buried itself in the ceiling overhead, bringing down a shower of plastering. The rifle had gone off while papa was handling it!

Papa and Johnny left for Alexandria by the 6 P. M. train.

July 7th.—Telegram from Johnny saying, "All well."

July 8th.—Letter from papa. He thinks that Admiral Seymour will finally bombard Alexandria; and that if he cannot find a pretext he will make one. Mamma had an interview with some of the staff-officers, and they say that Arabi will betray the Khédive; that he is determined to rule Egypt, and whatever the Khédive may say or do, Arabi will try to put him aside, even should it mean assassination.

July 9th.—No news from Alexandria.

July 10th.—After passing an anxious day we were startled by having the card of Ali Pacha Cherif (a cousin of the Khédive) brought to the drawing-room. We thought

he was with His Highness in Alexandria, and felt instantly that he was the bearer of bad news. He came in his *costume de voyage*, covered with dust, and looking very much agitated. He said: "Madam, I bring you news from Stone Pacha. Admiral Seymour has given notice that he will bombard Alexandria to-morrow. The Khédive has left the palace of Ras-el-Tin, and gone to Ramleh [which is a few miles east of Alexandria, on the shores of the Mediterranean]. We had only twenty-four hours' notice in which to escape from the city. The Christians have fled to the ships. The Mussulmans are scattered over the country trying to find safety. Stone Pacha desired me to say that he is with the Khédive at the palace of Ramleh, and your son John Bey is at sea, about ten miles out on the flag-ship *Lancaster*. The English threaten to keep up the bombardment twelve hours. After it is over the Pacha will return to the Hôtel d'Europe, and your son may return after a few days."

There is great excitement in the city of Cairo. The Arab women are going through the streets to-night wailing and covering their heads with dust.

July 11th.—The staff-officers came to the house in great numbers to-day to tell us there is no danger for us. The bombardment is said to have ceased at sunset to-day. Official telegrams state that several fine buildings were destroyed, all the forts silenced, and large numbers of Egyptian soldiers killed. Some of the English ships were struck, and report says many English were killed and wounded.

Mamma tried to send a telegram to papa, but failed, as all the European employees, both here and at Alexandria, have fled, and we must wait until they can be replaced by the Egyptian operators who were turned out when the English took charge of the telegraph department; so they say. Neither can we send letters, as the post-office department is also in confusion; however, that will soon be regulated.

Mamma came to the desperate determination of sending our faithful Öster Mohammed to Alexandria with a letter to papa, asking him to send Johnny home, and imploring him to give her definite instructions as to what we shall do.

The panic is simply frightful. The trains going to Port Saïd and Suez are crowded. I thought all the Christians had gone in the panic following the massacre; but I suppose these now going are the poor *ouvriers*, who hoped to stay on. The different foreign governments are paying their passage to some safe port. Mamma has ordered Mohammed to go to the Hôtel d'Europe, and if papa is

not there to seek him at the Ramleh palace; and we expect him back to-morrow evening, as the express trains are stopped, and he must take any accommodation he can get. We felt very sad when we parted with the faithful creature; he has been with us for nearly thirteen years, and loves us better than he does himself. When he bade mamma good-bye he said, "My lady, I will find the Pacha if I live; and if he orders me to go to Johnny Bey, I shall go if I have to fight every step of the way." We trust him implicitly. Oh! if papa would only tell us to go, we might reach some safe spot. But, alas! Johnny is separated from us, and every hour that we must remain increases the danger of trying to escape. The railway stations are crowded with infuriated natives who insult Christians, and I hardly believe we could get permission to have a staff-officer accompany us, as these officers are already suspected of wishing ill to the "Arabi party." Mamma has busied herself all day in putting our clothes, or some of them, into trunks, hoping papa will tell us what to do.

July 12th.—Officers have been running in and out all day, bringing the wildest reports that are flying about the city. They say it would be extremely perilous for us to attempt to escape; at any rate, we must abide by papa's decision. Some of the staff-officers applied for a guard for our house, and two policemen were sent to stand at our gate; but to-day mamma demanded that papa's two orderlies from the War Department should be stationed in the garden, near the door.

They came, and we feel safer; for two finer, braver men never lived. They came to mamma to thank her for having applied for them. They said: "We never had a friend until Stone Pacha came to Egypt. He took us from poverty and wretchedness, and made us what we are, happy, well-fed, well-dressed men, with our families living in comfort. We swear by the heads of our dear children, by the bread that we have eaten, and better than all, by the Prophet, that no harm shall come to the Pacha's wife and children until we lie dead on your door-step."

We feel safer, but we long to have news of papa and our dear boy. I wish Mohammed would come; we thought surely he would be here this afternoon, as mamma ordered him to return by the first train after communicating with papa. Poor mamma! She ordered several nice dishes from our dinner to be kept warm, saying with a hopeful voice, "You know, girls, my boy will be ravenous after his journey." I wonder how she can even hope he will come.

It is nearly midnight. Sister is pacing up

and down her chamber, waiting. As I look from my window, I see the four armed men looking like statues in the moonlight, and two faithful servants sleeping on the graveled walk before the door.

July 13th.—Mohammed returned about two o'clock this morning, and brought a letter from papa, but, alas! not Johnny boy. He had a frightful journey down and back. The train was crowded with horses and munitions of war going down, and with wretched fugitives coming back. He was twelve hours *en route* to Alexandria, and found papa at midnight at the Hôtel d'Europe.

The next morning papa took Mohammed with him to see the forts. Many were utterly demolished, and he saw several dead soldiers still lying under the great cannon. They visited the hospital. It must have been a heart-rending sight; the wounded were lying on the bare stone floors, covered with blood and dust, gasping for water, and some dying for want of proper care, as there were only three doctors there. Oh, how could Arabi bring such misery on his country! Why did he not make some preparation for the sick and wounded? He evidently knows nothing of war, although he boasts of his patriotism, and makes such desperate threats against all foreign powers.

Papa's letter was only a few lines, telling us what we knew before, that Johnny was safe on the *Lancaster*, giving a short description of the bombardment, and thanking her for sending him clothing, but unable to give us a hint, under the circumstances, as to what we were to do, for while he was writing the bombardment recommenced.

I watched mamma's face as she read the letter. When I saw the tightly compressed lips, the despairing gesture with which she handed it to sister, saying, "Read it to the children, Hettie," I knew we were in a "bad fix," as Johnny says. We all crept off to our rooms without speaking, without even looking each other in the face. I knew positively that mamma would never leave Cairo without papa's orders; and he, knowing the danger of Christian ladies traveling alone, cannot yet advise us to leave.

Alexandria is in flames; the soldiers and low class of Arabs are pillaging and plundering, and Arabi is encamped near Ramleh.

This morning, after breakfast, mamma called us all to her, and said: "My children, we are in great trouble, but we must look it bravely in the face, and try to help each other to bear it. Papa has a good reason, of course, for leaving us here; he may rescue us yet; only we may have to undergo great suffering in the meantime. You know he left me

money enough only for a few days' expenses. That is all gone, and I must use your little store; I shall be forced to exercise great economy, as it will last but a short time. Now, I want you to promise me to be patient, to be cheerful, and always brave. Go on with your studies, keep always busy, and trust to me to save you, if it is possible, when the worst comes. We have fire-arms enough in the house to defend ourselves until we can get help from the staff-officers; and if they fail us, you can be brave and face death like good soldiers. Only promise me never to let an Arab touch you. When it comes to that, remember I expect you to save yourselves by putting a bullet through your heart. Don't leave me to do it."

We all kissed her, and gave our sacred promise to do all she required; then we all went to our different duties. Johnny is safe, thank God!

We went out driving this afternoon, taking an orderly on the box with the coachman; but even he could not prevent our being insulted in words, and we shall in future be forced to remain in the house. That will be hard to bear in this hot weather; but we must be cheerful and patient, as we promised this morning.

The streets are crowded with wretched Arabs from Alexandria. They are the worst-looking people I ever saw—filthy, degraded women, and fierce, brutal men. We hear that the chief of police is almost desperate about having them pouring into the city in such numbers. What to do with them is the question. They left the trains shouting, "We have come to teach you Cairenes how to kill Christians;" and they are sleeping on their bundles of dirty rags on the sidewalks to-night.

July 14th.—Terrible news from Alexandria. The Khédive, they say, had all his preparations made to come to Cairo, where he might be with his people, and try to stop the English from taking the country. The royal train was ready and waiting for him, when the palace was surrounded by soldiers sent by Arabi to massacre him and all the court! The Khédive sent to know the meaning of the movement. When the officers of the regiment came into his presence they said: "We have been sent here to fire the palace, and shoot every person who may attempt to leave it; but we cannot do it. We want to remain with Your Highness, and guard you." They all swore fidelity to him, but advised him to fly to the palace of Ras-el-Tin, in Alexandria, and call upon the English to protect him, as Arabi was determined to take his life. Then there was a scene of

confusion—a general rush for the carriages. Those who could get none went on foot, the soldiers escorting them. They were fired upon by soldiers, or Bedouins, on the way. One carriage carrying four ladies of the court had a horse killed, and they were forced to make their way on foot through the sand and dust for two miles, in their delicate satin slippers and trained dresses. The sister of the vice-queen, Madame Daoud Pacha, who was dangerously ill, was carried on a mattress, and was so alarmed by the firing and confusion that she is in a dying condition. Not succeeding in their infamous designs, Arabi's troops went to the railway station and destroyed the beautiful railway carriages, smashing everything they could lay their hands upon.

The Khédive called upon the English admiral for protection, and is safe from Arabi; but oh!—God protect us!—we are in greater danger than ever, since the news has reached Cairo that General Stone remains faithful to the Khédive, even while he is with the English. We have no claim upon them now for protection. Even the staff-officers may desert us. Papa telegraphed them that he intrusted us to their honor; but at that time the Khédive was with his own people, and we were all in sympathy. Our dining-room servant was insolent to mamma at dinner to-day, and we heard him tell mamma's maid that "the Bashaw had gone over to the English."

Great excitement prevails in the city. All the horses are being seized for the service of the army, even the mules in the watering-carts. The dust on the streets is terrible. Sister ventured out to the chemist's this morning in the carriage, and to her horror found the horses seized by two policemen. She remonstrated, and they were on the point of taking her to the guard-house, when an officer rushed to the rescue, and explained to the policemen that the horses of officers were not yet to be taken.

The refugees from Alexandria are being quartered in the furniture magazines of the Khédive. Arabi has retreated to Kafr-Dowar, about fifteen miles from Alexandria. There is no hope of communicating with papa.

Midnight.—Sister has just left me. She came softly into my chamber an hour ago, followed by Todas, both looking like ghosts with their pale, frightened faces, and told me that she had been roused by a tapping at her window. She sprang up and found Mohammed standing below. He had thrown a handful of gravel to waken her, being afraid to call lest he should attract the attention of the policemen, whom he distrusts. His story is a terrible one. There has been a massacre of Chris-

tians at Tantah, a station on the railroad between Cairo and Alexandria. We have been sitting here shivering with horror for an hour, and finally determined not to tell mamma until to-morrow morning, as she gets so little sleep at the best.

July 15th.—This morning we heard that seven staff-officers had been ordered to Kafr-Dowar. They are all in a terrible strait. All their sympathies are with the Khédive, and they detest Arabi. But if they refuse to obey the orders of the Minister of War, they will doubtless be shot. Mamma advised them to go, and to take the first chance to escape to Alexandria.

Mamma sent Mohammed with them, telling him to try to get permission to go to Alexandria. She has written to papa imploring him to give her permission to leave, to send her money enough to get us to Palermo, and to send Johnny to join us there.

Several of the staff-officers have offered her as much money as she needs; but she invariably makes the same reply: "You know how much I thank you for your generous kindness, but I cannot leave Cairo until I have permission from the General."

We told her the news from Tantah, but she is firm, and will not leave until we can be sure of papa's approval. We have faithful friends in Moktar Bey, Omar Bey, Latif Bey, Sadic Bey, Abdul-Razak Effendi, and Ismail-Effendi Nazeem. All of them are staff-officers. Latif Bey has refused to serve Arabi, although he was offered the command of a regiment. All these officers have offered us refuge in their houses. They said to-day, "General Stone is the father of the staff; we will protect you with our lives."

Mamma says we must never show fear. As long as the people see that we are not afraid of them they will respect us. The instant we "show the white feather" our lives are not safe an hour. The officers are coming and going all day. Sometimes they are with us until eleven o'clock at night; and it is really amusing to see the wonder and admiration with which they regard mamma's courage.

Arabi says he will finish this war without calling upon the staff to help him. Bah! he is a fool; the staff are the only officers worth having in the Egyptian army, and he has already called seven of them. What is to become of us if the rest of them are called?

The Moudir of Tantah has called for a regiment to quell the infuriated populace.

Mamma read, as usual, to us to-night a chapter from the "Following of Christ"; and I seem still to hear her soft, low voice saying, "It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities, for oftentimes they

make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is in exile and may not place his hopes in anything of this world."

July 16th.—Nothing of importance has happened to-day. Moktar Bey left this morning with a thousand men for Damietta; but, as he is to return immediately, we do not feel much alarmed at his absence. Mamma is anxious about our health. The heat is very great. This morning she consulted with the orderlies, and they advised her to let us take a walk in the early morning before the Arabs are awake. They will accompany us; but we shall wait until the day after to-morrow, as Ramadan commences at sunset.

Ramadan is the thirty days of fasting and prayer kept by the Mussulmans every year. It is very hard on the poor creatures when it comes during the summer season, for they are forbidden to touch food or drink between sunrise and sunset. At sunset, when the evening gun is fired, they may eat and drink, and as often as they like during the night; but they suffer greatly through the long, hot summer days. Generally they carouse all night, and sleep a great part of the day. Therefore we may take our walk before they are stirring in the morning. Tradition says that Mohammed the Prophet prayed to God for help to make his followers humble, and that God sent the Archangel Gabriel to him, saying He required all Mohammedans to pray fifty times a day for thirty days, and during that time they were forbidden to touch food or drink from sunrise to sunset. Mohammed remonstrated, saying that his people were not strong enough to pray fifty times a day and fast all day; therefore they were ordered to pray five times and fast.

I think the Franciscan monks have left. The church doors are closed, and the bells have not been rung since last Sunday. I wish they had remained. I felt so ashamed when the English clergyman left, the first one of his flock, and it has been such a comfort to sit in my window and see the good fathers at their work in the garden; and the chime of the bells was sweet in my ears, reminding me that we were not the only Christians in this dreary, unhappy city.

Our baker has gone, and in future we shall have to eat Arab bread, as ours was the last European baker in the city. He told our cook the other day that he would escape in disguise, and perhaps he may, as he has been twenty-five years in the country, and speaks Arabic like a native.

July 17th.—Mohammed returned this morning. Alas! he did not reach Alexandria. When he arrived at Kafr-Dowar he went to an officer, and asked him if Stone Pacha was

there. The officer turned upon him with an oath, and told him that Stone Pacha had joined the English. "But, thank God," said he, "we paid him well for it; for we burned him to death in the Hôtel d'Europe, before we left Alexandria." Then he ordered Mohammed to return to Cairo, and told him that if Arabi caught him there he would be shot. Poor fellow! he was in an agony of distress. He dreaded coming back to us with such heart-breaking news, and was walking slowly back to the railroad when a soldier spoke to him. Mohammed asked him if it were true that Stone Pacha was killed, and the soldier said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "Perhaps, but I doubt it. I think the Bey you have been talking to only said that to torment you. However, if you value your life, go back to Cairo at once. If you will come with me, I will disguise you as a fellah; and you had better lie down in a cattle-car, and pretend to be sleeping when you see any one approaching."

So Mohammed went with him to his tent, put on a disgustingly soiled old galibee, and hid himself in a cattle-car.

Mamma is evidently determined to show us how a brave woman can bear trouble. She must be suffering greatly at this moment, not knowing whether she is widowed and we are fatherless; yet the only change in her that I can see is a sort of "hunted-down" look in her eyes, and a sharp, fierce way of speaking, which is unusual to her.

This morning sister came to her and said that Ali and mamma's maid were closeted in the pantry, and that she had overheard them speaking disrespectfully of us, calling us "dogs of Christians," and threatening us. After a few minutes mamma called them to her in the morning-room, and even now, as I think of the interview, I tremble. She told them that they had proved themselves to be faithless wretches; that she had fed them for years, and been like a mother to them; and now, in the first moment of trouble, they had turned traitors to her. Then she told them they were mistaken in thinking they could frighten her. "There never lived the Arab," said she, "who could frighten me. No, not Arabi and all his troops can do it. Go to your work, you miserable cowards, and the first time you look insolent I will have you thrashed. Never dare to threaten me again until you are beyond my reach!"

I never saw creatures so completely cowed and frightened as they were. They went sneaking from the room, but begged, before leaving, to be allowed to kiss her hand. They didn't do it, however, and got a reply which must have burned their ears. This evening,

when the staff-officers heard of it, they shook their heads and said that mamma was imprudent; but she fired up, and told them that her position was a desperate one and required desperate measures.

They say that the report that papa was killed is false.

July 18th.—Sister, Todas, and I took a short walk early this morning. We were accompanied by the two orderlies. We went to the little English chapel, hoping to be able to get in and get some books from the library. We found the boab sleeping at the door, and having roused him, he opened it for us. I was astonished at seeing the orderlies follow us in, and more astonished when they took cushions from the seats, and placed them on the floor to kneel upon. I asked them, "Is it possible that you are going to pray in a Christian church?" "Why not, my lady?" said they. "We Mussulmans can pray anywhere. Do we not all pray to the same good God? Jesus Christ belongs more to us than He does to you. You call Him the Son of God, which He was not. He was a great Prophet, and we love and respect Him. We love His blessed mother, too, the Sitta Miriam."

We left them to their prayers, and went into the little library to get our books. When we reentered the chapel we found the orderlies looking with great curiosity at the organ; and when I told them it was a "musica," they begged me to play for them. I sat down and played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and when I told them how our dead President loved it, they begged me to play it again.

Todas says she never saw such a rapt expression on a face as was on theirs until the music ceased. Poor fellows! they are such fine brave men, and do so long to see us safe with papa. I wonder what Arabi and his creatures would have said could they have looked in and seen a young Christian girl playing sacred music to two armed Mussulmans in a Christian church.

Moktar Bey returned to-day. He says the whole country seems to have gone mad. He was called a Christian by a rich merchant of Damietta, because he denounced the war. There was a great meeting of the notables to-day, and Raouf Pacha, Ali Pacha Moubarak, and others were appointed to go to Alexandria and discuss the situation with the Khédive. I doubt Raouf Pacha's getting permission from Arabi to pass. He (Arabi) very much fears that people may know the truth; they must believe his story, and he will throw every obstacle in the way of their hearing any

other. Mamma is going to send a letter to papa by Raouf Pacha.

We are very fortunate in having a well-stocked store-room. Mamma says she can stand a siege of three months.

Ten more staff-officers have been called.

July 19th.—Our troubles are increasing. This morning Major Abdul Razak Effendi requested a private interview with mamma, which lasted nearly an hour. When he left she called us all to her, and told us that there had been a massacre of Europeans at Mehallet-el-Kebir; that two European officials of the cadastre had been killed, cut into small pieces, and carried about the town by a procession, while the dogs were fed with their flesh! The women made what they call "the cry of joy," and waved their handkerchiefs. The sheiks of the mosques saved several families by shutting them up in the mosques, and afterward concealing them in their houses; and one sheik saved a gentleman by shaving his head, putting him in *sais* costume, and letting him run in front of his horse to a place of safety, about ten kilometres away. Many of the sheiks have behaved well thus far. One of them (Sheik Ibrahim) in Alexandria saved a large number of men on the 11th of June, by shutting them up in his mosque and guarding them until the riot was over.

Abdul Razak Effendi* says we must leave our house without delay, and advised mamma to prepare to go to-night to Omar Bey's house. He said we ought to get away without allowing our servants (except our Mohammed) to know where we are going. Shortly after he left, Omar Bey and Ismail Effendi came also to urge us to leave, and Omar Bey said that we would be safe in his house. Mamma said she would consider the matter, and give them an answer at sunset.

Then we had a regular *pow-wow* among ourselves. Mamma told each one of us to give the best advice she could, which made us very proud, so that we chattered like three magpies, while she sat and listened. Finally she said: "Well, girls, I will tell you what I think about it. It is all nonsense to suppose we could leave this house without our destination being known; for I have seen three men watching the house the last three nights past, and they will follow us. I shall not run away from my servants like a coward, and leave my house to be pillaged. Omar Bey's servants would betray us to their neighbors, and in case of trouble we should be caged there, and probably be the cause of ruin to his family. His house is situated in the old part of the city, where the air is foul, and we should be

* Major Abdul Razak Effendi was afterward promoted to the grade of Colonel in the staff, and was killed in battle, while serving on Baker Pacha's staff, near Teb.

deprived of the comforts to which we are accustomed. The result would be disastrous in every way. We would be prisoners in an old Arab house, out of spirits, out of health, and so miserable that it would soon be a mercy if the Arabs should come and cut our throats. I propose that we stay at home like brave women, and live like Christians as long as we can."

We always agree when mamma speaks, and at sunset she told the officers of her decision. They left us looking very unhappy.

Sister called me into the library to-night, telling me to walk softly and not to bring a light. She led me to the window and whispered to me to look through the shutters. I did so, and saw a man crouching behind the shrubbery in the garden, watching the door of the vestibule. We went out of the house by the back door to notify the men, and crept round to the lodge, where they were taking their supper; but they, in their surprise at seeing us appear there, made such a stir that the man took fright and escaped. He must have come over the wall from a neighboring garden, and I do not doubt that he had listened to all the conversation with the officers; but as this was carried on in French, perhaps he may not have understood it.

Papa has always told us never to be afraid of spies, for a man who descends to such mean work is so low that he cannot be fully believed even by those who employ him.

July 20th.—The boab of the Khédivial Geographical Society came to mamma this morning, and said that his uncle had been ordered to Kafr-Dowar, and would leave at noon. He said that if mamma would send a letter to papa by him, it would surely reach him, for his uncle's intention was to desert and make his way to Alexandria as soon as possible. Mamma wrote a short letter, telling papa not to be anxious, and trying to comfort him by making the best of everything. We never speak of Johnny boy to mamma. A few days after he left we were all coming down-stairs to dinner, and as we turned on the first landing we saw his old straw hat hanging on the hat-rack. The boab had found it in the garden and hung it there. We fled in different directions to have our cry out, and since that day we talk of him only when the staff-officers are here. Five of them were here to-day. They do not cease urging mamma to leave our house, and take refuge in their families; and she finds it difficult to explain to them why she prefers to remain at home. Sadic Bey says we had better have our clothes packed in small trunks, as there will be no question as to the danger of our remaining in Cairo after the English attack

Arabi, and the latter shall commence his retreat on Cairo. He intends to take us to Arabia with his family. We shall find it hard work traveling on camels in this hot weather.

The spy *did* understand our conversation, or at least enough of it to make trouble for us. Omar Bey was called to the War Department this morning, and told that he was reported as having talked treason in a certain house, and should it be repeated he would be put in irons in the citadel! We hear that several of the staff-officers have deserted Arabi, and arrived safely at Alexandria.

July 21st.—Our cook came to mamma to-day and begged her to discharge Ali, Fatmah, and the boab. He said they are all traitors to us, and he is afraid we will be poisoned by one of them. "I have been your servant for eight years," said he, "and it is my pride to serve you well; but I must leave you unless those servants are sent out of the house, and forbidden to enter your doors again. You know you are safe with me, but I don't trust those three, who have access to your dining-room; and should you be poisoned it would be my ruin. I will do Ali's work, and Mohammed will attend the door." He is a good, honest man, and I know papa trusts him perfectly. Poor mamma! she looks tired to death, and I know she hardly sleeps at all, for I frequently hear her walking about her chamber, when I wake in the night. I wish the English would hasten their preparations, and attack Arabi. He is growing stronger, and the people are beginning to believe it is a *holy war*. We do not receive much political news from Europe. I believe the Turks are fooling both England and Arabi; at any rate, Arabi says he is working under the Sultan's orders, and England seems to believe that Turkey will help her to restore order in Egypt. The Turks are cunning diplomatists; but I think it may end in Turkey's losing Egypt this time. Abdul Razak told us to-day that there are sixty Greeks left in Cairo, and they have all moved into a certain quarter of the city and are living together. They have put their houses in a state of defense, and only one-half of them ever leave at a time. They are all heavily armed, and have a signal for assembly in case of danger.

Every evening at about nine o'clock a band of children, led by a man, parade the streets crying, "Long live Arabi! God give him victory! Death to the Christians!" This evening they came and stood in front of our gate, crying, "Death to the Christians!" but the orderlies rushed out upon them with clubs, and frightened them well. Arabi's wife pays these children to do this, and they stand for an

hour at a time before her door, shouting like so many lunatics.

Mamma paid the three faithless servants, and sent them away at sunset. The two men were very sullen, but Fatmah cried, threw herself down at mamma's feet, and begged to stay; but mamma was firm, and Fatmah left the house in tears.

July 22d.—One officer after another has been here to-day, imploring us to leave our house; but mamma positively refused to do so. Then they begged her to keep the house closed and try to make the people believe we had gone. She only laughed at them, however. She insists that our only chance of safety lies in our courage; and at sunset she has every door and window opening to the front thrown wide open, and lamps lit in the rooms. At night, on retiring, we see that the ground floor is well barricaded; but on the floor above we sleep with all our windows open. We sit in the vestibule opening on the front balcony until eleven o'clock, with five lamps in the chandelier, the door and windows open, and mamma has had the piano moved in there. We receive the officers there, and talk freely about the events of the day; but I think it would puzzle a spy to make much of our conversation, as we have adopted the plan of speaking four languages at once. We do it in this way. One of the officers makes a remark in French, sister says a few words in Arabic, I go on in Italian, and mamma in English. Sometimes, when we get confused, we explain to each other in a low voice in French. All the officers speak French well, some a little Italian, and some of them English. They do not like sitting in a blaze of light, perfectly visible from the street; but mamma's word is law to them.

July 23d.—Mamma made an announcement at the breakfast-table this morning that fairly took our breath away. Our money will last only about a week longer! I don't know what she intends to do about it; but when Todas said to sister and me, "Don't fret, girls; 'mamma' will manage to have bread and beefsteaks for us every day, or I am a Dutchman, and she won't borrow the money for it either," my spirits rose, and I reproached myself for not having encouraged the dear mother, by saying we would not mind living on the stores in the magazine till the end of time. I often think of what Jo said in "Little Women," "*I wonder what girls do who have not a good mother.*"

To-night Todas saw a man perched in a tree, looking in at a window, and she gave the alarm; but he scrambled down and ran like a deer. The orderlies fired at him, but he got away through Rousseau Bey's garden.

July 24th.—Mamma sent a letter to Arabi Pacha this morning, demanding papa's pay for the month of July! The officers looked at her in perfect amazement when she told them, and said: "Madam, you will not get a centime. How could you do such an imprudent thing?" She replied: "I shall get it, but I may have to go to Kafr-Dowar before I succeed." One of them said: "If all American women are like you, I would not like to go to war against your men."

Mamma had a note from one of the staff-officers at noon, stating that he and another had been called to Kafr-Dowar, and that they would call in the evening to consult her about it. When they came she was ready for them in every sense of the word. She demanded to know if they had come to tell her that they were going to Kafr-Dowar to serve Arabi against their sovereign. When they said, "We must go," she rose from her chair, and said that she was disappointed in them, that she had believed they were faithful to the Khédive, and would resign rather than serve against him.

"I am a woman," said she; "but rather than obey an order of Arabi Pacha that would compromise my husband's fidelity to the Khédive, I would let them kill me. You are not faithful soldiers. I cannot understand how you can go. I was not brought up to understand fidelity in this way."

"Madam," said one of them, "they would not accept my resignation; they would shoot me, and how would that help the Khédive or me?"

"It would not help the Khédive," said she sternly, "but it would save your honor!"

They were very much agitated, and said:

"His Highness will understand that we were forced to go when Arabi called for us."

"And," said she, "will you dare to face His Highness and give the same excuse that will be given by every traitor in Egypt?"

Then they swore to her that they would do everything in their power to save their honor. She said:

"When you shall have succeeded in that, you may return and tell me so!"

Raouf Pacha has gone to Kafr-Dowar, and has carried a letter to papa. He and Ali Pacha Moubarek may be said to be the representatives of the Khédivial party here. I hope they may be allowed to pass to Alexandria.

July 25th.—The two officers are gone. They will try to escape if possible.

The moudirs [governors of provinces] who have failed to raise troops for Arabi are being brought in and put in irons at the citadel.

Among them is our acquaintance Ibrahim* Bey Tewfik, who was formerly one of papa's staff-officers. He is very firm and a courageous loyalist. His beautiful little daughter is one of our schoolmates.

Mamma complained to the Prefect of Police yesterday about the band of children who parade the streets, and it has been forbidden for the future. I wonder how she dares to be so bold, but she says it is the best plan, and by the results I know she is right.

Since Fatmah left we have to do the chamber-work, and I find it helps to pass the time, though it certainly does not improve the appearance of our hands; and it makes me give up a half-hour of my music lesson. I never worked so hard in my life. Mamma is always on the watch, to see that we are not idle; and even when she reads or plays on the piano for us, we are not allowed to "hold our hands." I shall have linen under-clothing enough to last me until I am an old woman, if this lasts much longer.

How I shall enjoy being lazy by and by, if the Arabs do not kill us before the war is over!

We got a letter from papa this morning. It was brought into the lines by Monsieur de Lesseps' servant. Papa and Johnny are at Ras-el-Tin palace with the Khédive. They are very anxious about us, not having heard from us since Mohammed was at Alexandria on the 12th; though they had heard that he was afterward at Kafr-Dowar, trying to get through to them. Papa thanks mamma for being so brave, as was shown by her letter by Mohammed; tells her to keep up good courage, promising to rescue us. Johnny was a week on board the flag-ship, and saw all the bombardment. We have a cousin, who took care of Johnny. He is a midshipman, and one of the officers of the flag-ship told papa that he is one of the finest young men he ever met. So our Johnny boy was in good hands.

There was a great row in the garden today. The orderlies and Mohammed called the policemen idle, lazy vagabonds, and threatened to report them to the Prefect. The policemen were insolent, and it ended in the orderlies putting on their swords and marching them off to the guard-house. One of the policemen, seeing mamma on the balcony, shouted, "I am glad to go; I don't want to protect dogs of Christians." They will be severely punished, for the Prefect of Police is an inflexible officer, and I think he deserves the approbation of the civilized world for the way in which he has preserved order in Cairo. He is untiring in his vigilance; and, although

an Arabist, he will save his head, I hope, even if the English take Cairo while he is in charge. Not a Christian has been hurt here, not a house robbed, and he has even succeeded in sending all the Alexandrian ruffians out of town.

July 26th.—The two officers returned this morning from Kafr-Dowar, and came direct from the station to see and tell mamma. They were travel-stained and weary, but they would not go to their families until they had apprised mamma of their return. I believe they were sent for to make maps; and one, being in poor health, declined for that reason, and the other, having suffered from ophthalmia, declared the work impossible for him, so they were let off.

Arabi has sent an order for £50 on account of papa's pay, to be given to mamma! and he sent her many compliments!!

We take our walk every morning. It is like walking through an enchanted city of the fairy tales. In the whole European quarter there is not a house open excepting our own. Even the few Arab families who have houses in this quarter have left them and gone into the heart of the city, fearing that in case of pillage they might be killed.

All the staff-officers in Cairo were here this evening, and mamma read parts of papa's letter to them.

July 27th.—Major Abdul Razak came this morning to tell us that he and Ismail-Efendi Nazim have resolved to escape to Alexandria. They will not serve Arabi, and they expect every day to be called upon to do so. They are planning to get away the day after they receive their month's pay. They implored mamma to make an effort to go with them in disguise, but she says it would be madness to attempt it.

"How could I disguise myself as an Arab peasant woman with my yellow hair and blue eyes? And it would be almost as difficult with the girls. We would be killed before reaching Ismailia."

"Well, madam," said Abdul Razak, "you will be killed if you remain. Every hour the danger is increasing; and even if we should resolve to stay, it is more than possible that we could not reach you in time of danger. We must, for your sake, try to get to Alexandria as soon as possible, and find help for you."

"I will consult the officers before I decide," said mamma, and so the matter stands.

July 28th.—Mamma sent for all the officers this morning and held a "council of war." She told them that she was thinking of making an attempt to escape, and wanted their advice.

* This Ibrahim Bey Tewfik is the same who afterward made the heroic defense of Sinkat, and perished with all his troops, bravely fighting to the last in the name of the Khédive, rather than surrender.

They were absolutely horrified at the idea, and told her that it would be impossible, that a *rat* could not escape from Cairo. Mamma did not, of course, speak of Abdul Razak's plan, as it might have compromised him; but she told them that she was determined to make every effort in her power to reach Alexandria.

While she was speaking Abdul Razak and papa's interpreter came in, and the former said that after leaving us yesterday he went to the War Department and learned there that two of mamma's letters to papa had been captured and translated, to be sent to Arabi. They were taken from two men who had promised to take them safely to papa. Fortunately they contained nothing that could be disapproved of.

Nothing was decided this morning, but mamma says she has a plan which she thinks will succeed.

Sadic Bey's wife and daughters spent the evening with us, and of course we did not see the officers again, as they cannot enter a room where Mussulman women are unveiled. Madame Sadic begged us to come to her house and try to escape with them to Arabia; but mamma told her that she had determined to reach Alexandria if possible; that since she had received papa's letter saying he wished we were with him she had resolved to make every effort in her power. "If I fail," said she, "I will go with you."

We had a bad fright last night. Just about one o'clock sister heard a sharp rap at her door. She sprang out of bed and called to me. We soon roused mamma and Todas, and then we boldly demanded, "Who is there?" Then we heard Mohammed say, "I must speak to Madame." Mamma threw on her dressing-gown, and opened the door. She found Mohammed waiting to tell her that Moktar Bey had come to get a letter for papa, as Raouf Pacha had finally obtained permission to pass Kafr-Dowar and enter Alexandria, and would leave Cairo at day-break. We girls all crept back to bed again, and mamma wrote a few lines to papa. I know now by experience that I shall be terrified almost to death if the Arabs come to attack us in the night.

July 29th.—We have been busy packing all day. Mamma has written to Arabi asking permission to leave. She stated her reasons for wishing to go, and asked that a guard might be furnished her to Ismailia. The letter was sent to the War Department yesterday, and when the officers came here this morning mamma read a copy of it to them. They said it was perfectly useless to have sent it; but mamma replied that Americans

believe that what is worth having is worth asking for. Abdul Razak was here this afternoon, and said that there is to be a council at the War Department to-night, and Arabi has ordered mamma's letter to be read, and the advisability of letting her go discussed.

July 30th.—There was a frightful noise in the streets last night. All the population seemed to be shouting and beating tin pans. We soon heard that an English prisoner had been brought in, and the poor foolish citizens thought it was Admiral Seymour who had been captured!

To-day all papa's papers have been packed in good strong boxes. Mamma had the iron safe, containing his diaries for twelve years, broken open, and we hope to save them even should we be unable to take them with us. Some of the officers came to-day to tell us that when mamma's letter was read last night at the council a Pacha rose and said: "She must not be permitted to go. She is a dangerous woman to our cause. Her house has been a rendezvous for traitors, and she is kept well informed as to everything we do."

Mamma is beginning to show the strain upon her. She looked as though she were dying yesterday when she heard papa had been shot while reconnoitering the outposts from Alexandria. We did not believe it; yet such reports increase our anxiety. The officers begin to bring sorrowful faces to us. They say we will not be permitted to go, and we get almost distracted by the different counsels they offer—Sadic Bey urging us to fly to Arabia; Omar and Latif Beys, to go to their houses and disguise ourselves as women of the country; Abdul Razak and Ismail Nazim, to let them save us by flight through the desert to Port Said.

If we went to Arabia, mamma would break her heart in anxiety about papa and Johnny, and we have not money enough for such a journey. Sadic Bey replies that we would be his honored guests, and looks grieved when we give that as an excuse; but he cannot, of course, understand mamma's pride. I think I have already given our reasons for not taking refuge in the houses of the officers, and the wild project of escaping across the desert to Port Said is not to be thought of. We would be killed by the Bedouins. Surely we shall be able to decide upon something before the army begins to retreat toward Cairo, for we shall have no hope afterward.

July 31st.—No reply comes yet to mamma's letter. They evidently intend to hold on to us. Abdul Razak and Ismail Effendi are waiting to hear the decision before they attempt to escape. Their alarm for us increases day by day. They say that every

evening they see men watching the house. Abdul Razak has left his own house, and sleeps at night in one nearly opposite ours, whence he could reach us quickly.

Mamma has finally decided what to do in case her demand is refused. She intends to send for the leader of that band of Greeks and ask their protection. At the first signal of danger we will go to them with Mohammed and the orderlies. Mamma was very pale when she told us of her plan, and I knew it was simple desperation that had forced her to such a decision. "We must have a fixed plan," said she. "The staff-officers may not be able to save us, as two of them are resolved to escape, and the others may be called to the seat of war any day. These Greeks are desperate men, but they are brave. I think — indeed, I believe — they would give their lives to save us, and we have Mohammed and our brave orderlies. And now, girls, I am going to give you another shock. To-night, about nine o'clock, put on your hats and wraps. I am going to reconnoiter Cairo in the open carriage." I thought she had gone mad, and felt so sick and weak that I could not stand. She quietly remarked, however, "You need fresh air, and I am going to try the effect of it on you, young lady."

True enough, after dinner she ordered the open carriage, and we all followed her to the gate. The streets were in a blaze of gas-lights, and the lamps on the carriage threw their light directly on mamma's and sister's faces. The servants remonstrated, but it was useless. One of the orderlies mounted on the box beside the coachman, and away we went straight into the heart of the city, where thousands of Arabs were congregated on the sidewalks, eating, drinking, and smoking, after their day of fasting.

For once in our lives we created a sensation. Every man, woman, and child seemed petrified with astonishment on seeing four Christian ladies driving boldly through the streets at such a time.

We drove rapidly, as mamma said it would not do to leave them a moment in which to recover from their surprise, or we might be treated to a pistol-shot. We drove past nearly all the open-air cafés in Cairo, and only once heard a word spoken to us. One man cried after us, "*Affarum ya Nousranieh!*" i. e., "Bravo! you Christians!"

When we returned two officers were waiting at the door, and came to meet us. They were in despair about us, of course; but we were in such high spirits after our dare-devil drive, as they called it, that we only laughed at them.

August 1st.—We have had no answer from Arabi Pacha. Raouf Pacha is in Alexandria, and we hope much from his interview with papa. A man came this morning to say that he had come from Port Said, and that the American Consul there had told him to tell us that papa is working hard to rescue us.

We have had the wives of all the staff-officers here to-day. They cried, and drew such pictures of the treatment we would receive on the railway train, that I was glad to see them go away. Of course we cannot go, even should Arabi give us permission, unless he provides us with a guard.

We drove again this evening, taking a different direction, through the European quarter and across the Nile to Gezireh.

All our clothing is packed, and so are all papa's papers.

August 2d.—Raouf Pacha arrived here last night from Alexandria, and brought a letter and money from papa. When he passed through Kafr-Dowar, Arabi told him that we might leave, and he would furnish a guard.

It seems that Raouf Pacha told Arabi that we were going to be demanded by the commander of the United States ship *Quinnebaug*, in the name of the United States Government, and that this ship would be at Ismailia on the 4th. He advised Arabi to let us go, and Arabi sent instructions to the War Department to give us notice.

This morning His Excellency Yacoub Pacha, Under Minister of War to Arabi, came to see mamma. We girls were curious to hear what he had to say, so Todas and I hid behind a portière, whence we could see as well as hear. He is a fine-looking man, very graceful and dignified, but there was a stern expression on his face, and I thought mamma would have trouble with him; for she had said laughingly, when his card was brought in, "Girls, I am going to get a special train for you, and select my guard, and Arabi's government will pay for it."

It was an interesting interview. I never heard before so many complimentary speeches. One would have thought that he was the best friend that papa ever had, although we know quite the contrary; and mamma was equally eloquent and skillful in her part of the conversation.

Finally he said, with a charming smile, that Arabi had ordered a special train and a guard for us. "But madam," said he, "take no care on yourself about it, whatever; I will see that you reach Port Said, and your expenses will be our affair. I have telegraphed Monsieur de Lesseps to have a steam-boat ready for you at Ismailia."

He then said she might take as much bag-

gaze as she chose, and when she asked if it would be examined, he looked horrified at the very idea. Bravo! we shall be able to get papa's papers away.

Mamma asked if she might select her own guard and take three of her servants with her. He bowed, and said nothing could give him more pleasure than to gratify any request of hers. He then told mamma that it was reported in Alexandria that the English prisoner here was treated with the greatest cruelty, and he asked her if she would be so good as to visit the gentleman and talk with him freely. He said that he had given orders that everything should be done to make him comfortable, and he hoped that mamma would be satisfied with the treatment which the gentleman received. Mamma promised to go at four o'clock.

Moktar Bey accompanied him, and as he left the house he sent Moktar back to mamma to say that he feared she might have need of money on her arrival at Alexandria, and that he would be honored if she would permit him to place £500 or £1000 at her disposal. This offer was, of course, courteously declined.

At four o'clock Moktar Bey came to conduct mamma to the place where the prisoner is confined. I accompanied them, carrying several volumes of Dickens's, Thackeray's, and Lever's works. Arrived there, we found that the place looked like anything else than a prison. It was the school of the young Egyptian princes, a little palace in the center of a beautiful garden near Abdin palace. We entered a pretty reception-room, and a fair young English lad came forward, smiling, to meet us. He was the picture of youth and health, with all the surroundings of such luxury as can be seen in the Egyptian capital. The apartment that he occupies is that of the Khédive's eldest son, and his north-country clothing had been replaced by an elegant suit of white linen, much more suitable to the climate of Cairo in August.

Mamma laughingly told him that he looked to her more like a young English prince at home than a prisoner of war; and he replied that he was called the "guest of Arabi Pacha," and that he had only to express a wish for anything except liberty, and it was gratified if possible.

We remained with him an hour and a half in pleasant conversation, and mamma could find nothing in which to add to his comfort but some English books, a small addition to his wines, and a few drawing materials. Two young Egyptians who speak English remained constantly with him, and seemed to take pride in doing everything in their power to please

him. These young men followed us to our carriage, and promised to serve him faithfully.

August 3d.—Mamma wrote to the under minister to-day, thanking him for his kindness to the young gentleman, and urging upon him the duty of humanity. He replied, giving her his sacred promise that he should be carefully guarded from violence, and well cared for, and all her suggestions carried out.

Mamma called up a colonel who is under great obligations to papa, and who is devoted to Johnny, and charged him to watch over the young prisoner, and protect him as he would her son under the same circumstances, and obtained his promise.

Should he need any pecuniary assistance, this officer has orders to do all that is necessary, on papa's account.*

Abdul Razak and Ismail Effendi have been ordered to Tel-el-Kibir, a station on the railroad to Ismailia, and they will leave to-morrow morning. Abdul Razak has been appointed Chief-of-Staff of that department, and thus will have many opportunities of escape, which he will take advantage of. He and mamma have arranged that she is to consult papa, and if he approves, she is to send a letter to Abdul Razak, through the United States Consul at Port Said, which letter is to contain a certain expression, which will be the signal. He hopes to take twelve other staff-officers with him to Alexandria. We had all our books packed to-day in strong boxes (nearly two thousand books and pamphlets) and sent to Latif Bey's house. All our drawing-room and vestibule furniture has been stored in our friends' houses. Mohammed and our cook are going with us. When mamma said she would take only Mohammed with us, the other servants set up a cry of woe, and implored her not to leave them behind. They kissed the hem of her dress, and said they would go anywhere with her, and serve without wages, etc. Finally, mamma decided to take the cook with us, and pacified the others by explaining that they could serve us better by staying at home and preserving our property. She has paid them two months' wages in advance.

August 4th.—His Excellency Yacoub Pacha wrote mamma a beautiful letter to-day. I make an extract from it to show how desirous he is to please mamma, and to remind me always to be grateful to him, whatever may happen in future.

"À MADAME STONE PASHA.

Quant à votre maison, vos meubles et vos chevaux, nous veillerons à leur conservation; de même les

* The above description of our visit to the prisoner is taken from a letter which mamma wrote to his mother shortly after we reached Alexandria.

fourrages dâs aux chevaux de Son Excellence votre mari seront livrés chaque mois au Colonel Moktar Bey. Maintenant permettez-moi de vous déclarer, que, quoique je n'ai pas eu l'honneur de faire votre connaissance personnelle que lors de ma visite, je vous ai quitté plein de regrets sur votre départ. Veuillez la Providence que votre absence ne soit que de courte durée, afin que vous puissiez contempler souvent mon fils *Jean Bey*, lequel je n'ai pu voir qu'une seule fois à Alexandrie. Ainsi je vous prie de le contempler à ma place, et de l'embrasser une fois de plus pour moi. Je termine en vous priant de vouloir bien être l'interprète de mes sentiments auprès de S. E. le Général Stone, et d'agréer mes salutations les plus empressées.

J'ai l'honneur d'être
le plus dévoué
le Sous-Ministre de la Guerre,
(cacheté) YACOB SAMY."

All the families of the officers have been here to-day to bid us good-bye. Crowds of idle Arabs have been hanging about the place all day, and the orderlies have been busy chasing them away.

Ismailia, August 5th.—We left our house this morning and drove to Kasr-el-Nil. His Excellency Yacoub Pacha had arranged that we should leave from that place, saying it would be more private than at the general railway station. When we arrived at the palace (which serves as ministry of war) we found His Excellency and a number of officers of high grade waiting to receive us. About five hundred officials and soldiers were standing in the court of the war office, and the great vestibule was crowded. Yacoub Pacha offered his arm to mamma, and we followed, each accompanied by an officer. We passed through the vestibule, when everybody made a low salaam, and entered the minister's reception-room. What a gorgeous saloon it is! Mamma told me afterward that it is a saloon where she has been received many times at the entertainments of the ex-Khédive Ismail. When we were seated His Excellency ordered sherbets, and turning to mamma said that our train was not quite ready, and in the meantime he would like to converse with her. They exchanged many compliments, and finally His Excellency arose, and, opening a desk, took from it several papers. These papers proved to be a confidential letter from Monsieur de Lesseps to Arabi, and two telegrams from Monsieur de Lesseps concerning the Suez Canal. These documents will no doubt form a part of the official publications, and it is not for me to estimate their importance.

Finally His Excellency folded up the papers and ordered coffee. After taking coffee, and another exchange of compliments, we went out to take our departure, followed by a crowd of soldiers. The final leave-taking was oriental and elaborate. We soon found ourselves going with great speed toward Ismailia,

accompanied by Moktar Bey, a guard of soldiers, our two orderlies, and our servants.

When we reached Tel-el-Kibir, Abdul Razak sprang into the carriage, and whispered: "Don't forget the signal. We are waiting."

When we arrived here to-day at three o'clock P. M. we found Monsieur de Lesseps's carriage waiting to convey us to a hotel, but he did not present himself.

We shall have to wait here two days for a steamer for Port Said.

We find that a fine sea-going steamer sent expressly and most graciously by His Highness the Khédive is awaiting our arrival at Port Said. I hope such grandeur will not make me too proud. However, I don't think anything is too grand for mamma.

August 6th.—We have had a tiresome day. We walked an hour through the deserted little town and went to look at the iron-clads on Lake Timsah. Moktar Bey and the orderlies are devoted to us; they long to escape with us; but, as one of the orderlies said to-night: "Madame's honor is concerned, and we must return to Cairo, even if we must die without seeing the Pacha." Moktar Bey has sworn on the Koran to return from Ismailia and bring back the soldiers with him.

August 7th.—This is weary waiting; we have had two telegrams from the United States Consul at Port Said to know when we are coming.

August 8th, night.—On board steamship *Dakalieh*. We left Ismailia this morning, and arrived at Port Said at two o'clock P. M. The United States Vice-Consul-General met us at the landing, and took us to this beautiful great ocean steamer *Dakalieh*, where, to our joy, we found papa waiting to surprise us! Johnny is at Ras-el-Tin palace, Alexandria. Papa left there the day before yesterday to come and search for us, having become uneasy by reason of the delay, and he left Johnny there to receive us, in case by chance we should cross each other on the way between Alexandria and Port Said. The telegraphic cable has not yet been laid down between the two ports, and Arabi has cut the wires of the land telegraph line.

Alexandria, August 9th.—We did not leave Port Said until ten o'clock last night, our anchor having been entangled with that of a Russian steamer. We had a delightful voyage, and I can now understand how glorious it must be to be a prince, and have at one's disposal a fine large steamer. As we neared Alexandria the captain hoisted the Pacha's pennant at the main to indicate that papa was on board, and the American flag at the

fore to inform the American sloop-of-war that the family was on board.

The British iron-clads at the entrance of the harbor exchanged salutes of flags with our ship; the United States corvette *Quinnebaug* did the same as we passed her; and as we got further in there was Johnny with some staff-officers in one of the Khédive's barges, on the watch for us. As soon as we dropped anchor, a little steam-launch from the *Quinnebaug* came alongside with the compliments of Captain Whitehead, to take us ashore, where we found a carriage sent by His Highness to the arsenal wharf to await us.

Oh! what joy to be safe, and all together again. We are temporarily established in an exquisite little palace belonging to Baron de Menasce, the United States Consul here, which was kindly placed at our disposal. His family is absent in Europe, and the palace was partly pillaged after the bombardment; but the

place is beautiful still, and enough furniture was spared by the pillagers to make us very comfortable. It was very pleasant on entering this refuge to pass under the shield of the United States, which is beautifully painted over the door-way.

August 11th.—Admiral Seymour and several high English officials called to-day to congratulate mamma on her escape, and to thank her for what they termed her kindness to the young English midshipman in Cairo.

August 22d.—Immediately after our arrival here, papa submitted to His Highness the plan for giving signal to Abdul Razak, and His Highness having approved it, the letter was sent. Now we have had the satisfaction of seeing the result, for Abdul Razak and several staff-officers with him have safely arrived here, and have been received by the Khédive.

Fanny Stone.

THE PEOPLE'S VOICE.

FIRST NIGHT.

HOARSE with their cries of rage,
Brandishing torch and blade,
They beat on the gates of the prison cage,
"Is this for what our prisons are made?
Bring the murderer out!"
Like wild beasts they shout,
"Blood is of blood the only wage;
Throw him out! Throw him down,
Or we sack the town!
'Twere but justice for him,
Were he torn limb from limb!
Prate not to us about his age!
'A boy?' Let him not then live to be
man!
We will stamp out the murderers' breed if
we can!
'His mother?' Ay, he whom he killed
Had mother! Let justice be filled!
A life for a life! Bring him out!"
Like wild beasts they shout,
And beat on the walls, and climb, and tear,
And with cries like demons' fill the air,
And shots ring quick, and the streets run
red,
And men, right and left, are falling dead,
And the mob goes surging through the
town,
"Give the murderer up, then! Throw him
down,
Heed what the voice of the people has
said!"

SECOND NIGHT.

Lurid the fire shoots out,
Window, and roof, and door,
A thousand voices despairing shout,
As it leaps from floor to floor.
"Good God! that boy on the window sill!
Don't leap, brave lad! You can cling if you
will!"

High above all the din and rout,
Shrieks, and screams, and whistles, and bells,
And seething smoke like the mouths of hells,
Rises shrill and clear the crowd's loud call
To the cowering lad, "Hold fast! Don't fall!
You will be saved, beyond a doubt.
The ladders are coming! Look! They are here!
God bless you, boy; bless you! Keep cool!

Don't fear!
He's saved!" Hark, what cheers! They
deafen the air,
"Hurrah! Hand him down now to us, to
bear!"

On a hundred arms upstretched as one,
The boy like a helpless babe is borne.
"He is safe! Thank God!" they shout, they
cry,
Their voices break; not an eye is dry.
The fire rages on; the house must fall,—
Fortunes are buried beneath that wall!
And rich men's losses mean dearer bread;
But the crowd never thought of that at all,—
"The boy is safe!" was all they said.

Helen Jackson (H. H.).

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

THE editorial article entitled "Mob or Magistrate," in the April number of this magazine, was read by the light of the burning court-house in Cincinnati. Articles in *THE CENTURY* are often illustrated, but not often by pictures so vivid and impressive as those with which this one was furnished by the Cincinnati mob. Our figures showed the appalling failure of criminal justice; the country beheld, in one of its chief cities, a jail full of murderers waiting impatiently, but confidently, for their release, assured by their lawyers that they were not in any serious danger, since, although homicides were of almost weekly occurrence, but two capital convictions and one execution had occurred in that city during the past eighteen years. Our argument proved that such a failure of criminal justice was likely to result in mobs and lynchings; and almost before the ink was dry the demonstration was written in blood on the streets of Cincinnati. We showed how utterly futile are all attempts to rectify by mob violence the failure of the laws, since a mob is always a wild beast, without discrimination, with no method in its madness; and the abortive and idiotic savagery of this outbreak gave fearful point to the words. It is a terrible retribution that has fallen upon Cincinnati; the sacrifice of more than fifty lives, many of them valuable lives, and the wounding and maiming of thrice as many more upon her streets, are the natural consequence of the laxity and corruption that have long infested her criminal courts. Out of seventy-one prosecutions for murder and manslaughter in the courts of Hamilton County during the two years ending June 30, 1883, four resulted in acquittal, two in quashed indictments, six in imprisonment, and fifty-nine were still pending. Of such a paralysis of justice the logical results are, first a carnival of crime, and then anarchy. No wonder that the trade of burking had sprung up in Cincinnati, and still less wonder that a desperate populace trampled under foot the laws that had no longer any claim on their respect. If Cincinnati had convicted and punished half, even, of the homicides prosecuted in her courts during the last two years, this riot would never have happened, a fearful loss of property and of life would have been averted, and she would have escaped a blot upon her good name.

The immediate causes of this failure of the criminal courts in Cincinnati are easy to discover. A preposterous jury law made it simply impossible to secure a capable jury in any murder case. No man could be accepted as juror who had read a newspaper report of the preliminary examination of the accused, and the lawyers for the defense always took pains to furnish the persons summoned for this service with marked copies of newspapers containing such reports. Besides, the defense was allowed twenty-three peremptory challenges, while the State was allowed but six. Under such provisions the impaneling of a jury was an almost impossible task; the lawyers for the prisoner would admit no man whom they did not believe

to be either ignorant or corruptible; and the law put it into their power to fill the jury box with such men. Both these anomalies have now been corrected by the Legislature, though too late to affect the cases out of which the riot grew. The reading of newspaper reports of the coroner's inquest no longer disqualifies jurors in Ohio, and the prisoner's peremptory challenges are reduced from twenty-three to six. If these changes in the law had been made a year ago, the riot might not have occurred.

Added to these gross defects of the statute was the culpable negligence that everywhere prevails respecting the choice of jurors. No matter what the laws may be, men of intelligence and standing generally contrive to avoid jury duty. Since they will not serve themselves, it is no wonder that they neglect to secure the selection of men who are fit for the service. In Ohio the lists of jurors are returned to the court by the councilmen of the city wards and the trustees of townships; and these councilmen and trustees are such men as come to the surface in our municipal politics. The duty of choosing jurors is generally performed by them with great carelessness; and they often pay off small political obligations to their dirty vassals by putting them into the jury lists. Thus the class of persons returned to the courts is generally below the average of intelligence and character; and when the panel is exhausted, it is replenished by the sheriff from loafers in the court-room or on the street-corners. A glance into the faces of the jury in one of our city courts is often sufficient to convince any man of the hopelessness of looking for justice to such a tribunal. This is an evil which is by no means confined to Cincinnati; but it must be taken into account in estimating the causes of the failure of criminal law in that city.

Another element in the case is the presence of a set of criminal lawyers unusually astute and unprincipled. For money these men have made themselves virtually the accomplices after the fact of the criminals; and instead of honoring and supporting the law, as they swore to do when they were admitted to the bar, they have employed all their craft to defeat and paralyze the law. With such statutes as tools, and such materials to work with in the jury boxes, they had their own way in the criminal courts.

Such were some of the more immediate causes of that collapse of justice which resulted in the outbreak at Cincinnati. There were other causes, more remote, but not less important. The inefficiency of the courts in dealing with murder cases is a natural result of a trifling with law which is too common everywhere, but which has prevailed in Cincinnati to an unusual extent. Many good laws, especially those intended for the restraint of drunkenness, have been treated with the utmost contempt by the courts of Cincinnati, and the majority of the people have been well content to have it so. The public sentiment of Cincinnati has said, in effect: "We do not intend to

have all the laws enforced; we shall pick and choose among them, and enforce such as suit us; those that we do not like we will repudiate and nullify." Two years ago a strong attempt was made to enforce the law forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday. A test case was made, in which the illegal sale was not only proved, but confessed by the defendant on the witness-stand. The jury promptly pronounced him not guilty. To defeat this law every juror committed perjury, and Cincinnati looked on, if not with complacency, at least with no clear indications of popular distress or horror. Doubtless there was a remnant to whom this judicial perjury appeared in its true light; but the remnant was so small as to exercise no appreciable influence upon the politics of the city. This notion, that a magistrate who swears to enforce the law, or a juror who swears to uphold it by his verdict, may keep his oath if he likes or break it when he pleases, is not confined to Cincinnati. If perjury is an unpardonable sin, there must be among the custodians of peace, in all our cities, a great multitude who will never see Paradise; but there have been few places where this perfidious doctrine has been so brazenly avowed and so generally tolerated as in Cincinnati. When a method of this sort is once initiated as a part of the machinery of the courts, it is easy to extend it. If a juror is taught that it is perfectly respectable to perjure himself in one class of cases, it is not improbable that he will think it equally respectable to perjure himself in other cases. Such wanton contempt for one law will spread to all laws. This is the process that has been going on for the last two years in Cincinnati. Is it any wonder that her legal machinery became fearfully out of repair? Is it any wonder that the last two years have witnessed a great increase in the number of homicides, and an utter failure of the courts to deal with them? Who is to blame for this failure? It is altogether probable that a large share of the men who constituted the mob that attacked the jail and burned the court-house—the mob that was so enraged because criminal justice had failed—are themselves as much to blame as anybody for this failure. Beyond question, many of the men who composed this mob had themselves resisted and defied the Sunday laws and the liquor laws, and had applauded the courts and the juries that had perjured themselves to defeat these laws. What else could they expect but that the seed of lawlessness which they had helped to sow would bring forth this very harvest?

There is one other cause of this outbreak, not less efficient than those we have mentioned. Cincinnati has been exceptional among American cities in its treatment of our weekly Day of Rest. Sunday in Cincinnati has been a carnival of noise, of conviviality, of drunken and boisterous mirth. In any city that spends its Sundays after this manner such outbreaks are likely to occur. This Sabbath rest is based not merely on the Biblical order, it is founded on the constitution of man. The law which bids us to observe it is as much a part of the natural moral order as the law which affirms the sacredness of life or of property; no more than the law against theft or murder can it be trampled under foot with impunity. It is as important to human beings that they have a periodical rest-day—not a day of carousal and drunkenness, but a quiet rest-day, se-

cured to them by law—as it is that they be secured by law in their rights of property; and there is no people in the world that needs this quiet rest-day so much as this American people needs it. A city that tolerates such Sundays as those of Cincinnati—that opens its theaters and its dance-houses and its liquor shops, and bids its people carouse and dissipate on this day of rest—will have always its streets full of a multitude, restless, excitable, turbulent, ready to be stirred up to all sorts of demoniac enterprises. And when the whirlwinds are reaped, it will be easy to tell how and when the seed was sown.

The Militia of the United States.

ONE of the first measures undertaken by the founders of the government was the organization of the militia of the States. The plan proposed by General Knox, in his report to Congress in 1790, contemplated the formation of a species of Landwehr. The service was to be general and compulsory, no citizen being entitled to vote until he had served two years (thirty days in each being spent in camps of instruction), and the general government was to bear the expense. While the militia may be regarded as a mere police force within the several States, and to that extent to be supported by them, they are an important part of the army in time of war, and the expense of fitting them to act in that capacity ought to be borne by the general government. General Knox's plan was intended to be carried out by the militia law passed by Congress in 1792, which is still in force. This law enjoins service upon all citizens between eighteen and forty-five, and authorizes an annual appropriation for arms and equipments for the militia, which in 1804 was fixed at two hundred thousand dollars. In those days this was a good deal of money. At the present it is not; but, small as it is, it is the only fund from which the militia of Missouri, Tennessee, Kansas, and other Western and Southern States draw their support, the Legislatures of those States making no appropriations for military purposes.

The federal law of 1792 has also become antiquated. The general levy composing the "ununiformed militia," armed at their own expense with "a good musket or rifle," a certain quantity of powder and bullets, and a "hanger or spontoon," and turning out annually upon general training days, has become a myth. Although Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Harrison, in fact, almost every President, has recommended amendment, Congress has hitherto failed to improve the law. But while the militia contemplated by this law has ceased to exist, there has arisen in nearly every State a much smaller but more effective body, usually known as its "National Guard." These are uniformed, and meet regularly for drill. Since the war they have been earnestly endeavoring to do away with the old "fuss and feather" business and to substitute military efficiency. To them is due the introduction of rifle practice as a part of military instruction in this country; and further improvements may be expected.

These troops are of greater value to the country than their numbers would indicate, for they are really schools for officers. In time of war our small regular army could scarcely furnish the general officers re-

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quired to command the volunteers. Consequently, it is only from the National Guard that the other officers could be obtained.

There is a "National Guard Association" composed of delegates from the active militia of each State, who meet annually to compare their experiences and to discuss how general efficiency may best be obtained. They are also seeking to have the annual appropriation increased to something proportionate to the present population of the country, and to secure a reformation of the obsolete militia law of 1792. For this purpose they have presented two bills to Congress: the Sewell bill, which simply increases the appropriation to \$600,000, and the Slocum bill, which seeks to reform the present law. If these bills become laws (as we hope they will before this appears), the money appropriated will be divided only among the States having an active or uniformed militia, and the States receiving aid will be required to place their militia in camp every other year, to instruct them in rifle practice, and to provide for an annual inspection. The Slocum bill also authorizes the use of United States forts for artillery practice by the militia, assisted by an artillery officer of the regular army; with a provision for the issuing of necessary ammunition and rations. This bill has been considerably altered since it was originally framed, so as to meet the various objections made to it, and particularly to avoid any interference with State control over the militia.

The last Convention of the Association was held at Cincinnati on March 16 and 17. It attracted but little attention from the public, but the subsequent riot has done much to call attention to the necessity and value of rendering the militia generally efficient. It is noticeable that one of the best speeches made at the Convention in regard to the impossibility of predicting when the services of the militia would be required, and the necessity of their being so supported by the community as to be always prepared, was made by Captain John Desmond, who two days after was killed at the head of his company while endeavoring to save the court-house and its valuable records from destruction by the mob.

It is the habit of Americans to think that our country differs from all others in requiring no military force. Yet not a year passes but that some portion of the militia is called to arms to sustain the law. If they are not able to respond promptly, and are not well and efficiently handled, the loss to the community inflicted in a few hours may far exceed what has been saved in years in militia appropriations. The draft riots in New York and the railroad riots of Pittsburgh, not to mention the affair at Cincinnati, conclusively show this. In many instances, and notably in New York City, the knowledge that an efficient militia was at hand has more than once prevented rioting.

*The officers of the "National Guard Association" are: President, General George W. Wingate, New York City; First Vice-President, Adjutant General G. T. Beauregard, New Orleans, La.; Second Vice-President, Adjutant-General E. B. Finlay, Columbus, Ohio; Corresponding Secretary, Colonel Charles E. Bridge, New York City; Recording Secretary, Adjutant-General William L. Alexander, Des Moines, Iowa; Treasurer, Adjutant-General Sidney A. Sheppard, Denver, Col.; Executive Committee.—From the New England States, General Elisha M. Rhoades, Providence, R. I.; from the Middle States, Major Andrew D. Hepburn, Philadelphia, Pa.; from the Southern States, Adjutant General Johnston Jones, Morgantown, N. C.; from the Western States, Colonel James M. Rice, Peoria, Ill.; from the Pacific States, Colonel Harry T. Hammond, San Francisco, Cal.

Few appreciate how much the militia needs fostering. The time required from its members is great, and their military duties necessarily interfere with business pursuits. The system is, therefore, not popular with employers. When called into service, the accommodations are scant and the service is hard and dangerous. The citizen soldier who, at a moment's notice and without pay, abandons everything to help sustain the law, is expected to face a storm of brickbats and pistol-shots without resistance. If he shrinks, he is called a coward. If, after his comrades have been shot down, he fires upon the violators of the law, he is termed a murderer; and, as was the case in Cincinnati, he finds himself ostracised upon his return from duty. If injured, he receives no pension. In fact, it is surprising that the voluntary service is kept up at all. If the tone of some of the Western newspapers correctly represents the public sentiment, it certainly will not be kept up much longer.

In most riots the neglect of a few simple principles by both civil and military authorities has caused most of the bloodshed. The militia should be assembled promptly. If this is delayed, their armories may be surrounded and their assemblage prevented. Besides, the knowledge that troops are in readiness strengthens the police and intimidates the mob. They should not be paraded until the last moment. The bayonet and rifle are deadly weapons, and not suited for mere police work. But as soon as there is danger of the police being overpowered the militia should march to their aid, and then all sentimentality should be dispensed with. A mob is a gang of law-breakers, with the criminal class coming to the top as it gains power; and the very existence of society depends upon its being promptly put down. Half-way measures are cruelty. Any militia officer who permits his men to be shot or stoned without resistance deserves a court-martial. A mob never appreciates forbearance. Blank cartridges simply inspire them to fresh assaults. Firing in the air has the same effect, besides killing innocent people at a distance. Volleys are seldom necessary. To detail a few sharp-shooters to pick off the leading aggressors is far preferable. If the thrower of the first brick is shot, as a rule no more will be thrown. Four shots at Cincinnati which killed four leaders dispersed the mob that attacked Powell's gun-store. The same number fired with like effect would have scattered that which attacked the jail, *if they had been the first which had been fired by the troops*. It must be remembered that no troops will stand being stoned or being shot at without firing in return. If the officers wait too long (as was the case in the Orange riots in New York), some one is sure to fire without orders, bringing on a general fire which unnecessarily destroys many lives. The troops should not allow themselves to be besieged. Strong detachments should traverse the streets, aiding the police in dispersing all crowds and in clearing the streets. The mob, when once broken, will never again collect. If the militia are strong and well disciplined, and it is understood distinctly that they will permit no trifling, their mere appearance is usually sufficient. If their condition is such that the mob do not fear them, many lives have to be sacrificed before peace can be restored.

With each day's advance in population, the country must necessarily rely more and more upon its militia. It is of no value unless effective, and it is therefore of national importance that it should be made so.

Forgotten Lessons.

THERE is hardly a chapter in human history more instructive to those who have to deal with public questions than the story of the rise and development of the trade in the thirteen American colonies as told by Dr. Eggleston in the present number of *THE CENTURY*. One may here observe all the great laws of political economy acting nakedly and without complications; one may here see all the great forces of trade in their rudimentary conditions.

No more striking illustration can be found of the futility of governmental meddling. Pennsylvania and Carolina endeavored to build up whale-fisheries. All the Southern colonies strove to establish ship-building and general trade. But, by laws too strong for legislative control, the New-Englanders who proposed to themselves to follow agriculture became renowned in ship-building, cod-fish and mackerel catching, and far-away commercial ventures; while all the bounties and customs-exemptions offered to country-built ships at the South left these colonies agricultural—dependent on New-Englanders, Scotchmen, and English merchants for the little mercantile life to be found in them. The restraint put upon colonial trade in the interest of English merchants promoted smuggling, gave birth to American manufactures in competition with the English, alienated the commercial classes from the mother country, and helped to destroy entirely the dependence of America on England. One may do incalculable mischief by seeking to thwart the action of the great economic forces; but one can never permanently turn them out of natural channels by legislation.

There has been no plan broached in our time for

making money by mere ordinance that was not tried in substance by our forefathers. Massachusetts made cheap shillings as we now make cheap silver dollars; Virginia allowed debased coin to pass in order to "make money plenty"; and all the colonies tried to make their people rich by stamping values on paper. In every instance the action of financial gravitation sunk each coin and bill to its just level. Then, as now, fine words failed to butter parsnips.

The story of ante-revolutionary commerce is pregnant with the lesson that trade in a large sense can never permanently flourish unless it is kept within the limits of commercial rectitude. The thieving Indian trader gradually undermined the traffic by which he lived. The "rich mynheers" of New York whose ships came home with ill-gotten booty bought from the Madagascar pirates were fostering an evil fatal to their own commerce. Charleston and Newport made money by piracy, but Newport saw the time when alarms were beaten in her own streets on account of peril from pirates off the coast, and Charleston found the rice trade likely to be throttled at its birth by pirates who captured nearly every ship that sailed out of its harbor. Judge Sewell tells us of a curious superstition in New England at the end of the seventeenth century. Whenever Arabian coins appeared in circulation in large numbers, there were those who refused to receive them, lest by taking a single coin that had formed part of a pirate's plunder they might introduce a canker that would eat up their whole estate. Without putting too much faith in poetic justice, one may clearly trace in the well-understood laws of public economy a principle that bears a considerable likeness to the notion that led the cautious Yankee sometimes to refuse Arabian gold pieces. Certainly, on any broad scale and in any long run, no trade is securely prosperous that has an element of injustice in it. Those who are loath to permit the book-trade to give up its practice of despoiling foreign authors might well consider whether the canker is not already eating out its prosperity.

OPEN LETTERS.

What the Choirs Say.

THERE is a well-known book called "Rejected Addresses," consisting of poems and sketches purporting to have been denied insertion in the literary periodicals of their day. When I began this series of open letters on music in the churches, I had in mind almost constantly some lines of poetry which I formerly read in that volume; and, indeed, several times I wrote them down to be published, as presenting the most exact picture of the modern quartet, in its characteristic attitude, taken as it flings its supercilious gaze over upon its employers, and delivers itself thus:

"I had a grandmother: she a donkey kept:
And when that donkey looked her in the face,
Its look was sad—and you are sad, my Public!"

It was as if the music-people stood, grandmother-like, looking down with pity on us, the sad religious

public, and gave us all we deserved, their commiseration, as they perceived we had at last reached the full force of the conclusion that we had fastened them on ourselves for the slow twelve months to come; and yet it was comical to mark how stupidly melancholy we were over it. Could we not see that we were outwitted? And must Christians be weak enough to whine when they were whipped?

One of the best preachers, pastors, and musicians in this country, now settled in a New England city, went forth from his own pulpit, just a little while since, to minister for a single Sabbath in another. He says that an "Order of Service" was put in his hands as he entered the church by the organist, who was also the leader of the music. This slip of printed paper contained whatever he was expected to content himself with singing during the worship. He tells us under his signature that the morning was beautifully bright

with sunshine, and there was no sign of a funeral anywhere. Yet the first hymn was the dirge:

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust."

And the second was of the same description. But, as if in order to prove there was not even method in such madness, the anthem between the prayers was "Protest us through the coming night!"

The stranger, however, could not bear to have his service destroyed; so he effected a compromise in some delicate fashion, and left no result more perilous to the peace of the church than the evident displeasure of the musician whose pretty tune was put aside. Probably the next preacher caught that the week after.

Now this is my constant picture; I cannot get it away out of my reach. But more and more, as I have written on, I have bethought myself of so many excellent people, so many genuine musicians, so many devout worshippers of God, who, in these twenty-five years of my observation, have shown how earnest were their aspirations, how intensely eager their wish to be decent, honorable, and true to every obligation and proper rule; how plainly they purposed to be considerate to all parties concerned; how reverent were their hearts in the service of God; how charitable and patient were their sentiments, even toward those who sometimes were rough in criticisms and harsh in behavior,—so many memories of such persons have returned to me, as my pen has moved along, that a certain uneasy sense of unfairness has crossed the lines of my conscience. If I leave these sketches just as they stand up to this moment, I shall not be satisfied. Every story I have told has been unexaggerated. But have I not declared that there must have been, and that there are at this instant, charlatans in the profession who ought to be sent out of it by that better public opinion we all recognize as ruling among the few of its members? Have I not asked earnestly that those musicians whom most of us know and honor would speak out in a revision of the "common law" of maxim and behavior, thus giving us a new basis of association and engagement more equitable and becoming, upon which we may proceed for the future?

There are two sides to most of these questions which come under constant friction of discussion. There are choirs and organists, and there are choirs and organists. And these are not always the same, nor always just alike. We are agreed that many of those who are paid highest prices, and are filling most conspicuous places, are utterly unfit to lead in church services, because their whole vitiating principle of action is found in personal display; they introduce into the church the ideas and suggestions of the concert-room; they give us solos of artistic exhibition, instead of leading the people in their worship.

To this the reply is proffered in good faith, and without any acrimony of feeling. It is said that the leading positions are bestowed upon those who can make the most show and attract the most notice, no matter who or what they are. Those on whom we might hope to depend for genuine help declare that we render them powerless by associating them with the mere mercenaries of the profession against their

taste and will, and still seem to expect worship from them. It is hard beyond description for two women of refinement and taste to stand between two members of some burnt-cork minstrel band on the Lord's Day, and see behind their ears the grime not yet washed off from Saturday night's concert, and still preserve the honorable silence which it is not their business to break with words. Such persons know the difference between the false and the true as well as any one; they have to take what is brought to them by those who select. They frequently mourn over what they are not responsible for, and cannot in the least control. And they publicly do what they think inappropriate and fairly detest, because the leader directs, and the authorities endure, the wrong.

Are these intimations true? The writer of this paper was once a passenger on a steamship which carried a large minstrel troupe. He preached on the Sabbath at the invitation of the captain of the vessel, who also told him that a company of musicians would intone the responses of the liturgy and sing the canticles and hymns. The performance of that day on the ocean was fairly exquisite; and when the preacher openly expressed his wonder that such men could be so familiar with every part of the ritual, one of the wives accompanying the band pointed out eight of the singers who had been for years members of church-choirs on Sundays, and told him that four of them had relinquished positions as leaders to go on this foreign trip of six months with their company. And to that the writer of this paper would also add that he can give the name of a prominent soprano in New York who, immediately after Sabbath evening service was over, went to a beer-drinking saloon to sing at the concert.

Some things there are which we feel sure might be corrected. The contention for places in most of our great cities and large towns is most violent and oppressive. Some churches will try to steal a settled and favorite singer with the proffer of higher salary, and behave as contemptibly in the transaction as a shoddy woman, who, under guise of distributing tracts, calls in a neighbor's kitchen, and seeks to pervert the cook. These singers, therefore, never know whether they are to be in the same position another year, or are going to be compelled to change. Some shrewd agent may be "prospecting" secretly to ascertain whether such and such a one can be enticed away in the spring. Then, at the final moment, there comes a rush and a strife of factions, and out upon the street stand a discharged crowd with all the dishonors of a defeat which they never anticipated or deserved, and certainly never dreamed of provoking.

This is started by some of our quietest singers as a genuine complaint; they insist that it is a grievance. And any one who has instincts which make known to him what is right and generous and true, must admit that such a form of treatment and behavior cannot have any apology. The whole thing is miserably unjust; and, if there ever be any extenuating circumstances for bad blood in a Christian's heart, this is a fair case for some show of temper. For if the discharged singers had done to the congregation precisely what the gleeful maidens now engaged in their places did to the churches they left, that is, if they in tricky secrecy had suffered themselves to be bought like mer-

cenaries, then that congregation would have turned upon them with indescribable spitefulness; and there is no word of reproach in forcible speech that the sewing society would not have employed to free female minds against them for such behavior—which, by the way, it is likely the church just despoiled is now doing in its own fashion, and with a sense of most righteous indignation. Hence this is a state of things more frequent than it is honorable; and, on the whole, it is more noisy than it is Christian.

In such an unsettled condition, there must be some measure of anxiety. Hence arise these unseemly struggles for place. I am acquainted with a minister who was present when seventeen women and four men, young and old, married and unmarried, experienced and unskilled, timid and dauntless, painfully embarrassed and ambitiously confident, Italian, American, Spanish, German, and French, all tried in one evening before an audience of ten or twelve cool critics, who of course grew tired and petulant as the time moved along; and he says he went around among them constantly, answering their questions, and trying to cheer them up a little, to suggest here and prompt there, and help in some measure in some way, for three hours and a half, until his brain whirled and his heart ached with sympathy for singers and committee and everybody else; and all the following night, he declares, he dreamed he was somewhere where he heard what never since has he proposed to describe, never since to recommend.

No one knows, until he has tried it, how hard this ordeal is to a lady or gentleman. The criticism on mere musical conditions is severe enough; but, beyond this, choirs tell us, there is a suspicion that all will be hopeless and useless in the end. While one is looking about him he sees here and there a singer, perhaps two with their heads together, so cool, so composed, and so confident, that he finds himself growing disconcerted; he says to himself over and over again, "These persons have learned that a decision has been reached already; the selection to-night will depend, not on capability, but on patronage or favoritism; money is scant, and that bass performer has a friend in the congregation who is to send in a check for a subsidy in case he is elected, and he, of course, will select his friends. So the leader gets his own way, as he meant to get it when he came; for we know the minister is opposed to a choir anyhow, and they all intend to head him off from securing a preceptor. It is a farce, all this coming here for a fair competition."

Now if any one says that these thoughts, thoroughly human as it is to be confessed, never flit through such serene minds as those of quartet singers, let him put the question to some who every spring have to candidate for a situation, and then he may be content to trust their answer. It would seem as if such a charge might be thrown back with some show of feeling, and so absurd a suspicion might be rebuked as unworthy of fair Christian dealing. But during these years at least three significant facts have come to my own knowledge; which may not show that congregations are tricky, but which seem to show that there are some employés in the church-choir profession who would be glad to make congregations put themselves in a false position. A neighboring pastor

once suddenly corrected my remark that a certain soprano singer was accustomed to receive two hundred and fifty dollars for taking part in a concert, and that few committees could afford to pay such a sum. On private inquiry afterward, I ascertained that her formal bill had been made out for that sum; but that she had always settled for less than a third of it, without any request, only saying that her professional position required that she should be able to exhibit the account at that price. On another occasion, I learned that a bass leader was paid a thousand dollars a year; and that he took a pew rented at two hundred and fifty, which he never occupied, of course, but which went for so much cash in the reckoning. Again, I read a letter in which a friend outside of the congregation made the deliberate offer of a check of five hundred dollars toward the salary of a lady who demanded an engagement for a thousand dollars as mentioned in the agreement. The reason openly pressed was that she must have her "position" recognized among the leading singers of the city, or she would experience a falling off in her reputation. The offer was refused. I submit, it would not be fair to suspect that congregations are insincere, on the knowledge that there are some professionals whose engagements do not tally with the terms of their bills and receipts. Possibly they do not get such salaries as they claim they do.

Many of the most thoughtful men in the congregations are coming to the conclusion that the usual form of candidating for places is wrong and hurtful to every one concerned. Some of us have known a different singer, who was incomparably the best in the whole list, calmly give away her chance—which meant a chance of supporting her widowed mother and of sending a brother to college—because, in the pride of her womanhood, she could not suffer her sensibility to be paraded before the committee of decision. Ask her what was the reason, and most likely she would answer: "Oh, I could not sing that fine old piece then as it ought to be sung!" Ask them, and they would perhaps say: "What a pity! she spoiled an excellent solo; she has some good notes in her voice, but she lacks in feeling!" While the fact was, all the time, she shrank from profaning her wealth of feeling there in the empty church by exhibiting it in tremulous volume, just to be pronounced upon. Let it be borne in mind that musicians must be of a keenly sympathetic temperament, or we do not want them; but that means keenly sympathetic suffering, when they happen to be snubbed or misconstrued.

Thus she would tell her own story; and there is some show of justice in the protest she makes. It is the universal protest; nobody likes this way of testing and engaging singers for choirs. But it is useless to charge the awkwardness of it upon either one of the parties concerned. It does not improve matters to call committee-men ignorant, or musicians egotistic. Some committee-men are intelligent, and some musicians are modest. It has been suggested that churches might choose some fit leader, and put the appropriated sum of money in his hands; let him select the members of the choir, and be responsible for giving satisfaction; or, that some interested Christian musician in the congregation, some one whose taste might be trusted, and whose judgment would command respect,

should take the whole matter in charge; or, again, that some prudent expert outside the congregation could bring proper parties together. It is very difficult to decide what should be done in order to avoid such embarrassing complications. But of one thing we may all be certain: the last spark of hopefulness will expire when we go to calling each other names, and to doubting each other's purposes.

Charles S. Robinson.

"Music in America."

On January 8th, 1884, Mr. R. G. White published a letter in the "Evening Post," insinuating that my work, "Music in America," is untruthful; also saying that it "contains many errors and misstatements, all of a misleading, and many of an injurious, character"; and informing the public that "this will be shown in an article to be published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE." This attack on my book was pointed out to me by a friend, several days after. I then took up Mr. White's gauntlet in the "Evening Post" of January 25th, announcing my intention to meet his onslaught *en preux chevalier*, as I shall now endeavor to do.

Mr. White's attack on my book, which, in its terms "injurious," etc., may be stretched to an extent undreamed of, let me hope, by Mr. White, was apparently called out by the simple fact that I, fulfilling my duty as historian and critic, corrected in my book, in a courteous and moderate spirit, two errors in musical statement by Mr. White, which fell in the path of my labors. I did this also in the case of men immeasurably Mr. White's superiors as musical writers, such as Fétis, Sir George Grove, etc.; such corrections, when justifiable, being naturally expected from a historian. Had I intended to *criticise* Mr. White seriously, I should indeed have taken another course; for he is lamentably ignorant in musical matters, and thus open to criticism as a musical writer, his works being, as I stated in my "Evening Post" reply, crowded with errors. Now let us examine Mr. White's "show," as published in his "open letter" in the April CENTURY.

When closely analyzed, this is reduced to a few objections which Mr. White makes to certain unimportant points in my book. First, as to my two corrections of him, Mr. White is angry because I discovered that the first performance of "Der Freischütz" in New York took place two years later than the date affixed to it by Mr. White in his article on "Opera in New York" published in THE CENTURY in March, 1882. He thought it necessary to say, in a note to the same article, that in 1825 there was only one theater in New York; in my book I quoted Wemyss and Ireland to prove that there then were two. He thereupon falls foul of me again, and sneers at my authorities. But "the humor of it is too hot" when he glows with a white heat upon me for copying a certain criticism of Ireland's, and honestly asserting that I did not know from what source Ireland took his criticism. Mr. White now declares that Ireland compiled it from two different articles in the "Evening Post." But when I read Ireland's criticism, and Mr. White's (in "Opera in New York"), I was puzzled by the discrepancy between the two; I now acknowledge that I feel deeply for Mr. White, and am indignant with Ireland for playing us both such a trick. Next

(to proceed to his "open letter"), Mr. White accuses me of being in the dark, and leaving my readers there, in regard to the old St. Cecilia Society, which was, he says, "the first to perform orchestral music in the country." Now, in order to cast a little light on this profound detail, I will avail myself of Mr. White's dark lantern, which he so obligingly places at my disposal. I was perfectly aware of the existence of the old St. Cecilia Society between 1790 and 1800; but, in a number of one of the obsolete American musical journals, I happened to read so severe a criticism upon it, copied, as I afterward found, from letters published by a traveling Englishman, that I thought the kindest thing I could do for the St. Cecilia Society was to leave it to its repose, among many hundred pages of rejected matter which I have not published, and which would lend no further interest or credit to "Music in America." This Englishman, not given to mincing words, apparently, observes of this society: "They have an orchestral band here, dubbed the St. Cecilia Society; but the fellows play damnably! I wish they could once hear Salomon's excellent band," etc. (It will be remembered that Salomon induced Haydn to come to England in 1791 to compose symphonies for his band.) Here again I am forced to correct Mr. White. This St. Cecilia Society was not, as he says, "the first to perform orchestral music" in this country; that was done by an older—at least ten years older—society, the "Apollo," but I have not been able to fix the exact date of its first establishment. Here is a chance for Mr. White to exercise his boasted spirit of research. Mr. White rubs his hands victoriously over a great "find" of his, the Pilkington dictionary, which he seems to think me unacquainted with, and which he therefore magnifies into "a manual so thorough and so sound," and terms an "original" work. Here is the title of this work, which is not "thorough" nor "sound," and is now also obsolete and antiquated. Let every reader of the English language judge for himself of its "originality."

A
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COMPRISING THE
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ALL THE TERMS THAT MOST FREQUENTLY
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COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
H. W. PILKINGTON
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BOSTON,
PUBLISHED BY
WATSON AND BANGS
1812

84 printed pages.

You can "mock a leek," but can you "eat a leek," good Pistol?

I was not only aware of the existence of this compilation, but I also knew the sources whence Pilkington compiled and arranged it. But as "the gentleman from Alsatia," who wants "to teach us," has not the faintest desire to number Mr. White among his scholars, he has no idea of appending a list of those, or of the hundreds of books, personal reminiscences, papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., etc., from which, combined with his own experience, he

drew the information that enabled him to write his "Music in America." Is it upon such musty pages as those of poor old Pilkington that Mr. White throws the light of his dark lantern, in order to obtain from them his theories of musical taste and knowledge? If so, I am not so much surprised that he seems to think I have neglected the Church Music Association, and that he alludes to its performance of Beethoven's "Mass in D Minor." My ancient, will you permit "Captain Fluellen," good honest fellow, or "the gentleman from Alsatia" (both of which you politely dub me), *à votre service*, to correct you as to "the matter of fact" that the great Beethoven mass, "that musical crux," as you call it, is in D major, and not in D minor, as you say. However, although in musical affairs Mr. Richard Grant White often thinks that c-a-t spells dog, I am not surprised at Mr. White's error in this case. I, too, alas, was present at that performance of the C. M. A. It haunted me long after, like the echo of an audible nightmare. And if Mr. White has one particle of æstheticism, one drachm of fastidious taste in his composition, it must have so "befogged" him that he unconsciously fell into what the old psalm-tune teachers called the minor, "melancholic mode," and thought the fall was Beethoven's. Eheu, poor Pistol! Avaunt, Pilkington! and mislead us no more with your seven-league-booted "misstatements." *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* Mr. White, finding himself at his wits' end to pick flaws in my book, proceeds to what he calls the "contemptible business" of pointing out some errors of press. Those who live in glass houses, etc. To return the compliment, I beg to refer to only a few of Mr. White's press errors. On page 878, and on (CENTURY for April, 1882), he mentions a singer, Fortunata Tadesco, several times; probably the velvet-voiced Fortunata Tadesco, born in Mantua in 1826, was "the person whom he is groping for." In the same number, page 874, we read that Auber composed *Donisetti's* "La Fille du Régiment." On page 703 (March number), Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" is shorn of an o at the end of "Matrimonio," and reads Matrimoni; on page 195 (June number), "that admirable tenor, Antognini," I "made a mess of" in my book, makes an evolution in Mr. White's article, and reappears as Antoguini; on page 34 (May number), Catarina Barili takes it into her head to adopt the masculine plural, Catarini; on page 197 (June number), Tasso's Clorinda is metamorphosed into Clarinda, etc., etc. You see, my ancient, that even with you it is *tout comme chez le* "foreigner," who "wants to correct us," and dares to talk like the American citizen (which he is) of what "we" have done, and of "our" music!

Although Mr. White has a good deal to say about Mr. Lynch, he nevertheless is in doubt about his having been Garcia's manager or not. I shall therefore let him stand as manager, as I have seen him thus designated in several fragments of reminiscences of New York operatic affairs, and in other books. Mr. Pirsson was described to me by a gentleman who knew him well, and who often went to his musical gatherings, as a musician of incomplete, amateurish, scarcely professional attainments; therefore, I charitably termed him an amateur. However, the principal fact remains, viz.: that chamber music was

played at Pirsson's house. Mr. White, for once, agrees with me in this. It is *not true* that I said on page 274 of "Music in America," "that the first concerts of such [chamber] music were given in 1849," as Mr. White says I did. Here are my words: "In 1849 Saroni's 'Musical Times' arranged four concerts of classical music, to be given by subscription, at which the best resident artists were to appear. The first [of the four, of course] took place in December, 1849."

But did Mr. White really expect me to embalm the memories of all those persons who may have happened to keep a few old violins, 'cellos, or music-books lying about loose at home? Why, there are not half a dozen musical libraries worthy of the name in the entire country yet, and there are as yet few collectors of instruments. We cannot expect it in so young a country; wealth and leisure, and high culture, have not yet, of course, existed long enough, or obtained influence enough, to make such luxuries of art possible. They will come, no doubt; but they are yet to come. Mr. White gives me one correct date, — so he says, at least, — for which I thank him, as I shall, in a future edition of my book, thank all old residents for any local data which I may desire to add to it. This one date, however, is all that his threatened "show" amounts to; he establishes the date of the first performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" as six years earlier than that I gave. But Mr. White displays a singular method of looking at objects under debate. When he unearths a mouse, he brings his microscope to bear on it, jumps up, and cries out, "Look, look, what a large, beautiful white elephant!" But let his opponent run an elephant down, he stares at it through the wrong end of his well-worn opera-glass, and contemptuously declares that it is only a very sordid little mouse, after all. Mr. White foolishly observes that I depended for New York information on "what I could (or could not) find in newspapers, and upon the personal communications of foreign professional musicians, most of them Germans of late importation." Aha, friend Pistol, you "hate the curs of Iceland," I see; ancient Pistol "scorns the term of host," too, when the guest is a "foreigner." But why should I, who lived and labored so many years in New York, be supposed to have forgotten my personal experience? Mr. White should know by this time that a historian seeks and weighs every authority, small and large, significant and insignificant; and this I certainly did in the eight years during which I was occupied with "Music in America." I could have doubled the bulk of my book, had I cared to do so; yet I am proud to say that, in spite of its small size, there is not a leading point in the development of musical culture here that I have omitted. This fact, and my just recognition of all merit that deserved it, native and adopted, has been liberally recognized by the best informed among my critics. A few errors of press, a few wrong dates, can be easily corrected in future editions.

At the close of his open letter, Mr. White seizes one of his critical old violoncellos, places on it new strings with all the modern improvements, screws them up considerably above D major, draws the long, long bow, and with one ear-splitting reminiscence of "that musical crux, Beethoven's Mass in D Minor," shatters the instrument, and scatters dust and gun-

powder around him in most approved "Freischütz" style. The incantation ended, this blood-curdling sentence stares his audience in the face: "Violation of good faith in the garbling of quotations and the falsification of evidence, the highest literary crime." Be careful, good Pistol; dynamite hath an awkward knack of hitting the dynamiter. *Dona nobis pacem.* Seek consolation in the pages of Pilkington's dictionary, that "sound and original manual"; may it lend a flavor to thy leek!

The "show" is over; let the curtain fall.

Frédéric Louis Ritter.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I learned to-day, with some surprise, that Professor Ritter had sent an answer to my open letter of self-defense, which appeared in the April CENTURY. Yet why should I be surprised? Do we not all know that there are men who would jauntily undertake to answer the multiplication table, and to refute the law of gravitation? Permit me to say, without seeing Professor Ritter's letter, that I shall write no rejoinder; because from the beginning I had no intention of controversy with my assailant, because I know that the letter can contain nothing worthy of my attention. The chief and only important purpose of my open letter in the April CENTURY was to set forth the following state of things:

Assertions in Ritter's "Music in America."

Facts.

"The following extract from a newspaper article that appeared the next day after the first performance."—P. 186.

There was no such article; and the garbled article that is given did not appear the next day after the first performance, but six days afterward.

"Mr. R. Grant White, in his article 'Opera in New York,' in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1882, gives the same criticism."—P. 187.

Mr. R. Grant White did not give the same criticism.

"—somewhat altered and mixed with other matter."—P. 187.

What Mr. Grant White gave was not altered, and was not mixed with other matter; but that which appeared in Ritter's "Music in America" was thus altered and thus mixed.

"Saying it is from the 'Evening Post' of the 30th Nov., 1825."—P. 187.

Mr. Grant White did not say so.

"I have looked carefully through the columns of the 'Evening Post,' and have not been able to find it there."—P. 187.

All the articles, the garbled one given in "Music in America," as well as the two literally copied paragraphs in "Opera in New York," are in the "Evening Post."

"Mr. R. Grant White also says in a note, 'There was then but one theater in New York.' This is a mistake."—P. 188.

Not a mistake. There was but one place recognized as a theater: it was called simply "The Theater." Mr. Grant White himself mentions a place of amusement called the Chatham Garden Theater.

"Schlesinger, with Boucher and Kirchhofer, played trios together every week (beginning of the cultivation of chamber-music in New York)."—P. 232.

Not the beginning of the cultivation of chamber-music in New York; no Kirchhofer.

"About 1848 a Mr. Pirsson, who lived in Leonard street, had regular quartet-playing at his house. He was then almost the only amateur in New York who appreciated chamber-music."—P. 274.

Mr. Pirsson was not an amateur, nor a New Yorker, but a professional British double-bass player. At least eight years before this time there was one chamber-music club, if not more, in New York, of native amateurs.

"They [Saroni chamber-music soirées] at any rate proved that there was a small public in New York that began [1849] to take delight in that style of music."—P. 275.

"Mr. Timm also brought out Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' for the first time [1848] in America."—P. 277.

Six years before, in 1843, a series of chamber-music soirées of the very highest order had been given under the direction of U. C. Hill.

Not true.—It had been performed by eminent artists six years before (Oct. 2, 1840), within a few months of its production in Paris.

"In order to give my readers an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur at this period [1815-1825] I will copy the titles of some of the pieces then advertised by music-dealers . . . 'overtures, battles, sonatas, duets for four hands, airs with variations, songs, glees, catches, . . . marches, waltzes, dances, Mozart's songs.' However, dance-pieces and ballads sold best."—P. 142.

At this time the full (piano) scores of Cimarosa's, Mozart's, and Rossini's operas were imported immediately on their publication in Europe, and advertised for sale as ordinary musical merchandise, and large collections of them and of classical chamber-music were in the houses of many active amateurs.

I pass over the multitude of minor errors,—results partly of ignorance, partly of inadvertence (like the concert of the Musical Fund at the "City Hall," for example),—which were pointed out in my former open letter, and then only because Professor Ritter had placed himself in the position of my unprovoked assailant. For, as I then remarked, I regard such petty flaw-picking as contemptible business.

It will be seen that all that remained for Professor Ritter to do, as a man of sense and right feeling, was to apologize for his attack upon me, to remove it from his pages, to do all that he could to repair the injury he had done me, and his readers, by misrepresenting me (which mere acts of justice I shall assume that he means to do until I have proof to the contrary), and to correct silently in his "History" the many errors of fact in it which I pointed out. He will also, I assume, withdraw his false and libelous assertion that "errors and misstatements crowd the pages" of my musical writings. This done, there is an end of controversy between him and me, to my great pleasure, and with not the least feeling of ill-will on my part.

I will add only that I should not, I believe, have taken any notice of Professor Ritter's misstatements in regard to me, had they not been accusations of the gravest literary crime, that of misrepresenting facts and garbling quotations, and had they not been made in a book which will go into all libraries and be regarded as having more or less of what is called "authority"; and moreover, had I not been subjected to not a little of such accusation, and always as untrue as in Professor Ritter's case. Adverse criticism, however severe, of style, or method, or teaching, no man of sense will reply to, however disagreeable it may be, nor however unjust he may think it. But accusations of misrepresentation of fact, whether from design or from incompetence, are of another order, as well as a much graver. The more do I feel and resent the injustice of such attacks (usually made in a very evil spirit), because since my pen became my tool and my weapon, I have never written one severe or even one sharp word against another man, unless in self-defense against injurious personal attack. So far have I carried this reserve that, as the editors of the "New York Times" and "New York Tribune" could bear me witness, were it necessary, I have returned books sent to me for review, because their authors or their

publishers had done me wrong, and I feared that my criticism might not be without prejudice. I like to meet an assailant openly. With a coming defense, just written, of myself against a craftily devised array of injurious misstatements, of which the Riverside Shakspeare has been made the occasion, I hope and intend that my casual and compelled contributions to this unlovely department of literature shall end.

Richard Grant White.

April 14, 1884.

Recent Improvements and Inventions.

IN photography the most recent improvement is a new style of camera for the rapid gathering of photographic memoranda. The instrument we have examined makes a picture 4×5 inches; it is a simple wooden box with a handle on top, and looks like an ordinary traveling bag or sample case. It is designed to be used only with instantaneous dry plates, and as such work does not require a fixed support, it needs no tripod. The adjustment for focus is attained in the usual way, by means of a ground-glass slide placed at the back of the box. To move this there is a brass arm on the top of the box, pivoted at one end, the free end traversing a segment, and fitted with a set-screw so that it can be secured in any position. By moving this arm over the segment the glass slide is moved forward or back in the box, and shifted as the focus requires. The camera is set up before some object, say twenty feet away. The arm is moved while looking at the glass, and when the focus is sharp a mark is made on the segment to indicate that in that position of the arm the focus is good for that distance. In like manner the focus is found and marked for other distances, when the glass is removed, and the rear of the box permanently closed. Thereafter, to get the focus, estimate the distance of the subject, bring the arm to the proper mark on the segment, and fix it there by means of the screw. The focus can even be decided upon in advance, and the exposure can be made when the operator, walking toward the subject, sees that the distance decided upon has been reached. To secure the picture evenly upon the plate, a small "finder" or supplementary camera is placed in the box near the top, and by raising a wooden lid a small square of ground glass is seen, on which the projected image is visible in the same relative position in which it will appear on the plate. To make an exposure a finger-knob is pressed, and the shutter within the box is moved. The lens, plate-holder, and shutter are all inclosed in the box, so that the apparatus has nothing of the conventional camera about it. In using the camera, it is held in the hand or on the arm or supported on any convenient object. Instantaneous pictures can be taken while running, while on a boat or car, and in the most crowded streets, without attracting attention. Portraits and pictures of groups, incidents in the street, or the behavior of men and animals can be caught during the most rapid action, and without the knowledge of the subjects. For reporters, detectives, and amateurs the camera will, no doubt, prove of great value in obtaining legal evidence in case of accidents, fires, robbery, or riot, and in studying the habits of birds and wild or timid animals. The camera is called Schmid's detective camera, and costs,

with good lens and one 4×5 -inch plate-holder, about fifty-five dollars.

While the number of patents issued each month in this country for electrical appliances is very great, only a few appear to be of general interest or to mark any great and radical advance in this field. Two recent patents appear of interest from their suggestiveness or promise of future usefulness to the people. The most simple one (properly a new application of an older invention), is the application of the incandescent electric lamp to dentistry. The lamps examined by the writer are inclosed in glass bulbs of the usual shape, an inch long and less than half an inch wide, the source of power being a simple battery of four cells holding perhaps one quart each. To protect the mouth of the patient from the heat of the lamp, the bulb is placed in a casing of hard rubber having an opening at one side covered with glass. The whole apparatus exclusive of the handle is about as large as a teaspoon, and is easily held in the mouth. Placed in the mouth with the lips closed over the handle, the entire front formation of the patient's face was visible, showing the position and shape of every bone and tooth through the skin, even the interior of the nasal passages being plainly visible. On holding the lamp behind the teeth with the mouth open, the entire formation of the teeth could be fully seen. A filling could be traced completely, and the progress of decay in the interior of one tooth (which was not visible at all on the outside) could be plainly seen. In like manner every portion of the mouth could be completely explored in a manner that could not be done by any mirrors reflecting daylight or lamp-light into the mouth. The lamp was left in the patient's mouth for some time, and yet no more inconvenience was said to be experienced than from a drink of hot coffee. To the dentist and surgeon the invention certainly seems, from the examination made, to promise a useful method of diagnosis. It gives information of the interior portions of the bones of the face and the teeth that could be obtained in no other way. When developed and perhaps tried in other shapes, and with different styles of lamps, holders, and reflectors, the invention will no doubt prove of great value.

Another invention examined seems to mark a very decided step toward a reduction in the cost of telegraphy. In its main idea it is a modification and improvement of inventions made before, so that its novelty, as well as its value, consists in the bringing of older ideas to a practical result. It is essentially the subdivision of a telegraph wire so that a great number of messages may be sent over one wire at the same time. To accomplish this, M. La Cour's phonic wheel is employed as a means of connecting the ends of a line-wire with a series of branch wires. M. La Cour's wheel consists of a horizontal wheel divided into, say, sixty radial sections or spaces. Above the wheel is a trailing arm supported by an upright spindle that passes through the center of the wheel. Every alternate section is connected through the apparatus with the ground or "to earth." The intervening sections are connected through the trailing arm with the line-wire. It may be supposed that the wheels at each end of the line-wire are so placed that the trailing arm of each is

resting, say, on section No. 1. The two wheels are now connected and a current will pass. Both wheels move forward together, and the trailing arms at the same instant reach No. 2, which is to earth, and the line is discharged. The two wheels advance together to No. 3, and the circuit is closed again. Now it is easy to imagine that every tenth section of each wheel is connected with a branch wire. Every fifth section is connected with another branch wire. Now, if the two wheels are moving rapidly and exactly together, say at a speed of sixty sections a second, one branch is connected with the line and thrown off again six times a second, while the other branch is connected five times and a half in one second, or at the same speed as the other, but alternating with it. Six times a second each operator on one branch has the line to himself, and, if he telegraphs slowly, he will hardly perceive that the line has been taken from him and returned again. Increase the proportion and connect the branch, say, ten or twenty times a second, and the operator cannot realize that he is sharing the line with any one else. This division of the sections may be even more minute. One branch may be connected with the line at the first, third, sixth, ninth, etc., section, and another with the second, fifth, eighth, etc. Each branch will have the line so many times in a second, but so rapid is the movement of the wheel that to the operators there is no break. Each operator at the end of his branch sends or receives, and to the ear no loss of continuity can be perceived. By using a printing telegraph at the end of each branch, the connections with the line need not exceed twice a second, and by means of wheels of the proper proportion of sections seventy-two messages can be sent slowly over one wire at apparently the same time. Actually the seventy-two messages are marching in procession one after the other in confused fragments. Tap the main line, and nothing can be learned of the messages, as each is traveling in detached parts of words and letters; yet at the end of the line the wheel distributes to each branch its proper fraction from the confused medley of signals, and each printing apparatus pieces together its own letters to spell out its message. It will be seen that this multiplex telegraphic system depends wholly on exact correspondence between the two wheels. If one is in Boston and the other in Providence, they must move together or the messages will be confused. There appears to be no mechanical device for accomplishing this, and it has been thought that it could not be accomplished. The chief value of the improvement of the system is found in an invention for moving the wheels, and for causing one wheel to control the other. The motive power is a local battery that by means of an electro-magnet sets in vibration a tuning-fork. The swing of the arms of such a vibrating-fork makes and breaks a second circuit, that by means of an electro-magnet causes the wheel to revolve. On the wheel are two sections somewhat wider than the others. When the two wheels, each moved by its tuning-fork electro-motor, are moving exactly together, they reach the wider sections at the same instant. If one for any reason reaches the section before the other, it operates, by means of a special branch and magnet, a switch that tends to throw more resistance into the motor circuit, and the tuning-fork vibrates more slowly,

and the wheel is retarded till the second wheel overtakes it, when they move together again. This correction takes place continually, many times in a minute, so that the variations will never be so great as to impair the continuity of any one of the seventy-two branches using the single main line. This, in brief, is the Delany synchronous multiplex telegraphy. At an examination of the system in operation over the equivalent of two hundred miles of line-wire, six Morse instruments were in use at once, and each had the line virtually to itself. The printing telegraph worked fast enough for all business purposes, and it certainly had the merit of being quite independent of any Morse instruments or other printers that might be used at the same time. The system is soon to be tried on a commercial scale, and its results will be watched with interest, as it is in its present experimental stage the most promising invention in this field of work.

Charles Barnard.

The Tax on Whisky.

THE national tax on spirits should not be repealed. Thirty-two quarts of corn make almost sixteen quarts of whisky. The corn is worth from fifty to sixty cents, and the wholesaler will receive for the whisky from ten to twelve, and the retailer from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Profits so great appeal with irresistible force to the cupidity of men, and the result is twelve hundred and fifty registered distilleries and two hundred thousand liquor-dealers in the United States. The average consumption of domestic spirits is about 75,000,000 gallons a year; but the greed of the distillers has, for the last four years, raised the production to an average of over 90,000,000 gallons; so that on June 30th, 1883, there was a stock on hand in the United States of 116,000,000 gallons, of which 80,000,000 were still in the bonded warehouses and the tax unpaid. By means of warehouse receipts this has passed largely into the hands of speculators, or capitalists who have advanced money on it. Seventy-two million dollars' tax on this whisky will soon be due the Government, much of it in the next few months.

If the tax could be repealed, this money would remain in the pockets of the whisky owners, who are the most active and energetic workers for the removal of the excise. A second class who favor repeal are the "moonshiners" of the South, who regard the right to convert the product of their own fields into "a necessary article of daily diet" as an "inalienable" right secured by the Constitution; their representatives therefore favor the repeal. But the chief strength of the movement for free whisky lies in another direction. The internal revenue, mostly from liquors and tobacco, amounts to more than \$100,000,000 a year. The import duties amount to \$200,000,000 more. These sums, with the other sources of income, furnish \$100,000,000 a year more than the Government needs, and shrewd men foresee that the people will not long continue to pay into the national treasury such a surplus to serve as a corruption fund to Congress. Hence the friends of the present tariff would willingly strike off the tax on spirits and tobacco, in order that the Government shall be compelled to retain the present high duties. One or the other must go, either the tax on

rum or the tax on necessities. Which? Cheap rum means, to them, high prices on woollens, steel, iron, crockery, and glass. Hence many respectable men, and even professed friends of temperance, will silently lend their influence to cheapen the one article which is the greatest curse of our land.

Let us consider the iniquity of the proposition in the light of political economy. The tax on spirits is larger in amount, more uniform, and more certain than that on any other article. The Secretary of the Treasury can compute more definitely the prospective revenue from this source than that from any other. It is almost the only tax that the people pay of which every cent goes into the coffers of the Government. It has taken twenty years to perfect the system of internal revenue so that it shall work smoothly and efficiently, and the past year it paid into the Treasury \$120,000,000, at a cost of collection of less than four per cent. The tax lays its hand on no useful labor. It bars the way of no healthy enterprise. It raises the price of no one of the comforts of the home. It is largely levied on dens of infamy, and is contributed by vice and crime. It is a check on luxury and debauchery and idleness. In short, every principle of political economy is in favor of the tax. There is not one sound argument against it. The tax on whisky should never be repealed so long as our Government needs a revenue. England has given this article the first place in her permanent system of revenue, and raises \$150,000,000 a year from spirits and wines.

And after we have labored twenty years to perfect the laws and machinery for collecting this, the only really beneficent tax that our Government has levied, here come the reformers and propose to sweep it from our statute books, on the plea that it is a "war tax," and we must "remove the burdens from the people." But who are the "people" in this case? Do the wife and children of the drunkard clamor for cheaper rum, or for cheaper stockings and blankets? Does the laborer ask for more whisky or more clothing for his money? Does the industrious artisan complain of dear liquors, or of dear books and tools? No; the only "people" who are clamoring for this repeal are the scores of paid lobbyists hammering at the doors of Congress, and the only "people" to be benefited by it are the whisky-owners and the monopolists. The appeal is for special legislation of the very corruptest kind. To serve the interest of a single class, they would cut off the best revenue branch of our Government and flood the land with cheap rum.

Let us look at the probable effect of the repeal on the temperance cause. While the production of spirits has, for the last four years, reached an average of only ninety million gallons, the registered capacity of the distilleries is over two hundred million gallons per annum. To prevent a ruinous competition, the distillers have pooled their interests in the "Western Export Association" and the "Kentucky League." These pools regulate the amount produced each month, pay bounties for exportation and non-production, and adopt other measures to keep down competition and maintain the monopoly price in the market. The price of bonded whisky is but a little above one dollar a gallon. The payment of the government tax raises the cost to two dollars. So that, by the removal of

the tax, the price of spirits would be at once reduced almost one-half; and with the removal of the tax would be swept away all governmental inspection, registration, and bonded warehouses, which are vexatious and efficient checks upon the competition of petty local distilleries. It would then be difficult for the pools to control the market; and we might confidently expect that, as in the case of matches, the removal of the excise would produce a fall in price far greater than the amount of the tax, and that we should see intoxicating drink plentier and cheaper in our village streets than it has been for thirty years. We may then reverse the Iowa motto and cry, "A distillery on every hill-top and two saloons in the valley." The repeal would indeed be a calamity to the treasury, but it would be a thousand times greater calamity to the cause of temperance and every noble reform. This tax is not prohibition; but free rum, at one-half or one-fourth its present price, will greatly multiply dealers and drunkards, and be a huge boulder in the way of every temperance movement.

A year ago last December Mr. Kelley, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, called his committee together before Congress met, and secured a vote to report a bill for the repeal of the tax on spirits and tobacco. But there were so many conflicting schemes that, notwithstanding the support of the Democratic caucus, the bill dragged, and it was proposed to pave the way for ultimate repeal by a bill, called "the bonded extension bill," extending indefinitely the period allowed for the payment of the tax. The measure was rushed through the House under suspension of the rules, twenty-nine votes only opposing. It was urged by Senator Sherman in the Senate with a vigor worthy of a better cause, but it failed to pass on account of the shortness of the session. Both bills were revived early in the present Congress. The bonded bill was pushed to the front, and the repeal bill held in reserve.

Though the bonded bill has just been beaten in the House, it was killed by the votes of protectionists, who hope thus to force the passage of the repeal bill. They frankly stated this in their speeches in the caucus and in the House. The resolution of the House of April 7th means only temporary abandonment of the scheme. It had two purposes: first, to strengthen the market, and thus enable certain holders of whisky to unload their stock without loss; and secondly, to avoid in the coming election the odium that would attach to the repeal, or the embarrassing questions which might be asked of candidates in case of any general public discussion of the project. The repeal bill will next be pressed to the front, and if it fails the extension bill will be revived. If indefinite extension, or extension for two years, is awarded to the whisky owners, they will continue to pile up the stock until they can accumulate sufficient influence to pass the repeal, and then it will be futile to oppose the remittance of the unpaid tax on whisky in bond. In fact, the passage of the bonded bill would be virtually the beginning of the manufacture of free whisky.

Every rejection of either bill is a repulse and not a defeat. The interested parties have too much at stake to accept defeat. They are watchful and tireless, and the present cross-purposes of Congress afford frequent opportunities for log-rolling. They will not

retire from the contest till the people have placed their condemnation on a measure which is fraught with more injury to the country than any measure since the fugitive-slave bill.

James F. Claflin.

LOMBARD, ILL., April, 1884.

The School-House *versus* the Liquor Saloon.

THOUGH for years an interested reader of THE CENTURY, I have been especially interested of late in the Open Letters, and their discussion of the many phases of the temperance reformation.

The Compulsory Temperance Education bill which, through the efforts of the department I represent, has just passed the Senate and Assembly at Albany, is a new phase in our State, and we believe a most hopeful remedy for the evils of intemperance.

Dr. Chalmers, after listening to an eloquent address upon these evils, is said to have exclaimed, "Sir, we know enough of the evils; in God's name give us the remedy." For years we have been striving to answer this cry, which comes from thousands of hearts and homes. Of all the answers yet given, we believe none is as practical in operation, as permanent in effect, and as easy of accomplishment, as that which proposes to set the school-house over against the saloon. Whatever difference of opinion there is as to other remedies, we find all are in favor of instructing the young in the physical effects of strong drink.

The sad experiences in work among liquor-dealers and liquor-drinkers naturally led the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to this idea of prevention through education. This education was first attempted in the Sabbath schools, but the opposition encountered was so great that little could be accomplished in that direction. Juvenile unions and Bands of Hope were next established, and the hundreds gathered into them were faithfully taught the effects of alcohol upon the body and mind. But as there was nothing compulsory about attendance upon this teaching, the children could only be held while the novelty lasted. Finally our hopes gathered about the public schools. There, more largely than anywhere else, are found the children of our nation. There are the children of the foreigners who cannot be reached in any other way. To teach these children, as thoroughly and systematically as they are now taught geography, spelling and history, "what alcohol is, what it will do to us if we drink it, and what it will make us do," became the aim of our temperance workers. Encouraged by the fact that in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan a compulsory temperance education bill had passed the Legislature, the department of scientific temperance instruction in New York State undertook to secure a similar bill this winter.

Petitions were scattered broadcast over the State. Letters were written to five thousand clergymen, to each senator and representative, to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, to the regents, commissioners, superintendent of public instruction, and many others, while hundreds of pages of literature accompanied these letters. Large audiences in our most conservative churches, and in halls, normal schools, and teachers' institutes, have been addressed by the national and state superintendents of scientific instruction.

The bill which has passed Senate and Assembly reads as follows:

"An act relating to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools.

"The people of the State of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"§ 1. Provision shall be made by the proper local school authorities for instructing all pupils in all schools supported by public money or under State control in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

"§ 2. No certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the public schools of the State of New York, after the 1st day of January, 1885, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system."

New York State now takes its place with Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan; and if the law is but properly enforced, our million and a half of children will be forewarned and forearmed in reference to the temptations which await them.

Dr. J. G. Holland uttered, in this magazine, these prophetic words: "What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time, the better it will be for them and for the world."

This noble prophecy has its fulfillment to-day in the passage of this bill. Could we but add to this teaching in our public schools lessons upon virtue, reverence, honesty, and morality, juvenile crime might be lessened, and a more hopeful outlook greet the nation.

Elizabeth W. Greenwood,

Supt. Scientific Instruction Dept. N. Y. State W. C. T. U.
151 REMSEN STREET, BROOKLYN, March, 1884.

Miss Mary Anderson in London.

WHEN Miss Mary Anderson first appeared in London as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," it appeared to me that she had considerable talent, that her faults were more her teacher's than her own, and that a much misused word, "charming," was, rightly taken, the best adjective with which to describe the general effect of her performance. Since then Miss Anderson has appeared in the "Lady of Lyons," in Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," and in the same author's play "Comedy and Tragedy." Except in the last-named piece, no demands have been made on Miss Anderson's powers greater than were made in "Ingomar," and it has been generally acknowledged, rightly, as I think, that she has talent, and that she has the distinction of "charm," which is peculiarly valuable to an actress who is conscious that such a possession gives her a start in the race, but is also conscious that with that possession alone she can never win a really big prize. Much in Miss Anderson's acting seems to me to show that she has no idea of relying upon merely personal qualifications; that she has a distinct conception of what she ought to do upon the stage, and tries with all the earnestness of a gentle and artistic nature to do it. But much seems to me to show also that, whether from want of good schooling or want of perception, she is in great danger of going so wrong a way to

work that she may grow less instead of more perfect in her art, in spite of or even because of her good intentions; and it would be a thousand pities if this happened. Why she is in danger of its happening, I will try to explain as briefly as possible.

In "Ingomar," Miss Anderson was instinct with force and with simplicity. She had just the delicate yet firm touch which the character in its main lines demands; and it is a character made up for the most part of broad outlines. Yet here and there comes a passage where fine shading is wanted; and such a passage is the rejection of the tricky *Polydor's* suit. Then Miss Anderson was absolutely, hopelessly as it seemed, at fault. She had to reject the disgusting old man with a laugh, and the impression produced was that the actress had learned a laugh,—not the laugh necessary for the circumstances and situation, but simply a laugh,—and that she reproduced this echo of an abstract laugh with an accuracy which made its sound all the more incongruous and insincere. Also,—but this is a fault of a different kind,—the diction was frequently very indistinct. Yet, with all faults admitted, the acting was full both of promise and of performance, and of broad conviction that Miss Anderson had won the admiration of American audiences by something more than beauty and grace alone.

So, again, in "The Lady of Lyons," an eminently artificial piece, with an eminently artificial heroine's part, Miss Anderson was graceful, statuesque, intelligent, or more than intelligent and charming. But there was, so far, nothing to show whether she had a claim to be considered as an actress in the true sense of the word. If her power of impersonation seemed faulty, or even altogether wanting, why, that might be the fault of the plays rather than of the player.

Then Miss Anderson appeared as the vivified statue in Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea,"—one of the very vulgarest and commonest plays ever written by an author of cleverness; and in this she set herself a hard task. The result of the experiment is the spectacle of a lady, gifted with singular grace and earnestness, delivering lines which are anything rather than graceful with a manner so opposed to the whole notion of the piece that the effect is indescribably odd. It is as if a pretty and harmless tenor were suddenly to attempt some swaggering baritone, without a perception of the swaggering element. This is, however, a merely general impression. Going into particulars, I find that wherever Mr. Gilbert has been unable or uncareful to coarsen the beautiful legend, and wherever trusting to a fine and simple perception of the legend's poetry is enough for the acting's needs, there Miss Anderson is charming, and singularly charming. Such a moment is the first awakening of the statue, which could hardly be bettered in voice, manner, or look. But when the complex emotions come into play, then, even when one makes fullest allowance for the common and stupid inconsistencies attributed by Mr. Gilbert to the statue, and for an actress's difficulty in glossing over their stupidity, I think Miss Anderson fails for want of perception, and for want of "instruction" in the French, rather than the English, sense of the word. Here she underplays and there she overplays her difficult part. With *Chrysis*, the art-patron, she is overpoweringly smiling; with the warrior *Leucippe* (why does Mr. Gilbert call a Greek warrior *Leucippe*? *Leucippe* is the

French, and only the French, form of the Greek name)—with *Leucippe* she is overpoweringly horrified. And the sense of exaggeration is no doubt due to a want of true power of composing the part. The gradations are not observed or not thought of. The capital points are accentuated, and often ill-accentuated, without enough reference to what goes before and after; and there is as much want of power in the penultimate scene as there is too much insistence in scenes that precede it. The very first scene and the very last are, to my thinking, out of eight, the best, so far as Miss Anderson is concerned. But the fact remains that when all its faults are counted up, the performance has charm and, I think, talent which might become very remarkable if its possessor were not in great danger of being spoilt by unthinking applause.

In "Pygmalion and Galatea" the actress is, as I have said, handicapped by the inconsistency of the part. This is not so with the part of *Clarice* in Mr. Gilbert's new play, "Comedy and Tragedy," the central situation of which happens to be identical with that of *Tubarin*. It is needless now to dwell upon Mr. Gilbert's wanton and unhandy perversion of all historical fitness in the construction of this piece. He has sinned conceitedly, in the old if not in the new sense of the word, against all artistic feeling in this matter; but he has also written a very strong part, couched in excellent words, for a fine actress—a part, moreover, thoroughly "composed" by the author, so that the actress need not be tasked to do more than fitly interpret the author's words with voice, gesture, and manner. This, Miss Anderson, I fear, cannot be said to do with any complete success. In the first part of the little piece, which is very striking in spite of its odd mistakes, she has to represent the ideal actress of the Français in the old days, and to represent her also as hiding a great sorrow with a light manner. Here there is absolute failure. The method adopted is that which one associates with the words, "But I must dissemble." There is a very agony of putting dots on the i's—an agony which appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea" in the milder form of three or more significant looks, when the bare suggestion of one such look was wanted. Then there is a scene with the husband who is still a lover, and here the directness and consistency of Miss Anderson's acting assert themselves pleasantly. Then again we have the light manner masking the true feeling, and then again the method is inadequate or incongruous. Then comes the "recital" in a comic vein for the entertainment of *Clarice's* friends, while *Clarice's* heart is wrung with anxiety and terror, of a strolling actor's pleasures and pains. The speech is excellently written by Mr. Gilbert, and correctly illustrated by Miss Anderson. But "illustrated" is all that one can say. The action suits the word; but there is no heart, and but a superficial and imperfectly learnt art, in either. For the concluding speech, where assumed jest becomes needful seriousness, there is more to be said. This has vigor, force, feeling even; but it lacks "that one little thing, instruction." Miss Anderson, as I judge her from the performances on which I have commented, has remarkable grace and also decided talent, which, with a more deeply attuned emotion and a bettering of instruction (this is needed even in so elementary a matter as the management of the vocal registers),

might carry her far. But while with a crude art she can command unbounded admiration from the general, will she care to work hard enough to merit a generous recognition from the judicious? On the answer to that question rests her best claim to fame as an actress in the future.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Petroleum in Peru.

In a recent number appeared an article, very ably written, on the petroleum oil industry. The writer has, however, overlooked a very important oil-field, and one that in the near future must be a prominent one. The whole coast of Peru, from Punta de Aguja to Tumbes, a distance of two hundred miles, is saturated with petroleum,—the center of the field, and that having the most surface indications, being Negritos, situated some thirty miles to the northward of Payta. Seven years since, a well was put down at this place which produced three hundred barrels a day,—the oil being of a superior quality and free from sulphur and bitumen, with which all oils thus far found outside of Pennsylvania are strongly impregnated. Inexperienced management and the approach of war led to an abandonment of the business. Now that the production in the United States is rapidly falling off, this oil-field of Peru will probably come to the front.

PAYTA, PERU, S. A.

E. Fowles.

ALL the facts embodied in the above letter are correct. At the same time, I should not call it an important field in the near future. What makes the Pennsylvanian fields so valuable is that the formation of the oil-rock is most suitable for *drilling*, enabling the producer to procure oil at a very low figure. This is leaving out entirely the superior character of the crude oil. In Peru, the rock to be drilled is of an entirely different formation, and as soon as the drill touches it, it sheers off, and will not descend perpendicularly, as in Pennsylvania.

As a competitor, therefore, to the American oil-fields it has at present no place, its cost to produce being stated to me to be from five dollars to ten dollars against, say, one dollar and twelve cents here, which I believe pays well. Besides all this, the coast has no harbors, the means of communication are bad, and there is *no fuel* but the oil itself for drilling purposes.

Oil is found in quantities all over the world, but nowhere do all the surroundings for getting out a superior oil exist as in Pennsylvania. All the advocates of new fields forget entirely that to bring their fields into the market a very much higher price must rule for the article, and the very fact of such a price existing will stimulate the production in Pennsylvania.

George R. Burnaby.

Petrography in America.

I SHOULD like the opportunity of supplementing Mr. Kennedy's communication on petrography in the February number of *THE CENTURY*. The interest in this branch of investigation is already much greater on this side of the Atlantic than your correspondent seems to be aware.

At Columbia College, petrography has been taught for several years, and there has recently been opened at

the Johns Hopkins University a petrographical laboratory, which it is intended shall offer advantages in this line equal to any in the country. It is already equipped with all the apparatus necessary for the microscopical examination of rocks, and is under the direction of Dr. G. H. Williams, who has just returned from Europe, having spent nearly three years at Heidelberg, studying under the direct supervision of Prof. Rosenbusch. The advantages offered here for the prosecution of advanced petrographical study, it may safely be said, are not inferior to those offered by any other institution outside of Germany.

It would hardly be just to the United States Geological Survey to leave this subject without at least alluding to the excellent manner in which petrographical researches in America, so auspiciously inaugurated by Dr. Hawes, have been and are still being carried out by his successors on the Survey. The names of Cross, Becker, Iddings, and Irving are already well known from their publications, and there are others who will not be long in securing recognition for their enthusiastic and earnest work.

BALTIMORE.

W. S. Bayley.

Let Him Try It.

PERHAPS *THE CENTURY* may wish to record, as not inappropriate to the present time, a slight but characteristic anecdote of President Lincoln, which I have frequently heard related by the late Ashbel Welch, who at the time of his death, in 1882, was President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Mr. Welch was associated in business with the late Edwin A. Stevens, the originator of the "Stevens Battery," and called, with other gentlemen, upon the President, during the early days of our civil war, with relation to the proposed completion of the "Battery."

It happened to be the first anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. During the interview, having occasion to write something, he inquired the date. Mr. Welch, who sat near, replied, "The fourth of March, Mr. President." Mr. Lincoln slowly repeated, "The fourth of March"; and then, looking up, added: "I have been President of the United States just one year, and if either of you thinks it a nice thing to be President of the United States, just let him try it."

J. A. Anderson.

The Death of Tecumseh.

TECUMSEH, the Shawnee chief, was killed at the battle of the Thames, which took place near Moravian Town, in Upper Canada, on the 5th of October, 1813, and not at Tippecanoe, as recently stated by a writer in *THE CENTURY*,—the Indian and British forces under Tecumseh and Proctor respectively being beaten by the American forces under Harrison. Colonel Johnson has generally been supposed to be the person by whose hand Tecumseh fell, although there is some doubt on this point.

Tecumseh was not even present at the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place near Lafayette, in Indiana, on November 7th, 1811, nearly two years before Tecumseh's death,—the American forces being under Harrison, and the Indians under Laulawaskau, "the Shawnee Prophet," a brother of Tecumseh.

J. C. Hughes.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Love in the Willow.

HER curly locks tied wi' a gold-flowered ribbon,
And her gown o' the crimson gay,
But she lost her love in a thicket o' willow,
All on a merry May day.

"I pray ye, where is my true love hiding?
For the gold-green dazzles me so:
His flaxen ringlets, his cheeks like cherries,
I never can see, I know."

She found her love on a violet-pillow,
When the light through the leaves was dim,
And she wove her a rope o' the young green rushes,
And merrily fettered him.

She plaited a chain o' the meadow daisies,
And shackled her true love's feet,
And wound him over, and round, and under,
Wi' strings o' her Mayflowers sweet.

And, last of all, she cruelly tied him,
Wi' a curl o' her nut-brown hair,
To her own door-latch, and left him weeping
And mournfully sighing there.

Then she folded her arms, and ruefully eyed him.
"What aileth thee now, my dear?"
"Oh, I would that my love were lost i' the willow;
For fairer he was than here!"

Mary E. Wilkins.

Misunderstood.

A FABLE.

I HOLD it is a solemn truth which bears a lesson
good,
'Tis better not to speak at all than be misunder-
stood.
In silence there may be a balm, in speech a deadly
bane,
Therefore, 'tis best to silent be: and always thus
remain.
And lest you doubt the fact which I so earnestly
declare,
Please call to mind the story of the Lambkin and
the Bear.

A Lambkin sported gay and free, life was a joy to
him,
When in his pathway there appeared a Bear mo-
rose and grim.
"Good day," quoth Bruin, with a grin, "how is
your dear ma-ma?"
The Lambkin trembled with affright, and only an-
swered "Ba-a."
"And do you dare say 'Bah' to me?" the monster
fiercely cried;
"I'll eat you up," and so he did, and thus the
Lambkin died.

So, I hold it is a solemn truth which bears a lesson
good,
'Tis better not to speak at all than be misunder-
stood.

Stanley Wood.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom. (Second Series.)

SOLITUDE would be a good place for a man to go
to, if he could leave himself behind, and take only his
virtues along with him.

DON'T be afraid to strike for your rights. The
world will give you only what you reach for, and it
will keep shoving that a little further off all the time.

THE man who is a good guesser is half a prophet,
and is a hard disciple to beat, in any kind of common
dicker.

THERE is much joy in a laugh, but there is no lux-
ury to the soul equal to a tear free from sadness.

MEN will swear by their religion, will fight for it,
will be martyrs for it, will persecute others for it,
will do anything and all things for it, except observe
it themselves.

HE who forgives, and doesn't forget, is trying to
settle with the Lord for fifty cents on the dollar.

MEN talk a great deal about exercising their judg-
ments, when it is their prejudices they exercise the
most.

THE man who has nothing but honesty to rec-
ommend him is sure of a reward hereafter, but he
can't get a job here on earth.

YOUR UNCLE ESEK is no prophet, nor a child of a
prophet, but he wants to bet a new whetstone that
the Devil never was known to play any kind of a
game, except for keeps.

A Summer Evening.

'Twas a summer evening cool and charming;
Every seat upon the common held its blissful twain.
Boomed the beetles by them quite alarming,
And the foliage rustled like the dropping of the rain.

Perfumes from the beds of roses rising
Woke ecstatic raptures from the rose lips of the fair.
That soft hands were pressed is not surprising,
Nor that waists were clasped and kisses stolen un-
aware!

I too sat with Mary 'neath the awning
While the sickle moon with Venus gemmed the golden
West,
And I felt the tender passion dawning
Like a moon-rise o'er the heaving ocean of my breast.

"Dearest Mary, wilt thou be my star, pet?
Yes, 'tis thou alone on earth, 'tis thou whom I adore!
When we're married, Mary, not a carpet
Need we have upon the lovely inlaid wooden floor!"

Ah, how confidentially we whispered,
Cheek to cheek, while melancholy toads chirped in
the trees,
And our mothers not the slightest lip heard,
As they sat within the parlor talking charities.

Many years are garnered since we planned it
That our house should have no carpet on the inlaid
floor;
Gentle reader, canst thou understand it?
I was six then — and my neighbor, Mary, she was
four!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Translations.

RAMEZ—DORMEZ—AIMEZ.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

TELL us how, they said,
With our barques to flee,
And the alguazils evade.
Pull your oars! said we.

Tell us how, said they,
To forget the woes we weep,
And the thorns that hedge our way.
Sleep! we answered—Sleep!

Tell us, oh! they cried,
What the philtre, what the spell,
Wins the Fair to love us well.
Love them! we replied.

DAYBREAK.*

A SERENADE OF PROVENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

DAY dawns, and still thy door is closed:
My Beautiful, why sleepest thou?
It is the hour when wakes the rose,
Then why art thou not waking now?
O my Fair One, listen,
The morning hour hath wings,
And the lover 'neath thy window
Is weeping while he sings!

All things are knocking at thy door for thee:
The Dawn comes softly murmuring, "I am day!"
The song-bird warbles, "I am harmony!"
And "I am Love!" sweet lady, hear me say!
O my Fair One, listen,
The morning hour hath wings,
And the lover 'neath thy window
Is weeping while he sings!

SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I GAZE not now, O maiden,
On the stars that gem the night,
For the orbs beneath thy forehead
Are more beautiful and bright.

The coy and modest roses
I cull not from the spray,
For the roses on thy young cheek
Are lovelier than they!

I heed no more the song-birds
That carol all day long,
For sweeter is the melody
That melts me in thy song.

And I ask not that the angels
With their bright wings I may see,
For thou in thy young beauty
An angel art to me!

Alice K. Sawyer.

Celestial Torments.

AN evil day it was for me
When, young and bold, with option free,
I wended to a shop my way,
To choose a paper bright and gay
For my own sunny room.

For moments long I lingered there
And tossed and turned in pleased despair,
Until, at last, I chose a kind
The like of which one does not find
Quite everywhere one goes.

A Chinese landscape blossomed out,
With mandarins and junks about,
And purple skies, and rivers pink,
With fishes squatting on the brink
In true Celestial style.

Pagodas hung with myriad bells,
Dread cliffs o'er-frowning smiling dells,
Surrounding idols, tea-chests, kites,
While men and maidens met in fights
For one another's cues.

With help of shears and pints of paste,
The paper straightened up in haste;
And I in triumph gazed
For hours upon this art upraised
Forever on my walls.

It happened, though, that I fell ill,
And in that sunny room so still
From noon till night each day
Upon my aching back I lay,
And saw those Chinese scenes.

Some fever in my blood there lurked,
That 'mid my dreams mad antics worked,
And, strange to say, that Chinese world
Among my mazy thought-acts whirled,
In most astounding ways.

The bells rang loud, the winds wild blew,
Each mandarin with iron cue
Belabored my poor quiv'ring form;
While junks, urged onward by the storm,
Sailed down my parching throat.

With flaming swords the idols fierce
My pulpy body oft did pierce;
Yet still the silly fishes lay,
And, smiling in a scaly way,
Snapped up the passing kites.

These dreams, repeated night by night,
Awoke in me a morbid fright,
And, as each day I woke and found
That dreadful paper still around,
I vowed that it should go.

My fate was kind, I lived through all,
And gained sufficient strength to crawl
Once more down to that paper shop,
And, picking out the roll on top,
Saw Chinese lands no more.

But, though I live a dozen lives,
And marry twice that many wives,
That paper, drawn upon my brain,
Will stay, a horrid, haunting stain,
Alas, forevermore!

F. B.

* In Provence serenades are always given at dawn.—Tn.

"Spacially Jim."

I WUS mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper, an' han'som', an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
(Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

An Afterthought.

'Twas in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette,—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.
I still can see her fingers
Flit softly in and out;
With rapture memory lingers
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
Upon a wayward curl
Set every pulse to dancing,
And turned my brain a-whirl;
And when she looked up shyly,
I could not help, you see,
But stoop and kiss her slyly
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever
Should mar the rays of bliss!
Though conscious I had never
Yet won so sweet a kiss,
Alas! the act of plunder
So gracefully she bore,
I could not choose but wonder,
Had she been kissed before?

Samuel Minturn Peck.

The Ballad of Cassandra Brown.

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart
lies round at ease,
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to
please;
Yet I think at any season to have met her was to
love,
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the soft-
ness of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the
pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melo-
dious lines;

Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an ear-
nest reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens
that were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah, I did not under-
stand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human
hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable
pall,
When she said that she should study Elocution in
the fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles
vein;
She began with, "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce
against the paayne,
And the beacon-light a-rrremble,"—which, although
it made me wince,
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's ren-
dered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the
Melting Mo-o-an,
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would
have liquefied a stone.
Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies em-
ploy,
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew
"The Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his
soul
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her
orbs in frenzy roll:
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me
grievous pain
That she rose in social gatherings and Searched
among the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation
dumb,
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was
come
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at
very least,
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the
feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played
a polonaise
I associated strongly with those happier August
days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs
forgotten quite.
Suddenly shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew
SHALL not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy
warm romance:
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish
in France?
Oh, as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mount-
ing hope came down.
I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra
Brown!

Coroebus Green.

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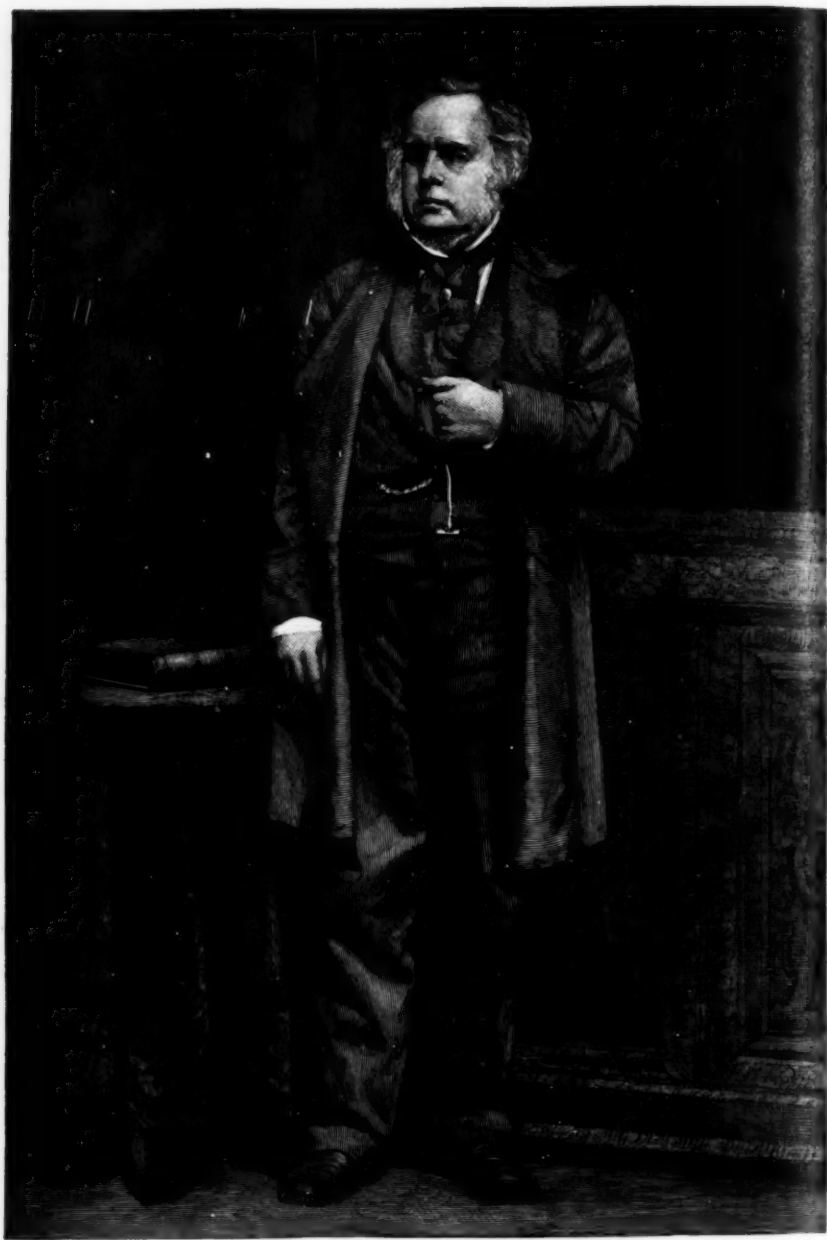
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John Ruskin

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